

AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E

OF
Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew,

Commonly call'd

The KING of the BEGGARS.

B E I N G

An impartial Account of his LIFE, from his leaving
TIVERTON School, at the Age of Fifteen, and
entering into a Society of *Gipsies*, to the present
Time; wherein the Motives of his Conduct will be
explain'd, and the great Number of Characters and
Shapes he has appeared in thro' GREAT BRITAIN,
IRELAND, and several other Places of EUROPE be
related; with his TRAVELS twice thro' great Part
of AMERICA.

A particular Account of the Origin, Government,
Language, Laws, and Customs of the *Gipsies*; their
Method of electing their King, &c. And a Parallel
drawn after the Manner of PLUTARCH, between
MR. BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW and Mr.
THOMAS JONES.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

LONDON: Printed for R. GOADBY, and W. OWEN
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JUSTICE FINDING.

To the Worshippers

Notwithstanding your constant refusal, which I have asked leave to give your Name to this Dedication, I must still insist upon the priority of desiring your Protection of this Work.

It may be well thought that amongst the many noble Families my Hero is such that I might have found a more proper Patron for the History of his Life; but as this, our first, there will appear in it some of those great human passions, which many that we might otherwise have applied to, would have distinguishedly refused their Protection to such a Character: But you, Sir, who are admitted behind the scenes of the Great Theatre of Nature, know that it is often the same Part which exhibits the Villain and the Hero; that one and the same Character is a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one; and that there is no good Part but is forced by bringing to Light Characters of such unimpeachable in the best of Characters; for though it is Villany, it is Nature for all that. I am the more emboldened to beg your Protection of my Hero, as I can assure your Worship, upon the strictest Enquiry it



For the better understanding of this Dedication, the Reader must please to observe that all placed between these Marks " " are Passages from the celebrated History of Tom Jones.

LONDON: Printed by R. A. S. and W. C. appears

To the WORSHIPFUL
JUSTICE FIEDING.

S I R,

“ **N**otwithstanding your constant Refusal, when I
“ have ask’d Leave to prefix your Name to this
“ Dedication, I must still insist upon the Pro-
“ priety of desiring your Protection of this Work.”

It may be well thought that amongst the many noble Families my Hero is allied to, I might have found a more proper Patron for this true History of his Life; but as thro’ our strict Regard to Truth, there will appear in it some of those “ *little Blemishes, quas humana* “ *parum cavit Natura,*” we were afraid many that we might otherwise have applied to, would have disdainfully refused their Protection to such a Character: But you, Sir, * “ *who are admitted behind the Scenes of the Great* “ *Theatre of Nature, know that it is often the same Per-* “ *son who represents the Villain and the Hero; that we* “ *ought not to condemn a Character as a bad one, because it* “ *is not perfectly a good one; and that there is no good Pur-* “ *pose served by bringing to Light Characters of such ange-* “ *lic Perfection; and nothing of more moral Use, than a few* “ *Imperfections in the best of Characters; for though it is* “ *Villany, it is Nature for all that.*” I am the more emboldened to beg your Protection of my Hero, as I can assure your Worship, upon the strictest Enquiry it

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appears he was never once concern'd in his Youth in demonst'ring any Brother whatsoever; for to be sure, Sir, to you who are so great a Connoisseur of Human Nature, it must appear strangely unnatural for young Fellows in the Heat of Blood, who must have often Occasion for such Houses, to lay violent Hands upon them. I should therefore never have thought of offering my Hero to your Protection, had I not found him entirely innocent of this great Offence.

AND now, Sir, though I must confess you have sufficiently shewn, in sundry Instances, your Dislike of Public Praise, yet I cannot help bedaubing you a little with it, for though it may not be quite so decent to accept of it, yet who can be displeased, when it is forced upon them, whether they will or no; besides, Sir, at the same Time I am praising you, I may find an Occasion of saying a few Things of my own great Merit, and that of my Work, by acquainting the World with the high Encomiums you have bellowed upon it †; “for indeed
 “ what are your Objections to the Allowance of the Honour
 “ which I have solicited? Why, you have commended the
 “ Book so warmly, that you should be ashamed of reading
 “ your Name before the Dedication.” Now, Sir, though I don't imagine any of my Readers will understand this Sentence, it being the true *Burtonic Sublime*, most admirable when least understood; yet, Sir, as this Dedication is only intended for you and myself, it is no Matter whether it is understood or not by any one else.

Every one must acknowledge, Sir, it is a most presumptuous Absurdity for a little Reptile of a Reader
 “ to find Fault with any Part of your great Creation of
 “ the History of Tom Jones, before he comes to the final Catastrophe;” and it is still the greater Absurdity, as you are an “ *Author of the first Rate,*” and your Read-

* Alluding to Mr. Fielding's Case of *Penry* executed for assisting in pulling down Bawdy-Houses.

† Mr. Fielding's Dedication of the History of Tom Jones.

ers (excepting *Right Honourables*) all of them of the *low-est*. But I dare say you will not be offended, if one of these Readers should spy out any striking *Beauties* in your *great Work*, though they should happen to appear in the first Page of it: Permit me, therefore to say (though it may perhaps have escaped the Notice of many of my Fellow Reptiles, your Readers) that your wonderful *Sagacity* and *Ingenuity* in the Opening of your *Work*, exceeds every Thing of the Kind; for in my Opinion, that well adapted Compliment of *Virgil* to his Patron, *Tu Marcellus-eris*, &c. which the Critics have made so much ado about ever since, is not to be compared with your more *delicate one*, in the Proem to your *Work*.

It is well known, Sir, that one of those *golden Images* which *Nebuchadnezzar* the King set up, and which you, Sir, have thought it Wisdom not only to bow the Knee to, but to worship with the Understanding, has, like the famous one of *Bel*, consumed whole Provinces "*in the very Quintessence of Sauce and Spices*;" or, to bring the Comparison nearer Home, *like the famous Dragon of Wantley*

HOUSES AND CHURCHES,

To him have been GEESSE and TURKIES.

How then could you better engage a gracious Ear, or pay a more refined Compliment in the Proem to your *Work*, than by transforming yourself into a *Cook*, offering a Bill of Fare, comparing *Human Nature* to a *Tortoise* and *Bologna Sausage*, acquainting us it is a Dish of great Variety, and may be pepper'd and salted, boil'd or roasted; broil'd, stew'd, bath'd, or rago'd, to please every Taste by a good *Cook* of an *Author*.

But, Sir, as you seem greatly pleased with informing us in sundry Places of your *Work*, that you are the *Founder* of this Kind of *Writing* or *Cooking*, (for it seems they are synonymous Terms) what Occasion had you to share

the *Honour* of this wonderful *Metaphor* with Mr. Pope? But I dare say, notwithstanding your Quotation, he never once thought of basing or ragooing *Human Nature*; nor do I remember among all his Similies, that he has ever once been so happy as to compare it to a *Porter* or a *Sausage*.

As the same Time I take Notice of your too great Modesty in sharing that *Honour*, which you might with very great Justice have taken all to yourself, I must be so free to vindicate the poor Animals, whom I think you have as needlessly aspersed; for though I have been conversant many Years with the Animal Part of the Creation, and know as much of their Language & Sentiments as any Man living, yet I never could find they had any Notion of the "*Honour of having their Flesh eaten at the Table of a Duke*;" nor any Sense of the Degradation they "*suffer, by being served up at a Porter's Table*." And tho' I cannot assert any Thing positive on this Head, not having ever heard them express their Sentiments upon it, (for, as Mr. Pope observes, *Providence has kindly hid the Book of Fate from them*) yet, if we may be allow'd to argue *a Priori*, and to judge of what we don't from what we do know, I will venture to affirm, from a nice Observation of the *Gravest* of their Nature, that did they know one of the two to be unavoidable, they would think it a much greater *Honour* to refresh the Spirits, and renew the Strength of a *Porter* or poor *Merchante*, exhausted by Labour, than to be hash'd and ragoo'd to please the pamper'd Appetite of any idle *Duke* whatever.

In short, Sir, I suspect, from the vast Knowledge you have shewn in Cooking, that you entertain some Hopes, when your Writings, "*which all tend to recommend Innocence and Virtue*," have so far amended Mankind, that the Emoluments of your present Office may not be sufficient to reward your great Abilities; that you shall be then advanced to be chief Cook to the *Idol* we have just now mentioned. The Public, Sir, after the strange Metamorphoses you have already undergone, will not be surpriz'd

surpriz'd, as if you were poring over the *Complete Housewife*, or *Mohindia's Chappell's Cookery Book*, instead of the *Statute*; or instead of a Pen, twirling a Saucepan to make Ragouts, Hashes, or forc'd Meat Balls; since you have so delicately ragout'd, hash'd, and forc'd *Human Nature*. There may be sundry great Advantages arise to the Public, as well as to yourself, Sir, from this Advancement; which I shall not at present enumerate, but only pray that it may speedily take Place.

Next to this fine Compliment in the Proem of your *Work*, which I think cannot be outdone; you have shewn the highest *Wisdom* in the *Treatment* of your *Readers*; first, by stunning them, and putting out their Eyes with the Splendor of the extraordinary *Praises* your princely and noble Friends have bestowed on your *great Work*; and then by informing them in sundry Parts of it, that you are a much better *Judge* of what is proper and fit for them to read, than they are themselves. That such pitiful Wretches as Readers (saying *Right Honourable* ones) have no Business to judge of right or wrong; "that they are your Subjects, and are bound to believe in," "and obey whatever you are pleased to dictate, even," "tho' yourself are able to assign no Reason for it;" and that all who will not do so, are ignorant *Wretches*, *Slaves*, *derers*, and *Hangmen*.

But at the same Time I commend your proper Application of these Doctrines, I cannot flatter you with being the *Founder* of them; for in short, Sir, I suspect, that you have borrowed them from one of the two Sets of People you have lately much conversed with; for you must needs acknowledge, Sir, that it has been the Doctrine and Language, of all Courts, ever since Courts existed, that the Reptiles, the Worms, the Dolts, *what* the People, are no Judges of what is right or wrong, that *They* best know what is for the Reptiles Good; and that such Creatures have no Business to concern themselves about what *They* do, as they are accountable to none; and if any of the Reptiles will be meddling, they

are

are presently honoured with the Titles of *Fools, Sland-
ers, Disaffected, Seditious, & in some Countries with that
of Jacobites.*

But there are another Set of People that you, Sir, have had much to do with, from whom you may have probably borrowed the Art you have made so happy an Use of: These in their own Language (which I make no Doubt you are a great Proficient in) are stiled *AMUSERS*; who, as I find them describ'd in an ingenious Author, who has wrote of these People †, are such as throw Dust in the Eyes of those they intend to trick: Now, Sir, as you tell us yourself, "*you don't disdain to borrow Wit or Wisdom from any Man †,*" it seems to me very likely that you borrow'd the Thought of blinding your Reader's Judgement from these People; and it was with the highest *Prudence and Sagacity* you did so, for had you not, how would your Readers in a Work, that they were told, in the Dedication of it to a *Champion of Christianity*, "*contained in the whole Course of it nothing prejudicial to the Cause of Religion and Virtue; nothing inconsistent with the strictest Rules of Decency, nor which can offend even the chastest Eye in the Perusal; that to recommend Goodness and Innocence was the sole Intent of the History; that Example is a Kind of Picture, in which Virtue becomes as it were an Object of Sense, and strikes us with its Loveliness:*" After so pompous an Introduction, how would your Readers, I say, Sir, (if you had not first taken Care, with a great deal of Art, to fling Dust in their Eyes, I mean the Eyes of the Mind) have been astonish'd to find the principal Hero of it vicious and ungovernable in his Childhood, debauching a poor Girl almost as soon as he had entered Youth, (for

† See the *Conting Dictionary*, describing the Language and Tricks of Sharpers.

† This you have given several Instances of, in particular the witty and witty Speeches of Mr. Fitzpatrick, in your 3d Volume, borrowed from the *Cambridge Jest Book*, printed in 1746, Page 196.

in his own Mind he really did so) soon after resolving to leave her for another of greater Fortune, before he knew she had given him the least Occasion to do so; and at a Time when he imagined her whole Happiness depended upon him, and that he was under the greatest Obligations to her. How would the Reader's Astonishment have encreas'd, to find him in his Manhood, when he had engag'd his Affections to the most adorable of Women, and had met with a reciprocal Affection, forgetting her Love without the least Repugnance, to lie in the Arms of the wanton Mrs. Waters, who he had Reason to think a married Woman; and after this becoming a hired Stallion to a lascivious old Woman, tho' the meanwhile very deeply enamour'd of the most adorable Miss Sophia Western; and all this without any Sign of the least Compunction, Regret, or Repentance! How, Sir, could your Readers have possibly imagin'd, had you suffered them to have made Use of their Eyes, that this was the Example in which "Virtue was to become an Object of Sight, and strike us with its Loveliness:" It was by the same Method too, that you prevented "the chastest Eye of your Readers from being offended with the Perusal of your Work," otherwise the wanton Faucy of your Hero in the Grove, in meditating on Miss Sophia, his retiring into the thickest Part of it with Molly Seagrims, after a short Parley, the Description of his being in Bed with Mrs. Waters, and the Introduction of two or three Heroes in their Shirts, the lascivious Wantonness of Lady Bellaston, your Rutting Simile, &c. might have offended the chastest Eye; unless you are of Opinion, Sir, there can be nothing inconsistent with Decency, nor the chastest Eye offended, nor the warmest Imagination fl'd, unless by the grossest Terms.

I am of Opinion too, Sir, that you owe the favourable Reception of your benevolent Character to the above-mention'd happy Expedient; otherwise, how would your Readers, after having been told there was "a stranger Picture of a truly benevolent Mind to be found in your Work,

DEDICATION.

Work, than in any other, (not excepting even the Scriptures) who was a more glorious Object than the Sun in the full Blaze of his Majesty. How would I say, your Readers have been shock'd to have seen this benevolent Character, more glorious than the Sun itself, (though that is the Image of the Divine Goodness) devoting a Fellow Creature to Misery, Want, and all the ill Consequences which might flow from thence, only for springing of HARES. Besides, your fine Comparison (for the Sake of which, by your own Confession, you endanger the Necks of your Readers) falls here all to Pieces; for you should have remembered the Sun bestows its Beneficence upon the Unworthy as well as the *Worthy*; and if, Sir, you had ever read a certain Book, in which are several Pictures of a truly benevolent Mind, as much stronger and excellent than Your's, notwithstanding all that your great Friends may say, as the fine Pictures of a *Readers* or *Titan* are than those with which the Walls of *Moorsfields* and some other public Places are often adorn'd; and which are valued at the Sum of one Half-penny Sterling each: Had you perus'd, Sir, the Book I am speaking of, (which I believe you must have seen) you would have found that your great Pattern of Benevolence is but a half finished Draught; for to be kind and beneficent to those only who really deserve it, tho' it is commendable, yet it is but little more than paying a just Debt; but Benevolence is that Quality which inclines us to do Good to those who have highly offend-ed us, and who have no Claim to it, but what arises from inward Benevolence, which desires to see every Creature happy.

Reader, take Care, I have undress'd you to the top of his high a Hill as Mr. Alworthy's, and do not get into a dangerous breaking thy Neck, I do not well know; however, let us slide down together, for Miss Bridget rings her Bell." History of Tom Jones, Vol. 1. Page 14. — The above is a noble Example of the true Burlesque Style, which is frequently made Use of by this Author.

Your

Your Readers, Sir, might likewise have been surpriz-
ed to find, that in a Book, in which they were told: "*there*
"*was nothing prejudicial to Religion;*" to find all the Cha-
racters in it, who borrow their *Principles* from that *Font*,
to be worthless Wretches: Thus *Thyachum* is made a
most *impious* Man, *Sapple* a *weak and foolish* one; and if
these might be passed over as Men who had formed
wrong Notions of Religion, yet what religious Mind
would not have been shocked at your Character of the
Man of the Hill, who, after he has uttered a Discourse
which might do Honour to the most *pious Christian*, and
professed, "*that he had made the Scriptures his chiefest*
"*Study,*" is artfully described immediately after, as void
of *Honour, Gratitude, Courage, Hospitality, and Humanity*;
for though you are not pleas'd to tell your Readers so
much of him in direct Words, yet, had you allow'd them
the Use of their Eyes, they would easily have seen that
you intended to express so much, when you describe
your Hero (who you know borrows none of his *Actions*
from the Principle of Religion) running into the midst of
a Wood to the Cries of the distressed Mrs. *Waters*, with
only an Oaken Cudgel, while the good Man of the Hill
very contentedly lets him go alone; and "*though he had a*
"*Gun in his Hand, sat down on the Branch of the Hill with*
"*great Patience and Unconcern, attending the Issue,*" altho'
he had but just before owed his Life to Mr. *Jones*, and
consequently one would have thought, should have been
in some Concern about his Safety; and when Mr. *Jones*
returns, and acquaints him with the Distress of Mrs.
Waters; this good Man, who borrowed his *Principles* from
the *Scriptures*, has neither *Hospitality* nor *Humanity* enough
to assist a distressed Woman with the Shelter or Re-
freshment his Cottage might afford; but, without Ce-
remony, sends her naked as she was, to a Town at some
Distance.

Your Readers would undoubtedly have thought it a
very odd Way of being serviceable to Religion, to infi-
nuate under all your Characters, that nothing noble, no-
thing

thing great, nothing ~~great~~, nothing ~~worthy~~, was to be expected to spring from that Root; but the happy Thought you borrowed from your good ~~Friends~~ the AMUSERS, prevented all these and many other Observations, such as, several of your Characters, (*mutato Nominis*, the Name only changed) being exactly the same you had before exhibited; your false affected ~~Wit~~; the infinite Prejudice you must do to your younger Readers, by throwing down that strong Security of Innocence and Virtue, the FEAR and SHAME of first entering upon Vice; by insinuating into their Minds, that it is nothing more than NATURAL; that there is no struggling with our Inclinations; and that we may be great and good Men, though we indulge them in whatever they prompt us to.

I have often, Sir, heard it affirm'd by the Searchers into Nature, that all Animals have implanted in them a natural Antipathy to such particular Things as may be most hurtful to them; but I was never thoroughly convinced of the Certainty of this Observation, till I observ'd the strong Instance which has lately appeared in *yourself*, Sir, in Regard to the little Word *Low*; this poor Word is very inoffensive in itself, expresses Humility in its Signification, and contains but three Letters, and these none of the hardest, being two soft Vowels to one Consonant; but notwithstanding its great Humility and Softness, the Sight of it seems to fill you with Indignation and Terror; and you seem more to dread the Sound of it, than a 24 Pounder discharged close to your Ear. I therefore cannot but admire your Prudence and Sagacity, in endeavouring to extirpate the common Use of this Word, by telling us in some Part of your great Work, that it has no Meaning at all; and "that no Man alive has ever attempted to explain it;" and in another Place, "that it does not become any Mouth but a Right Honourable one;" which, by the bye, I am afraid your great Friends will think no Compliment, as it seems to imply, that Words without Meaning are all that are expected

pected from their Mouths. Many other Degradations have you applied to this Word, which, lowly as it was, never expected to be attacked by an Author of the first Rate.

But, Sir, at the same Time I applaud your *Wisdom* in the useful Attempt of *demolishing* this Word, I must be so free as to say, I could have wished you had made Use of some fitter Means to have done it; for to be sure, Sir, you must needs be sensible, if you have made any Observations at all, that there is not a *Basket-Woman* or *Porter* in the City of *London*, who is ignorant of the Signification of the Word *Low*; indeed some learned Men have thought that every Man brings the *Idea* of this Word into the World with him. Thus, Sir, if you had gone but a few Steps out of your Chair, you might have observed and heard that when any one of the Sisterhood of *Basket-Women* make Use of, in the *Chit Chats* they hold together, while they are waiting for Employment, the Language and Sentiments of a *Cinder Wench*, whom they look upon as infinitely below their Order, the whole Society immediately give the Offender, who talks so much below their *Dignity*, the Title of a *Low Wretch*, and soon discard her from their public Conversations: In like Manner, when any of the Society of *Porters* adopt the *Language and Sentiments* of a *Shoe-black*, the whole Brotherhood immediately think him a *Low Fellow*, and banish him their Clubs, and even the Conversations they hold together in the Streets.

Every one knows too, Sir, that when this Word is made Use of in the Theatre, or with Regard to an Author, it means that the Action, Language, or Sentiments, are beneath the *Dignity* of the Auditors or Readers. Thus, if Mr. *Garrick* thought proper to exhibit upon the Stage a Couple of Clowns eating hot *Hasty-Pudding*, would not the Audience have Reason to think it beneath their *Dignity*, and to consider it as an Affront to their good Sense and Judgment? And how

could they better express their Contempt of it, than by the little Word *Low*? Or if Mr. *Garrick* thought proper to put into the Mouths of any of his Characters, Language and Sentiments for which a Basket-Woman would be *booted* out of the Sisterhood of them; what more expressive Term can the Audience make Use of to express their Dislike, than *Low Stuff*? The same may be most emphatically applied to any Author who fills the greatest Part of his Work with Language and Sentiments that would be a *Disgrace* to the *lowest* Order of Men; and has not the Reader great Reason to think his Dignity affronted, and to groan out *Low*, very *Low*, when he finds he has paid his Money to read fictitious Characters, uttering such Language and Sentiments, which if he had ever been so unhappy to have heard in real Life, he should have either kicked the Uterers of them out of his Company, or if necessitated to have heard them, cried out in a sweating Agony, with *Horace*,

————— *O te Bollane cerebri*

Felicem!

O happy Bollanus, who hast a dull Brain!

But this perhaps may be better illustrated with an Example, as follows:

“The Squire gave him a good Curse at his Departure; and then turning to the Parson, he cried out, I smoke it, *Tom* is certainly the Father of the Bastard: Zooks, Parson, you remember how he recommended the Veather o’her to me: Damn un, what a fly Bitch tis. Ay, ay, as sure as Tow-pence, *Tom* is the Veather of the Bastard.

“I should be very sorry for that, says the Parson; Why sorry, cries the Squire; where is the mighty Matter o’t; what, I suppose do’st pretend that thee hast never got a Bastard? Pox, more good Luck’s thine, for I warrant hast a done therefore many’s the
“ good

“ good Time, and often. I should be sorry, *says the*
Parson, he should do himself any Injury in *Squire*
Alworthy's Opinion. *Poogh*, *says the Squire*, Injury
 “ with *Alworthy*! Why *Alworthy* loves a Wench him-
 “ self. Doth not all the Country know whose Son
 “ *Tom* is? You must talk to another Person in that
 “ Manner; I remember *Alworthy* at College, and
 “ many a Wench have we two had together; as errant
 “ a Whore-master as any within five Miles o’ un. No,
 “ no, it will do n’ no Harm with he, assure your-
 “ self, nor with any Body else: Ask my Daughter
 “ *Sophy* there. — You have not the worse Opinion
 “ of a young Fellow for getting a Bastard, have you
 “ Girl? No, no, the Women will like un the better for
 “ it.”

I am afraid, Sir, what I have now said too plainly
 proves that every Body knows what the Word *Low* means,
 and that it is likewise very expressive in its Signification;
 I am therefore doubtful that the Public will not think
 what you have assign’d, Sir, a sufficient Reason for the
Disuse of it: I cannot flatter you neither that they will
 fall in with your Sentiments of confining the Use of this
 Word to *Right Honourables*, and putting a Gag in the
 Mouths of all under that Rank, for tho’ you, Sir, are in
 too great a Station now, to suppose the People know
 any Thing, yet there happens to be two small Objec-
 tions to this Opinion of your’s; the first is, that the
 wisest and most learned Men of all Ages have thought
 directly contrary; the second is, that Experience has
 shown that the People, *that is*, what you with so just
 Contempt denominate Gentlemen of the Law, Appren-
 tices, Clerks, &c. and if you added Shoemakers, and
 Taylors, it would have made no Difference, have al-
 ways been right in their Judgment, unless bias’d and
 led astray by superior Examples; *Cicero*, Sir, if ever you
 read that Author, or have not quite forgot him, says,
Nunquam de bono Oratore, aut non bono, doctis hominibus cum
Populo dissentio fuit; THAT IS, as I take it, Sir, that it
 had never been known in his Time, that the People and
 the Learned ever disagreed in their Sentiments, in Re-
 gard

gard to a good or bad Orator; how unluckily does the
 Opinion and Experience of this great Man clash with
 your Sentiments on this Head: Some other Authors tell
 us that Taste, I mean the distinguishing Quality of
 judging what is *High* or *Low*, is a Kind of natural Rea-
 son, which every one brings into the World with him:
Quintilian (who is allowed to be something of a Judge)
 says, it is no more to be attain'd by Art than the Taste
 or Smell; therefore I think we may fairly conclude, that
 it never enter'd into his Head that the Title of *Right*
Honourable, or the wearing a Ribband across the Shoul-
 ders, could never give it to any one. Mr. *Addison* has
 likewise told us, "Human Nature is the same in all
 " reasonable Creatures; and whatever falls in with it,
 " will meet with Admirers amongst Readers of all Qua-
 " lities and Conditions:" *Moliere* too, as we are told by
 Monsieur *Boileau*, used to read all his Comedies to an
 old Woman, who was his Housekeeper, as she sat with
 him at her Work by the Chimney Corner; and could
 foretell the Success of his Play in the Theatre, from the
 Reception it met at his Fire Side; for he tells us the
 Audience always followed the old Woman, and never
 failed to laugh in the same Place. But as you, Sir, are
 an Author of the first Rate, and at least equal to either
Cicero, *Quintilian*, or Mr. *Addison*; when I first read your
 Sentiments on this Point, I was willing to think you
 might be right and they wrong, and imagining you
 must have founded your Opinion upon some Difference
 you had found either in the Brain or the Ear of a *Right*
Honourable, and a *Plebeian*, I immediately determin'd,
 in Imitation of the Spectator upon something of the like
 Occasion, to satisfy myself by Philosophical Experi-
 ment, and having obtained the Heads of two or three
 RIGHT HONOURABLES, and the same Number of PLE-
 BEIANS, I dissected them very nicely, but could find
 little Difference between them, except that those of the
 PEOPLE seem'd to be less confus'd, and more in a State
 of Nature. It was some Time before I could get an
 Opportunity of trying the other Experiment, but at last
 happening to fall upon a Company of *Right Honourables*
 & *Plebeians* together, I on a sudden saluted them with the
 finest

finest Airs of Musick, and was not a little surpriz'd to see the PEOPLE prick up their Ears, and feel every Master Touch of it as well as the RIGHT HONOURABLES. I then suddenly chang'd the Notes to the harshest and most disagreeable Sounds; and here again I observ'd an equal and as sudden Horror and Disgust in the PEOPLE, as the RIGHT HONOURABLES: So that I must needs say, Sir, the Sentiments of the most learned Men, common Experience and Philosophical Experiment are all different from you on this Head.

However, Sir, this need give you little Concern; for notwithstanding all, you are an Author of Authors still; for you draw Characters after Nature, while others draw them after their own wicked Imaginations: For it seems, Sir, Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the other little Authors of Antiquity, were stupid enough to think there were many Characters in every Station of Life, unfit to be drawn at full Length, as being unworthy of the Dignity of their Pen, or the Sight of their Readers; they therefore either intirely pass'd them by, or if oblig'd to introduce them; put them, into as tolerable a Drefs as they could, lent them a few decent Words to appear with, and presently pack'd them off the Stage again. They were likewise foolish enough, in drawing fictitious Characters after Nature, to imagine they ought to carry them to the highest Pitch of Perfection, the Station the Character bore in Life, might possibly attain to; thus, if they introduc'd a Shepherd or Cowherd, though they did not make him talk like a Man of Letters, yet they made him make Use of some of the best Words he had pick'd up in the City when he went there upon any Occasion, or from his Landlord in the Country; and if his Stock was not copious enough, they lent him a few Words of their own: So Virgil makes Melibæus say,

*Tityre tu patula, recubans sub tegmine fagi,
Silvestrem tenui Musam miditaris avena.*

Now, Sir, if Virgil had but understood the Art of Writing after Nature half as well as you, he would to be sure have wrote it thus,

*Titerous te patoolo, reckquance cub tagmanne saggy,
Cylvassterm tenoo Mooram meddayearis avena.*

I like-

I likewise find that he makes all such like People as wise and knowing as they could ever arrive to, under the most favourable Circumstances in their Station; thus, tho' they are not Scholars, yet they are Men of plain good Sense, are honest and skilful in their own Spheres, and have borrow'd some useful Knowledge from their Observations of Nature, whereby the Reader is oftentimes agreeably improv'd: In like Manner he has drawn all his Characters to the highest Pitch of their several Stations; if he describes a Gentleman, he has all the Learning and Qualities of a compleat Gentleman; if a King, he has all the more Majestick ones of the best of Kings; it is pretty evident too, that Virgil copied Homer in all this Stuff, for Horace tells us of Homer, that ————— *Nil molitur inepte,*
and that ————— *quæ*

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.

Horace himself too was so ignorant, as to tell us, that even in Satire, when he intended to make any Person or Vice ridiculous, he loved to do it in good Language.

Non Ego inornata, et dominantia nomina solum,

Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor aviabo.

Our own Shakspespear has likewise followed these bad Examples, and makes his lowest Characters talk Sense and English; and that other foolish Fellow Cervantes has made Sancho Pancha, an illiterate Country Clown, convey many sensible Hints to the Reader.

O then happy, thrice and four Times happy, you, Sir, who are the sole Founder of a new Kind of Writing, where none of these unnatural Rules are observed!

To you, Sir, the Honour belongs of presenting Characters to the Reader's Sight, that they would otherwise never have seen; for it is without all Dispute, a noble Thought of your own, that ignorant, stupid, low, vicious Characters, are as worthy the Reader's Attention as wiser and more virtuous ones, and make full as good Pictures, and therefore ought to be drawn at full Length.

Another Thing you have succeeded in beyond all Example, is the putting proper Language into the Mouths of these Characters: Thus how just! how congruous! how

how beautiful ! how instructive is the Language of your 'Squire *Western*, " I wull have Satisfaction of thee, so
 " doff thy Clothes ; at unt-half a Man, and I'll lick
 " thee as well as wast ever licked in thy Life : " And
 " again, " O Matter enow of all Conscience, my Daugh-
 " ter has fallen in Love with your Bastard, but I wont
 " gee her a Hapenny, not the twentieth Part of a Brass
 " Farthing : I always thought what would come o'breed-
 " ing a Bastard like a Gentleman, and letting un come
 " about to volk's Houses. It's well vor un I could not
 " get an un, I'd a licked un ; I'd a spoiled his Cater-
 " wauling ; I'd a taught the Son of a Whore to meddle
 " with Meat for his Master : If she will ha un, one
 " Smock shall be her Portion ; I'll sooner gee my Estate
 " to the Zinking Fund : I little thought what Puss he
 " was looking after, but it shall be the worst he ever
 " found in his Life : She shall be no better than Car-
 " rion ; the Skin o'her is all he shall ha, and zu you may
 tell un."

Again, Sir, what intelligent Person would have been willing to have lost one single Line out of the forty-five of that curious instructive Letter of Mrs. *Honour Blackmore's*, which begins thus ?

" I shud sartenly haf kaled on you a cording to my
 " Prommiss had dunt itt bin that her Laship prevent
 " me, for to be sur, Sir, you nose very well that every
 " Person must luk first at Ome, &c."

How beautifully expressive is this Letter of Mrs. *Honour's* Abilities and Character ! and how much *Wit* and *Instruction* does it convey to the Reader ! Innumerable are the Instances of this Sort, which your Genius has brought forth in your Works ; and of which *Kind* of Writing, you are, without all Dispute, the *Founder*.

But notwithstanding so many beautiful Pictures of *Nature*, so great is the Malice and Envy which attends great Authors, that I have heard several affirm, that your Worship (so far from drawing your Characters after *Nature*) does not know what the Word *Nature* means.

—— *NATURE*, say these Gentlemen, is the highest Degree of Perfection, with which that Order of Beings we are speaking of, is generally indued with ; or, as the ingenious Mr. *Martin* defines it in his Dictionary,
 the

the *Inclinations, Faculties, Properties, Qualities, or Affections*, which any Thing has *ORIGINALLY*: Now, say these Criticks, it is as absurd because there may chance to be some single Characters in Life, who by bad Example, Idleness, or Drunkenness, have lost all their *original* Properties, to draw these at full Length, and tell us it is *Nature*, as if a Painter was to draw any of his principal Figures with scald Heads and blear Eyes, and tell us it was *Nature*, because he had sometimes happened to have seen such, or would not an Anatomist, say they, be laughed at, who shall call a Child born with two Heads and five Legs, or any other monstrous Birth, *Nature*, because there has now and then happened to be such brought into the World.

Others are so envious to say, they don't believe there is so stupid and ignorant a Character in Life (at least not above the Station of a Kennel-Raker) as your 'Squire *Western*; and I must confess, tho' I have made very diligent Enquiry, yet I have not met with any Body who has ever seen such a one; and indeed most are of Opinion it never existed in Life, but was taken from a Copy rummaged for in the nastiest of all Places.

But Sir, you have no Need to regard any of these Cavils or Objections, for as you rightly observe Page 60 of the 3d Vol. of your excellent Work, it is all *Slander*, & *devilish Slander* too; & I am of Opinion, if they won't hold their slanderous Tongues, you may bring an Action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against them, for you know you are a very great Man, and *Slander* and *Scandal* may easily be made the same Thing.

I will detain you, Sir, no longer, but with recommending my Hero to your Protection, hoping you will not find him of too "*angelick a Perfection*" for your Esteem and Approbation. I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

The HISTORIOGRAPHER

To Mr. BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW,

King of the BEGGARS.

To the PUBLICK.



I will be expected some Account should be given of the Motives of the present Publication, the chief of which are, that the Author, notwithstanding the Scenes of Life he is engaged in, cannot, when he reflects on the worthy Family he has sprung from; and those noble ones he is allied to, help feeling some Concern for his Fame. Those who know any thing of human Nature, will not be surprized to find this Passion existing even in the Breast of a Mendicant, more especially when they consider the Family he is descended from, and those Seeds of good Education that were in his earliest Days implanted in his Mind; which, tho' his unhappy Conduct prevented from producing Fruit, have (like a blasted Tree) from Time to Time shot forth some Leaves: He therefore hopes, that (to the partial Eyes of his Friends at least) in this his History, he shall be able to mingle somewhat of the Ermine with the Spots of the Æthiops, which, tho' it will scarce serve to hide, may at least render them of a more beautiful Hue.

HE is not insensible of the Disadvantages with which the poor Man pleads his Cause, and makes no Doubt but his Readers are already prejudiced against what he is going to offer; but, if in the following Narrative of Facts, there appear any of those good Qualities which go towards making up the Hero, he thinks he ought to be allowed the Liberty of entering himself in the Lists of Fame. If the fictitious Contrivances and Shifts

to subsist upon an uninhabited Island, could immortalize the Name of Robinson Crusoe, why may not the far more ingenious real Contrivances of Bampfylde-Moore Carew be transmitted to Posterity?

The Exercise of COURAGE has, in all Ages, been esteemed the distinguishing Quality of every Hero; if we seek for this, behold him entering unarmed, and with a heavy galling Yoke on his Neck, the trackless Wilds of America, amongst wild Beasts of the most savage Nature, and the still more savage Indians! Again, behold him plunging into the wide River Delaware, upon an unpractised Horse, and with no other Bridle than his Garter!

IF GENEROSITY exalts the Character of the Hero, see him generously return to Slavery, and surrender himself into the Hands of an incensed Master, rather than purchase his Liberty at the Expence of his Friends; which he humbly conceives may bear some Parallel with the celebrated Action of Regulus, which he remembers to have heard so much commended, at School. He recollects too the Character of the famous Ulysses to be,

virum

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & Urbes.

If this could dignify the Name of Ulysses, in this Respect too he thinks he may lay some Claim to the Laurel, and with this Prebeminence, that Ulysses was drove by Chance on different Coasts, and amongst different People, against his own Inclinations, whereas he quitted his Father's House, and all the Advantages his Birth entitled him to, Mores hominum multorum videre & urbes, to gratify a Curiosity of seeing different Manners and Places. A thorough Knowledge of Mankind has likewise been always thought a necessary Qualification; in this too he seems not to fall short, for he penetrates with a surprizing Perspicuity, into the minutest Circumstances of those he has to do with, examines them with a more than common Judgment, lays hold of those Passions which are most favour-

favourable to his Intentions, and plays upon them with admirable Art, so that scarce the famed Orator of Rome, pleaded with better Success. But, methinks he already hears his Readers cry out, amazing Impudence! What, a common Cheat and Impostor! a Man who has for many Years gone about imposing upon Mankind, defend his Character? Be not too hasty most gentle Reader; of whatever Profession thou art, lay thy Hand on thy Heart, and consider if thou hast not imposed upon Mankind.

Art thou honoured with the grave Title of Doctor, recollect if you never prescribed and took Fees, when you were sensible your Patient was irrecoverable; did you never agree with the Apothecary to shave his Beard, if he would trim your Foretop; and prescribe ten Times more Drugs and Potions than were necessary from your Patients, whilst he, in Return, sounded the Trumpet of your Praise, and called in your Assistance, when the Patient, perhaps, would have recovered much sooner without the Presence of either. But, perhaps, the Reader is some Gentleman of the Law; if so, let him consider before he is angry with me, if he never took in Hand a bad Cause, and assured his Client of the Goodness of it, though he knew in his own Breast he should never gain the Point; and when he has been cast in one Court, has he not by specious Promises and false Hopes enticed his Client to try the Issue in another, and thus drained his Pockets without Moderation; has he never fomented Differences amongst his Neighbours, that he might reap some Advantage from it; or, has he never agreed with his Brother Counsellor, of the Defendant's Party, to spin out the Cause by unnecessary Delays, till they have got the Oyster between them, and left their Clients nothing but the Shells. But, perhaps, some plodding honest Tradesman is reading my Memoirs, with loud Acclamations of my Cheats and Impostures; but he must be much better than his Neighbours, if he has never contrived to darken his Shop-Windows, to prevent his Customers seeing the Flaws in his Goods, if he has never put off a bad Commodity for a good one, or made his Goods weigh heavier than when he bought them. In a Word, most gentle Reader, every Profession has its Fourberies and Impostures; even the Printer of these Memoirs intends

tends to print them on a large Letter, and with a broad Margin,* which he may tell you is to adorn them, but it is in Truth for nothing else than to make thee pay the more for them.

HAVING thus, I hope, proved to thy Contentment, that every Profession has its Tricks as well as mine, I shall present you with my true History from my Birth to this present Year.

BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW.


* This was done in the first Edition.





A N
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E
O F

Mr. BAMPFYLDE - MOORE CAREW.

EADER, we are going
to present you with the
History of a Man truly
remarkable; one who has
indeed gone through an uncom-
mon Variety of Adventures, has
seen the Manners of many Men,
and has at least dived as deep into
the

the Knowledge of Human Nature,
 as that great *Painter* of it, the Au-
 thor of the History of *Tom Jones*.
 We shall endeavour to execute the
 Office of Historiographer with all
 the Dignity and Decorum that be-
 longs to the Character; keeping,
 however, strictly to Truth, accord-
 ing to the express Injunctions we
 have received from the Hero, who
 is the Subject of it: Neither shall
 we, according to the Vogue of these
 Times, *lard* it with trifling Mat-
 ters, which have no Regard or
 Connection with the History, but
 serve only to swell out the Volume,
 or rather to make many Volumes,
 of what might as well be com-
 prised in one.

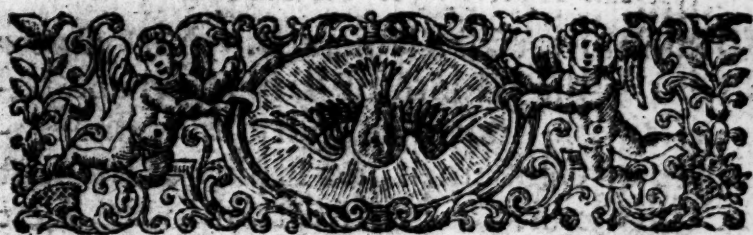
As there is no truer Standard of
 judging both of Men and Things,
 than

than Comparison, we shall follow
 the Example of that excellent Wri-
 ter of Lives, *Plutarch*, in drawing
 a Parallel between our Hero, and
 that most renowned and shining
 Character of the Age, Mr. *Thomas*
Jones, whom we have chosen pre-
 ferable to all others, not only on
 Account of the Similarity of the two
 Characters, but because we are in-
 formed that the *Writer* of the His-
 tory of this celebrated *Hero* re-
 ceived a *Reward* for it; which, in
 less generous Times, would have
 been thought an adequate Compen-
 sation for one who had, with great
 Toil, found out some most useful
 Invention; and that the noble
 Lives of *Plutarch* grow mouldy in
 the Booksellers Shops, whilst the
 History of *Tom Jones* is in every
 Hand, from the beardless Youth,
 up

up to the hoary Hairs of Age : And besides all this, we shall find hereafter, that Mr. *Thomas Jones* and our Hero have had some previous Acquaintance together.

HAVING thus premised the Reasons we have for drawing this Parallel, we shall proceed to our History.





A N

A P O L O G Y, &c.



C H A P. I.

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew's Birth: His Studies at Tiverton School: The Reason of his leaving it: His Admittance into the Community of the Gypsies: A particular Account of the Government, Laws, and Manners of those People: His Return to his Father's House, &c.

R. BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW is descended from the antient Family of the Carews, Son of the Rev. Mr. Theodore Carew, of the Parish of Bickley, near Tiverton, in the County of Devon, of which Parish he was many Years Rector, very much esteemed while living, and at
A his

his Death universally lamented. Mr. Carew was born in the Month of July 1693, and never was there known a more splendid Appearance of Gentlemen and Ladies of the first Rank and Quality at any Baptism in the West of England, than at his; the Hon. *Hugh Bampfylde*, Esq; (who afterwards died of an unfortunate Fall from his Horse) and the Hon. Major *Moore*, were both his illustrious Godfathers, both of whose Names he bears; who some Time contending whose should be the precedent, (doubtless presaging the Honour that would redound to them from the future Actions of our Hero) the Affair was determined by throwing up a Piece of Money, which was won by Mr. *Bampfylde*; who, upon this Account presented a large Piece of Plate, whereon was engraved in large Letters, **BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW.**

The Rev. Mr. *Carew* had several other Children, both Sons and Daughters, besides Mr. *Carew*, all of whom he educated in a tender and pious Manner; and Mr. *Carew* was at the Age of Twelve sent to *Tiverton* School, where he contracted an intimate Acquaintance with young Gentlemen of the first Rank in *Somersetshire*, *Devonshire*, *Cornwall*, and *Dorsetshire*.

It has been remarked by a great Man, that there is a natural Propensity in the Mind of a Reader to be inquisitive about the Person of the Hero whose Action they are reading; and

and Authors in general have been so sensible of the Power of this Curiosity, that it has long been a Custom for them to present their Readers with their own Pictures in the Front of their Works, with the Design, doubtless, of prepossessing their Readers in Favour of them, by the Marks of Wisdom and Ingenuity in their Countenance: Thus, not to mention many other Instances, those two great Authors, Mr. *Dilworth*, and Mr. *Markham*, have both indulged the World with their Pictures before their ingenious Spelling-Books. We cannot but commend this Custom as a very fair and candid one; for what Reader would buy an Author, if his Countenance declared him a Blockhead, did we not suspect the Engraver is often so kind to the Author, as to put greater Marks of Wisdom and Ingenuity in his Countenance than Nature ever bestowed upon him.*

This Desire then of being informed of the *Persons* of Heroes being so natural, we should be guilty of a great Neglect, should we omit satisfying our Readers in this Respect, more particularly, as we can without making Use of a Figure in Rhetoric (which is of great Service to many Authors) called *Amplification*; or, in plainer *English*, *Enlarging*,

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* The two Authors above-mentioned have acted very candidly in publishing their Pictures while they are still alive, that the World may be enabled to judge of the Skill and Impartiality of the Engraver.

ing, present our Reader with a very amiable Picture.

The Stature of our Hero is tall and majestic, his Limbs strong and well-proportion'd, his Features regular, his Countenance open and ingenuous, bearing all those characteristical Marks which Physiognomists assert denote an honest and good natur'd Mind; and tho' Hardships and even Age itself (he being now sixty) have made some Alterations in his Features, yet we dare venture to compare his Countenance with Mr. *Thomas Jones's*, tho' the Author of that Gentleman's *Life* asserts he is the *finest Figure* he ever beheld.

During the first four Years of his Continuance at *Tiverton School*, his close Application and Delight in his Studies gave his Friends great Hopes that he might one Day make a good Figure in that honourable Profession which his Father became so well, and for which he was designed.

He attained, for his Age, a very considerable Knowledge in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues; but soon a new Exercise, or Accomplishment, engaged all his Attention: This was that of *Hunting*, in which our Hero soon made a surprising Progress. We hope it will be no Disparagement to the Character of Mr. *Thomas Jones*, to say that he surpass'd even him in this Study, for beside that Agility of Limbs, and Courage requisite for leaping over five-bar'd Gates, &c. which Mr.

Jones

Jones was remarkable for, our Hero, by indefatigable Study and Application, added to it a remarkable chearing Halloo to the Dogs, of very great Service to the Exercise, and which we believe is peculiar to himself; and besides this, found out a Secret hitherto unknown but to himself, of enticing any Dog whatever to follow him.

The *Tiverton* Scholars had at this Time the Command of a fine Cry of Hounds, whereby Mr. *Carew* had frequent Opportunities of gratifying his Inclinations in that Diversion. It was then that he entered into a very strict Friendship and Familiarity with *John Martin*, *Thomas Coleman*, *John Escott*, and other young Gentlemen of the best Rank and Fortune.

The wise *Spaniards* have, we think, a Proverb, *Tell me who you are with, and I will tell you what you are*; and we ourselves say, *That Birds of a Feather will flock together*. It is generally allowed, that Proverbs are built upon Experience, and contain great Truths; and if the two we have mentioned above are not worse founded than the rest, we think we may be allowed, without Partiality, to give the Preference to Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew* in this Respect, that he at least kept better Company than Mr. *Jones*; for tho' at this Time very young, he contracted no Acquaintance, and kept no Company, but with young Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune, who were rather superior to himself than beneath him; but

Mr. Jones was delighted with no Company so much as *Black George's*, * a Fellow of the lowest Condition and not over honest Principles.

It happened that a Farmer, living in the Country adjacent to *Tiverton*, who was a very great Sportsman, and used to hunt with the *Tiverton* Scholars, came and acquainted them of a fine Deer which he had seen, with a Collar about its Neck, in the Fields about his Farm, which he supposed to be the favourite Deer of some Gentleman not far off: This was very agreeable News to the *Tiverton* Scholars, who, with Mr. *Carew*, *John Martin*, *Thomas Coleman*, and *John Escott*, at their Head, went in a great Body to hunt it: This happened a short Time before Harvest; the Chase was very hot, and lasted several Hours, and they ran the Deer many Miles, which did a great deal of Damage to the Fields of Corn, which were then almost ripe. Upon the Death of the Deer, and Examination of the Collar, it was found to belong to Col. *Nutcombe*, of the Parish of *Clayhanger*. Those Farmers and Gentlemen that sustained the greatest Damage, came to *Tiverton*, and complained very heavily to Mr. *Rayner*, the School-Master, of the Havock made in their Fields, which occasioned strict Enquiry to be made concerning the Ringleaders, who proving to be our Hero

* This was a Game-Keeper to Mr. ALLWORTHY, a worthless Fellow, whose Company Mr. JONES was much delighted with.

Hero and his Companions, they were so severely threatened, that for Fear they absented themselves from School; and the next Day, happening to go in the Evening to *Brick-House*, an Ale-House about half a Mile from *Tiverton*, they accidentally fell into Company with a Society of *Gypsies*, who were there feasting and carousing. This Society consisted of seventeen or eighteen Persons of both Sexes, who that Day met there with a full Purpose of Merriment and Jollity; and after a plentiful Meal upon Fowls, Ducks, and other dainty Dishes, the flowing Cups of October, Cyder, &c. went most chearfully round, and merry Songs and Country Dances crowned the jovial Banquet: In short, so great an Air of Freedom, Mirth, and Pleasure, appeared in the Faces and Gestures of this Society, that our Youngsters from that Time conceived a sudden Inclination to enlist into their Company; which, when they communicated to the *Gypsies*, they considering their Appearance, Behaviour and Education, regarded as only spoken in Jest; but as they tarried there all Night in their Company, and continued in the same Resolution the next Morning, they were at length induced to believe them to be serious, and accordingly encouraged them, and admitted them into their Number, *the requisite Ceremonials being first gone through, and the proper Oaths being administered.*

The Reader may perhaps be surprized at the Mention of *Oaths* administered, and *Ceremonials* used, at the Entrance of these young Gentlemen; but his Surprise will lessen, when we inform him that these People are subject to a Form of Government and Laws peculiar to themselves, and all pay Obedience to one who is stiled their *King*; to which great Honour we shall hereafter see our Hero arrive, having first proved himself worthy of it, by a great Number of necessary Atchievements.

There are, perhaps, no People so compleatly happy as these are, or enjoy so great a Share of Liberty. Their King is elective by the whole People, but none are allowed to stand as Candidates for that Honour, but such who have been long in their Society, and perfectly studied the Nature and Institution of it: They must likewise have given repeated Proofs of their Personal Wisdom, Courage, and Capacity: This is the better known, as they always keep a public Record or Register of all remarkable (either good or bad) Actions performed by any of the Society: And they can have no Temptation to make Choice of any but the most *Worthy*, as their King has no Titles nor lucrative Employments to bestow, which might influence or corrupt their Judgment.

The only Advantage the King enjoys is, that he is constantly supplied with whatever is necessary for his Maintenance from the Contribution

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. 9

tribution of his People; whilst he, in Return, directs all his Care to the defending and protecting his People from their Enemies, in contriving and planning whatever is most likely to promote their Welfare and Happiness, in seeing a due Regard paid to their Laws, in registering their memorable Actions, and making a due Report of all those Things at their general Assemblies; so that, perhaps, at this Time it is amongst these People only, that the *Office of a King* is the same as it was at its first Institution, viz. *a Father and Protector of his People.*

The Laws of these People are few and simple, but most exactly and punctually observed; the Fundamental of which is, that strong Love and mutual Regard for each Member in particular, and for the whole Community in general, which is inculcated into them from their earliest Infancy; so that this whole Community is connected by stronger Bands of Love and Harmony, than oftentimes subsist even in private Families under other Governments: This naturally prevents all Oppressions, Frauds and over-reaching of one another, so common amongst other People, and totally extinguishes that bitter Passion of the Mind (the Source, perhaps, of most other Vices) *Envy*; for it is a great and certain Truth, that *Love worketh no Evil.*

Their general Meetings at stated Times, which they are all obliged to be present at, is

a very strong Cement of their Love, and indeed of all their other Virtues; for as the general Register of their Actions, which we have before spoken of, is read at these Meetings, those who have deserved well of the Community, are honoured by some Token or Distinction in the Sight of all the rest; and those who have done any Thing against their Fundamental Laws, have some Mark of Ignominy put upon them; for they have no high Sense of *Pecuniary Rewards*, and they think the punishing of the Body of little Service towards amending the Mind: Experience has shewn them, that by keeping up this nice Sense of Honour and Shame, they are enabled to keep their Community in better Order than the most severe corporal Punishments have been able to effect in other Governments.

But what has still more tended to preserve their Happiness, is, that they know no other Use of Riches than the *Enjoyment* of them; but as this Word is liable to be misconstrued by many of our Readers, we think it necessary to inform them, we do not mean by it, that sordid Enjoyment which the Miser feels when he bolts up his Money in a well-secured Iron Chest, or that delicious Pleasure he is sensible of when he counts over his hoarded Stores, and finds they are encreased with Half a Guinea, or even Half a Crown; nor do we mean that Enjoyment which the well-known
Mr.

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. 11.

Mr. T-----, * the *Man-eater* feels, when he draws out his Money from his Bags to discount the good Bills of some honest, but distressed Tradesman, at 10 or 15 per Cent.

The People we are speaking of are happily ignorant of such *Enjoyment* of Money, for they know no other Use of it, except that of promoting Mirth and good Humour with it; for which End they generously bring their Gains into a common Stock, whereby they whose Gains are small, have an equal Share of Enjoyment with those whose Profits are larger, excepting only that a Mark of Ignominy is affixed on those who do not contribute to the common Stock proportionably to their Abilities, and the Opportunities they have of Gain: And this is the Source of their uninterrupted Happiness; for by this Means they have no griping Usurer to grind them, no lordly Possessor to trample on them, nor any Envyings to torment them: They have no settled Habitations; but (like the *Scythians* of old) remove from Place to Place, as often as their Conveniency or Pleasure require it, which renders their Life a perpetual Scene of Variety.

By

* As it has been a long Dispute amongst the Learned and Travellers, whether or no there are *CANIBALS* or *MAN-EATERS* existing, it may seem something strange that we should assert, there is beyond all Doubt one of that Species often seen lurking near St. PAUL's, in the City of London, and in other Parts of that City, seeking whom he may devour.

By what we have said above, and much more that we could add of the Happiness of these People, we may account for what has been Matter of much Surprize to the Friends of our Hero, *viz.* his strong Attachment for the Space of above forty Years, to this Community, and his refusing the large Offers that have been made him to engage him to quit their Society: But to return to our History.

Thus was Mr. *Carew* initiated into the Mysteries of a Society, which for Antiquity needs give Place to none, as it is evident from the Name, which in *Latin* is *Ægyptus*, and in *French* *Ægyptienne*, that they derive their Original from the *Ægyptians*, one of the most antient and learned People in the World; (though afterwards several other People imitated them;) and that they were Persons of more than common Learning, who travelled to communicate their Knowledge to Mankind. Whether the Divine *Homer* himself, might not have been of this Society, will admit of a Doubt, as there is so much Uncertainty about his Birth and Education, though nothing is more certain than that he travelled from Place to Place: Mr. *Carew* did not continue long in it, without being consulted in important Matters, particularly Madam *Musgrove*, of *Munkton*, near *Taunton*, hearing of his Fame, sent for him to consult in an Affair of Difficulty: When he was come, she informed him, that she suspected a large
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Quantity of Money was buried some where about her House, and if he would acquaint her with the particular Place, she would handsomely reward him.

Our Hero consulted the Secrets of his Art upon this Occasion, and, after long Toil and Study, informed the Lady, that under a Laurel Tree in the Garden lay the Treasure she sought for, but that her Planet of good Fortune did not reign till such a Day and Hour, till which Time she should desist from searching for it: The good Lady rewarded him very generously with twenty Guineas for this Discovery: We cannot tell whether at this Time our Hero was sufficiently initiated in the Art, or whether the Lady mistook her lucky Hour, but the strict Regard we pay to Truth obliges us to confess, that the Lady dug below the Roots of the Laurel Tree, without finding the hidden Treasure.

When he was further initiated in the Art, he was consulted upon many important Matters, and generally gave great Satisfaction by his sagacious Answers. In the mean Time his worthy Parents sorrowed for him, as one that was no more, not being able to get the least Tidings of him, though they publickly advertised him, and sent Messengers to enquire for him in every Part, till at the Expiration of a Year and half, our Hero having repeated Accounts of the great Sorrow and Trouble his Parents were in upon his Account, his Heart

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melted

melted with Tenderneſs, and he repaired to his Father's Houſe at *Bickley* in *Devonſhire*. As he was greatly diſguiſed both in Habit and Countenance, he was not at firſt known by his Parents; but when he diſcovered himſelf, Joy gush'd out in full Streams, ſtopping the Power of Speech; but the warm Tears they bedewed his Cheeks with, whiſt they imprinted them with their Kiſſes, performed the Office of the Tongue with more expreſſive Eloquence: But the good Heart and tender Parent will feel it much better than we can deſcribe it. The whole Neighbourhood, particularly the two Pariſhes of *Cadley* and *Bickley*, partook of this Joy; and there was nothing for ſome Time but ringing of Bells, with public Feaſtings, and other Marks of feſtive Joy.





C H A P. II.

Mr. Carew leaves his Father's House, and is admitted a second Time into the Community of the Gypsies ; a modest Apology for such of the Actions of our Hero, as may seem to need it ; a pathetic Address to all Orders of Men to imitate him ; several Stratagems put in Execution by him with great Success ; his Resolution to render himself useful to Mankind ; his Observations on Mankind, &c.



R. CAREW's Parents did every Thing possible to render Home agreeable to him : Every Day he was engaged in some Party of Pleasure or other, and all his Friends strove who should most entertain him, so that there seemed nothing wanting to his Happiness. But the uncommon Pleasure he had enjoyed in the Community he had left, the Freedom of their Government, the Simplicity and Sincerity of their Manners, the frequent Change of their Habitation, the perpetual

Mirth and good Humour that reigned amongst them, and perhaps some secret Presages of that high Honour which he has since arrived at ; all these made too deep an Impression to be effaced by any other Ideas : His Pleasures therefore grew every Day more and more tasteless, and he relished none of those Entertainments which his Friends daily provided for him.

For some Time, these unsatisfied Longings after the Community of the *Gypsies*, preyed upon his Mind, his Heart being too good to think of leaving his fond Parents again, without Reluctance : Long did filial Piety and his Inclinations struggle for the Victory ; at length the last prevailed, but not till his Health had visibly suffered by these inward Comotions. One Day, therefore, without taking Leave of any of his Friends, he directs his Steps towards *Brick-House*, at *Tiverton*, where he had first entered into the Community of the *Gypsies* ; and finding some of them there, he joined their Company, to the great Satisfaction of them, as well as of himself, they rejoicing greatly at having regained one who was likely to be so useful a Member to their Community.

We are now entering into the busy Part of our Hero's Life, where we shall find him acting in various Characters, and performing all with Propriety, Dignity, and Decorum.---It may, however, be necessary to inform our Reader,

Reader, that he must not be shocked if in the Course of these Actions he sometimes finds our Hero engaged in Affairs, which, perhaps, in his Eye may not appear altogether commendable; for the celebrated Writer of the Life of Mr. Jones, who assures us that he * (and indeed seems to insinuate that only he) “ has “ been admitted behind the Scenes of the great “ Theatre of Nature,” and professes his Book “ to be written for the Instruction of Youth, “ as well as those of riper Years,” after having informed his Readers with one of the Heroes of his History defrauding his Friend and generous Benefactor of 500 Pounds, which he knew was all he had in the World, adds, “ That though his Readers may look upon “ such a Man with the utmost Abhorrence, “ yet he,” (*who knows better than any of them, being no less than Nature’s Privy Counsellor,*) “ can censure the Action, without any “ absolute Detestation of the Person; for tho’ “ the Man is a Villain, it is Nature for all “ that, and perhaps she may not have designed “ him to act an ill Part in all her Dramas, “ since it is often the same Person who represents the Villain and the Hero; and that a “ single bad Act” (however atrocious we suppose, for a worse than the preceding one

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* Every Line inclosed between these Marks “ ” is exactly in his own Words, without the least Diminution or Addition, and may be found between Page 76 and 80 of the 2d Volume of that excellent History.

we cannot well imagine) does not confute a Villain in Life." And here, as perhaps it has not as yet come to the Knowledge of all our Readers, we cannot but recommend to them the Purchase of that *great Book of Nature*, the History of *Tom Jones*, which the gentle Reader may now buy for so small a Price as Twelve Shillings, though great Numbers, we assure thee, have purchased it at one Pound one Shilling, and thought it well worth their Money, for indeed it is a most *profitable Book*; for whoever thou art, most courteous Reader, thou may'st in the Course of Life, have some Opportunity or other (and I make no doubt but thou wilt) of making, or at least increasing thy Fortune, by betraying or defrauding thy Friend, robbing thy Master, or some other such-like Action; but an *innate Principle of Goodness and Honour* may deter thee from it; in all such Cases, therefore, thou may'st refer to this *great Book of Nature*, and thou wilt find that thou may'st do it, without being the *less honest Man* for it: "For the
" Passions often force Men upon Parts, without consulting their Judgment, so that the
" Man may condemn what he himself acts;
" and therefore the Man of *Candour* and of
" *true Understanding*, will censure such an Imperfection, without Rage against the guilty
" Party; for though it is Villainy, it is *Nature* for all that."

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We must confess, however, thou wilt find no such Instance of *Nature* in the whole *Life* of our *Hero*; nor can we find (though we have made very diligent Enquiry about it) that he followed the Dictates of *Nature* so closely in his Childhood as Mr. *Thomas Jones*, in taking what was none of his own; neither shall we account for, on the same Painsiples, some of the future Actions of our *Hero*, which may not appear altogether commendable; for we are of Opinion that *Nature* is altogether lovely, and that whatsoever is true, whatsoever is honest, whatsoever is just, whatsoever is of good Report, is all *Nature*; as we are apt to think most of those rank Weeds, which indeed sprout up abundantly in the Human Soil, are owing to bad Culture, noxious Grafting, too great a Proximity to poisonous Plants, whereby the good Seed is spoiled; or to some other external Cause. We shall therefore rather chuse to account for some of the Actions of our *Hero*, by desiring the Reader to keep in Mind the Principles of the Government of the *Mendicants*, which are like those of the *Algerines*, and other States of *Barbary*, a perpetual State of Hostility with most other People; so that whatsoever Stratagems or Deceits they can over-reach them by, are not only allowed by their Laws, but considered as commendable and Praise-worthy; and, as the *Algerines*, are looked upon as very honest People by those who are in Alliance with them, though

though they plunder the rest of Mankind ; and, as most other Governments have thought they might very honestly and justly attack any weaker neighbouring State, whenever it was convenient for them, and murder forty or fifty thousand of the Human Species ; we hope to the unprejudic'd Eye of Reason, the Government of the *Gypsies* in general, and our Hero as a Member of it, will not appear in so disadvantageous a Light, for exercising a few Stratagems to over-reach their Enemies, especially when it is considered they never (like other States) do any Harm to the Persons of their Enemies, and not considerable to their Fortunes.

Our Hero being again admitted, at the first general Assembly of the *Gypsies*, and having taken the proper Oaths of Allegiance to the *Sovereign*, was soon after sent out by him on a Cruize upon their Enemies. Our Hero's Wit was now set at Work, by what Stratagems he might best succeed : The first that occurred to his Thoughts, was the equipping of himself with an old Pair of Trowsers, enough of a Jacket to cover his Nakedness, Stockings such as Nature gave, Shoes (or rather the Body of Shoes, for Soles they had none) which had Leaks enough to sink a first Rate Man of War, and a Woollen Cap so black, that one might more safely swear it had not been wash'd since *Noah's Flood*, than many honest Electors can, that they
receive

receive no Bribes. Being thus attired, our Hero changed his Manners with his Dress; he forgot entirely his Family, Education, and Politeness, and became now nothing more nor less than an unfortunate Ship-wreck'd Seaman.

Here, if we may be allowed to compare great Things with small, we could wish that all Orders of Men were strict Imitators of our Hero; we mean, that they would put on the Characteristicks and Qualifications of their Employment, at the same Time they invest themselves with the Ensigns of it; that the *Divine*, when he puts on his sacred and venerable Habit, would cloath himself with Piety, Goodness, Humility, Gentleness, Long Suffering, Charity, Temperance, Contempt of filthy Lucre, and the other God-like Qualifications of his Office; that the *Judge*, at the Time he puts on his ermin'd Robes, would put on Righteousness and Equity as an upper Garment, with an Integrity of Mind more white and spotless than the fairest Ermine; that the grave *Physician*, when he puts on his large Peruke, would put under it the Knowledge of the Human Frame, of the Virtues and Effects of Medicines, of the Signs and Nature of Diseases, with the most approved and experienced Forms of Cures; that the *Mechanic*, when he puts on his Leather or Woollen Apron, would put on Diligence, Frugality, Temperance, Modesty, and Good-Nature; and

and that *Kings* themselves, when the *Crown*,* which is adorned with many precious Stones, is put on their Heads, would put on at the same Time “ the more inestimable Gems of “ all precious Virtues;” that they would remember at all Times, they were invested with the *Dalmatica* † at their Coronation, only as an “ Emblem of the Ornament of a good “ Life and holy Actions;” that the *Rod* ‡ they received “ was the Rod of Virtue and “ Equity, to encourage and make much of “ the Godly, and to terrify the Wicked, to “ shew the Way to those that go astray, and “ to offer the Hand to those that fall, to repress the Proud, and lift up the Lowly; “ that

* At the Coronation of the Kings of *England*, before the Archbishop putteth the Crown upon the King's Head, he maketh this Prayer, holding the Crown in his Hands.

“ O God, the Crown of the Faithful, who crowneth their Heads “ with precious Stones, who trust in thee, bless and sanctify this “ Crown, that as the same is adorned with many precious Stones, “ so this thy Servant that weareth the same, may of thy Grace be “ replenished with the manifest Gift of all precious Virtues, &c.

† When the Archbishop putteth the *Dalmatica*, or the *White Robe*, studded with Purple, on the King, he maketh the following Payer.

“ O God, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, by whom “ Kings do reign, and Law-Givers do make good Laws, vouchsafe in thy Favour to bless this *Kingly Ornament*, and grant that “ thy Servant, our King, who doth wear it, may shine in thy Sight “ with the Ornament of a good Life, and holy Actions, &c.

‡ When the Archbishop delivereth the *Rod* with the *Dove* into the King's Left Hand, he saith,

“ Receive the Rod of Virtue and Equity; learn to make much “ of the Godly, and to terrify the Wicked; shew the Way to those “ that go astray, offer the Hand to those that fall, repress the “ Proud, lift up the Lowly, &c.

“ that the *Sword* * they were girt with, was
 “ to protect the Liberties of their People, to
 “ defend and help Widows and Orphans, re-
 “ store the Things that are gone to Decay,
 “ maintain those which are restored, and con-
 “ firm Things that are in good Order.”

As to our Hero, he so fully put on every Character of the Ship-wreck'd Seaman, that in his first Excurſion he gained a very considerable Booty, having likewise ingeniously imitated the Paſſes and Certificates that were neceſſary for him to travel unmoleſted. After about a Month's Travel, he accidentally, at *Kingſbridge* in *Devonſhire*, met with *Coleman*, his School-fellow, one of thoſe who had entered with him into the Community as before related, but had, after a Year and a half Abode with them, left them and returned to his Friends; but not finding that Satisfaction amongſt them, as with the *Gypſies*, had again joined that People: Great was the Joy therefore, of theſe two Friends at their Meeting, and they ſoon agreed to travel together for ſome Time, and accordingly proceeded to *Totneſs*, and from thence to the City of *Exeter* :

Enter-

* When the Archbiſhop delivereth the *Sword* into the King's Hand, he ſaith,

“ Receive this Kingly Sword for the Defence of the Faith of
 “ CHRIST's Holy Church, and with it exerciſe thou the Force of
 “ Equity, and mightily deſtroy the Growth of Iniquity; protect
 “ the Holy Church of God, and his People; defend and help
 “ Widows and Orphans; reſtore the Things that are gone to De-
 “ cay; maintain thoſe Things which are reſtored; be revenged of
 “ Injuſtice, and confirm Things that are in good Order.”

Entering that City, they raised a Contribution there in one Day, amounting to several Pounds.

Having obtained all he could desire from this Stratagem, his fruitful Invention soon hinted another. He now became the plain honest Country Farmer, who living in the Isle of *Sheepy* in *Kent*, had the Misfortune to have his Grounds overflowed, and all his Cattle drown'd. His Habit was now neat, but rustic; his Air and Behaviour simple and inoffensive; his Speech in the *Kentish* Dialect; his Countenance dejected; his Tale pitiful, nay wondrous pitiful; a Wife and seven tender helpless Infants being Partakers of his Misfortunes: In short, never did that excellent Actor *Mr. Garrick* personate any Character more just; nor did he ever raise stronger Emotions of Pity in the Character of the unfortunate good King *Lear*, than our Hero did under this; so that if his former Stratagem answered his Wishes, this still did more so, he now getting seldom less than a Guinea a Day.

Having raised a very considerable Booty by these two Stratagems, he made the best of his Way towards *Stratton* in *Devonshire*, where was soon to be held a general Assembly of the *Gypsies*: Here he was received with great Applause on Account of the successful Stratagems he had executed, and had an honourable Mark of Distinction bestowed upon him, in being seated near the King.

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Though our Hero, by Means of these Stratagems, abounded in all the Pleasure he could desire, yet he began now to reflect within himself on that grand and noble Maxim of Life, *That we are not born for ourselves only, but are indebted to all Mankind, to be of as great Use and Service to them as our Capacities and Abilities will enable us to be.* He therefore gave a handsome Gratuity to an expert and famous Rat-catcher, (who assumed the Honour of being Rat-catcher to the King, and produced a Patent for the free Exercise of his Art) to be initiated into that, and the still more useful Secret of curing Madness in Dogs or Cattle.

Our Hero, by his close Application, soon attained so considerable a Knowledge in this Profession, that he practised it with much Success and Applause, to the great Advantage of the Public in general, not confining the good Effects of his Knowledge to his own Community only, but extending them universally to all Sorts of People, wheresoever they were wanted: For though we have before observed that the *Mendicants* are in a constant State of Hostility with all other People, & Mr. Carew was as alert as any one in laying all Manner of Schemes and Stratagems to carry off a Booty from them, yet he thought, as a Member of the grand Society of Human Kind, he was obliged to do them all the Good in his Power, when it was not opposite to the Interest of that particular Community of

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which

which he was a Member: — We cannot here help observing, That our Hero (in what we have above related) seems to surpass the so much extolled Mr. *Thomas Jones*; for though we have very diligently searched that Gentleman's History, we cannot find that from the Age of sixteen he ever apply'd himself to the learning of any Art or Science, except that commendable and Praise-worthy one of leaping his Horse over deep Ditches and many barr'd Gates, in which we think his Horse had an equal, if not a superior Degree of Knowledge with himself.

Mr. *Garew's* Invention being never at a Loss, he now form'd a new Stratagem; to execute which, he exchanged his Habit, Shirt and all, for only an old Blanket; Shoes and Stockings he laid aside, because they did not suit his present Purpose. Being thus accoutred, or rather unaccoutred, he was now no more than poor *Mad Tom*, "whom
 " the foul Fiend has led through Fire and
 " through Flame, through Ford and Whirl-
 " pool, over Bog and Quagmire, that hath
 " laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters
 " in his Pew, set Ratsbane by his Porridge,
 " made him proud at Heart, to ride on a
 " bay trotting Horse over four-inched Brid-
 " ges, to curse his own Shadow for a Trai-
 " tor; who eats the swimming Frog, the
 " Toad, the Tadpole, the Wall Newt and
 " the Water Newt; that in the Fury of his
 " Heart,

"Heart, when the foul Fiend rages, swallows
"the old Rat and the Ditch Dog, drinks
"the green Mantle off the standing Pool:

"And Mice and Rats, and such small Geer,
"Have been Tom's Food for seven long Year.

"O do, de, do, de, do, de; bless thee from
"Whirlwind, Star-blasting, and taking: Do
"poor Tom some Charity, whom the foul
"Fiend vexes, there could I have him now,
"and there and here again, and there: Thro'
"the sharp Hawthorn blows the cold Wind,
"Tom's a-cold: Who gives any Thing to
"poor Tom." * ——— In this Character,

and with such-like Expressions, our Hero entered the Houses both of great and small, claiming Kindred to them, and committing all Manner of frantic Actions, such as beating himself, offering to eat Coals of Fire, running against the Wall, and tearing to Pieces whatever Garment was given him to cover

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his

* Though the above excellent Description of this Character of our Hero is taken from that inimitable Master of Nature, *Shakespeare*, who wrote about 130 Years before we were born, yet from this present Time we expect all Readers to regard it as purely and entirely *our own*, according to the Maxim laid down by that great Author, the Historiographer of the Life of *Tom Jones*, who, in Book the 12th of that renowned History, informs his Readers in these Words. "I shall never scruple to take to myself any Passage which I shall find in any antient Author to my Purpose, without setting down the Name of the Author from whence it was taken: nay, I absolutely claim a Property to all such Sentiments, the Moment they are transcribed into my Writings, and I expect all Readers henceforward to regard them as purely and entirely *my own*."

his Nakedness; by which Means he raised very considerable Contributions.

But these different Habits and Characters were still of further Use to our Hero, for by their Means he had a fairer Opportunity of seeing the *World*, and knowing *Mankind*, than most of our Youth who make the *Grand Tour*; for as he had none of those pretty Amusements and Raree-Shews, which so much divert our young Gentlemen Abroad, to engage his Attention, it was wholly applied to the Study of *Mankind*, their various Passions and Inclinations; and he made the greater Improvement in this Study, as in many of his Characters they acted before him without Reserve or Disguise. He saw in little and plain Houses, *Hospitality*, *Charity*, and *Compassion*, the Children of *Frugality*; and found, under gilded and spacious Roofs, *Littleanness*, *Uncharitableness*, and *Inhumanity*, the Offspring of *Luxury* and *Riot*: He saw Servants waste their Master's Substance, and that there was no greater nor more crafty Thief than the Domestic one; and met with Masters who roared out for *Liberty* Abroad, acting the arbitrary Tyrant in their own Houses; he saw *Ignorance* and *Passion* exercise the Rod of Justice; *Oppression* the Handmaid of Power; *Self-Interest* outweighing *Friendship* and *Honesty* in the opposite Scale; *Pride* and *Envy* spurning and trampling on what was more worthy than themselves; he saw the pure white Robes of

Truth

Truth sullied with the black Hue of *Hyprocisy* and *Diffimulation*; he met sometimes too with *Riches*, unattended by *Pomp* or *Pride*, but diffusing themselves in numberless unexhausted Streams, conducted by the Hand of two lovely Servants, *Goodness* and *Beneficence*; and he saw *Honesty*, *Integrity*, and *Greatness* of *Mind*, Inhabitants of the humble Cot of *Poverty*.

All these Observations afforded him no little Pleasure, but he felt a much greater in the Indulgence of the Emotions of filial Piety, paying his Parents frequent Visits, unknown to them, in different Disguises; at which Time the Tenderneſs he ſaw them expreſs for him in their Enquiries after him (it being their conſtant Cuſtom ſo to do of all Travellers) always melted him into real Tears.



Member, by rendering him capable of ex-
ercising some of his Stratagems with much
greater Success. He communicated this De-
sign to his School-fellow, who was of a
very ready and agreeable so-

CHAP. III.

*Mr. Carew's Voyage to Newfoundland, some
Account of that Island, and the great Cod-
Fishery there; his Return to England; good
Effects of his Voyage, and some Profit pro-
posed to the Reader from it.*



It has been remarked that Curio-
sity, or the Desire of Knowledge,
is that which most distinguishes
Man from the Brute, and the
greater the Mind is, the more in-
satiable is that Passion. We may, without
Flattery, say, no Man had a more boundless
one, than our Hero, for not satisfied with
the Observations he had made in England and
Wales, (which we are well assured were many
more than are usually made by Gentlemen be-
fore they travel into Foreign Parts) he now
resolved to see other Countries and Manners.
He was the more inclined to this, as he ima-
gined it would enable him to be of greater
Service to the Community of which he was a
Member,

Member, by rendering him capable of executing some of his Stratagems with much greater Success. He communicated this Design to his School-fellow *Escott*, one of those who commenced a Gypsy with him, (for neither of the four ever wholly quitted that Community.) *Escott* very readily agreed to accompany him in his Travels, and there being a Ship ready to sail for *Newfoundland*, lying at *Dartmouth*, where they then were, they agreed to embark on board her, being called the *Mansail*, commanded by Captain *Holdsworth*. Nothing remarkable happened in their Passage which relates to our Hero: We shall therefore pass it by, and land him safe in *Newfoundland*.

This large Island was discovered by *Sebastian Cabot*, who was sent to *America* by *Henry VII. King of England*, in the Year 1497, to make Discoveries. It is of a triangular Figure as big as *Ireland*, of about 300 Leagues in Circuit, separated from *Canada*, or *New France* on the Continent to the North, and from *New Scotland* to the South, by a Channel of much the same Breadth as that between *Dover* and *Calais*. It lies between 46 and 50 Degrees of North Latitude. 'Tis not above 1800 Miles distant from the Land's-End of *England*. It has many commodious Bays along the Coast, some of them running into the Land towards one another 20 Leagues. The Climate is very hot in Summer,

mer, and cold in Winter, the Snow lying upon the Ground four or five Months in the Year: The Soil is very barren, bearing little or no Corn, being full of Mountains, and impracticable Forests: Its Meadows are like Heath, and covered with a Sort of Moss instead of Grass.

Our Hero, nevertheless, did not spend his Time useless, or even without Entertainment in this uncomfortable Country; for an active and inquisitive Mind will find more Use and Entertainment amongst barren Rocks and Mountains, than the indolent Person can among all the Magnificence and Beauties of *Versailles*: He therefore visited *Torbay*, *Kit-tawitty*, *Carboneer*, *Brigas Bay*, *Bay of Bulls*, *Petty Harbour*, *Cape Broil*, *Bonavist*, and all the other Settlements, both *English* and *French*, accurately remarking their Situation and Anchorage, and making himself fully acquainted with the Names, Circumstances, and Characters of all the Inhabitants of any Note: He likewise visited the great Bank of *Newfoundland*, so much talked of, which is a Kind of Mountain of Sand, lying under the Sea, about 450 Miles in Length, and in some Places 150 in Breadth, lying on the East Side of the Island: The Sea that runs over it, when it is a Flood, is 200 Fathoms deep on all Sides, so that at that Time the largest Ships may venture upon it without Fear of striking, (except at a Place called the *Virgins*) but at Ebb

it is dry in some Places: He likewise visited the other lesser Banks, viz. *Verr Bank*, about 240 Miles long, and 120 Miles over, and the *Banquero Bank*, lying in the Shape of a Shoe, about the Bigness of the other: But the greatest Entertainment, and what seemed most worthy his Observation was, the great Cod-Fishery which is carried on about the Great and other Banks near the Coast; for which Purpose, during his Stay there, he saw several Hundred Ships come in from divers Parts, both of *America* and *Europe*, so that he had an Opportunity of gaining some Knowledge of a considerable Part of the World by his Enquiries, he missing no Opportunity of conversing with the Sailors of different Countries: He was told, several of these Ships carried away thirty or thirty-five Thousand Fish a-piece; and though this yearly Consumption has been made for two Centuries past, yet the same Plenty of Fish continues, without any Diminution. *

He

* Almost every one has an Opportunity of observing the prodigious Number of Eggs or Spawn in some Sorts of Fishes; but what can the naked Eye discern in Comparison of what *M. Læwenhoek* discovered by the Assistance of his excellent Microscopes? This Gentleman examining the Spawn of a Cod Fish, took one of the Hairs of his Head, which through the Glass appeared to be an Inch broad, and placing it near the *Animalcule*, contained in the Spawn, he found that at least sixty of them would lie within its Diameter. This being supposed, and their Bodies allowed to be, as they are, spherical, *M. Læwenhoek* computed that 216,000 of them are equal to a Globe whose Axis does not exceed a single Hair's Breadth. *M. Petit* found 342,144 Eggs in the hard Roe of a Carp

He observed that there are two Sorts of salt Cod, the one called *Green or White*, the other *Dried or Cured*; but they are both the same Fish, only differently prepared. The best, largest, and fattest Cod, are those taken on the South Side of the *Great Bank*; and the best Season is from the Beginning of *February* to the End of *April*, for then the Cod, which during the Winter had retired to the deepest Parts of the Sea, return to the *Bank*, and grow very fat. Those caught from *March* to *June* keep well enough; which cannot be said of those taken in *July*, *August*, and *September*. An experienced Fisherman, though he only takes one Fish at a Time, will catch three Hundred and fifty, or four Hundred in a Day, but not often so many, for it is very fatiguing Work, both on Account of the Weight of the Fish, and the Cold that reigns about the *Bank*. When the Heads of the Fish are cut off, their Bellies opened, and the Guts taken out, the Salter (on whose Ability and Care the Success of the Voyage chiefly depends) ranges them in the Bottom of the Vessel, and having made a Layer thereof a Fathom or two square, he covers it with Salt; over

a Carp eighteen Inches long; but *M. Leewenboeck* only found 211,629 Eggs in one of these Fishes. What is most to our Purpose, however, the last-mentioned curious Enquirer into the Secrets of Nature tells us, that a Cod contains 9,344,000 Eggs. Who can help standing amazed at this prodigious Fertility, undoubtedly designed by Providence to preserve the Species from being entirely destroyed by any Accidents or Enemies whatsoever?

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. 35

over this he lays another, and covers it as before; and thus disposes all the Fish of one Day, taking Care never to mix the Fish of different Days together. When the Cod have thus laid to drain for three or four Days, they are moved into another Part of the Vessel, and salted a second Time; and this is all the Preparation these green Fish undergo.

The principal Fishery for Cod intended to be dried, is along the Southern Coast of *Newfoundland*, where there are several commodious Ports to carry the Fish ashore; and though the Fish are smaller here than at the *Bank*, on that Account they are the fitter to keep, and the Salt penetrates them the better. As Cod are only to be dried in the Sun, the *European* Vessels are obliged to put to Sea in *March* or *April*, in order to have the Benefit of the Summer for drying. Some Vessels indeed are sent in *June* and *July*, but those only purchase Fish already prepared by the *English* settled in *Newfoundland*, giving them Meal, Brandy, Biscuit, Pulse, Linen, &c. in Exchange. — When the Ships arrive in the Spring, and have fixed upon a Station, some of the Crew build a Stage or Scaffold on Shore, whilst the rest are fishing, and as fast as they catch their Fish, they land them, open them, and salt them on moveable Benches; but the main salting is performed on the Scaffold. As soon as the Fish have taken Salt, they wash them, and then lay them in Piles to drain. When drained,

drained, they range them on Hurdles, Head to Tail; and whilst they lie thus, they turn them four Times every four and twenty Hours. As they begin to dry, they lay them in Heaps of ten or twelve a-piece, and continue to enlarge the Heaps every Day, till they are double their first Bulk. At length they join two of these Heaps together, and turn them every Day as before. Lastly, they salt them over again, beginning with those that had been salted first, and then lay them in large Piles as big as Hay-Stacks. Thus they remain till they are carried a Ship-board, where they are laid on Branches of Trees, disposed for that Purpose at the Bottom of the Vessel, with Mats all round, to prevent their contracting any Moisture. — Besides the Fish itself, there are other Commodities obtained from it, viz. the Tripes and Tongues, which are salted at the same Time with the Fish, and put up in Barrels; the Roes, or Eggs, after being salted and barrell'd up, are of Use to cast into the Sea, to draw Fish together, particularly Pilchards; and the Oil, which is drawn from the Livers, is used in dressing of Leather.

The fishing Season being over, and our Hero having made all the Observations that he thought might be useful to him, returned again in the *Manfai* to Dartmouth, from whence he had first sailed, bringing with him a surprising fierce and large Dog, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle

as a Lamb, by an Art which is peculiar to himself. Our Hero was received with great Joy by his Fellow *Gypsies*, and they were loud in his Praises, when they understood he had undertaken this Voyage to enable him to deceive their Enemies with the greater Success. He accordingly, in a few Days, went out on a Cruize, in the Character of a Ship-wreck'd Seaman, lost in a Vessel homeward-bound from *Newfoundland*, sometimes belonging to *Pool*, sometimes to *Dartmouth*, at other Times to other Ports, and under such or such Commander, according as the News-Papers gave Account of such melancholy Accidents.

If the Booty he got before under this Character was considerable, it was much more so now, for being able to give a very exact Account of *Newfoundland*, the Settlements, Harbours, Fishery, and Inhabitants thereof, he applied with great Confidence to Masters of Vessels, and Gentlemen well acquainted with those Parts; so that those whom before his Prudence would not permit him to apply to, now became his greatest Benefactors, as the perfect Account he gave of the Country, engaged them to give Credit to all he asserted, and made them very liberal in his Favour.

Think it no Disgrace, gentle Reader, if we imagine thou may'st here draw some Instructions, from the Example of our Hero: Remember the Bee draws Honey from the most bitter, as well as from the sweetest Flowers;

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and here thou may'st see, of what great Efficacy Industry and Knowledge is in every Profession, and that thy Success in Life will be generally in Proportion to thy Attainments in these; therefore, of whatever Profession thou art, sit not down content with a moderate or common Share of Knowledge in it, but each Day make some further Progress, till thou reachest the Summit of the Hill; for he who but stops in the Middle, is in great Danger of running back again what he has already passed over: Therefore let us advise thee, like our Hero, to think no Trouble too great to be perfect in thy Profession, and then thou may'st assure thyself of the like Success.





C H A P. IV.

Mr. Carew accidentally falls in Love with Miss G——y, of Newcastle; what Kind of Love it was; a Comparison between it and Mr. Thomas Jones's; he declares his Passion to Miss G——y, and succeeds by the Assistance of a well-known eloquent Advocate; some Account of this Gentleman; he persuades Miss G——y to leave her Father's House, and to go on board Captain L——n's Vessel: They land at Dartmouth, from whence they proceed to Bath, where their Nuptials are celebrated with a great deal of Splendor and Gaiety.



IT was about this Time that our Hero became sensible of the Power of Love, we mean of that Sort, which has more of the Mind than the Body, and is tender, delicate, and constant, the Object of which remains constantly fixed in the Mind, like the Arrow in the wounded Deer, and

that will not admit of any Partner with it. It was in the Town of *Newcastle*, so famous for its Coal-Works (which our Hero visited out of Curiosity, appearing there undisguised, and making a very genteel Appearance) that he became enamour'd with the Daughter of Mr. *G—y*, an eminent Apothecary and Surgeon there: This young Lady had Charms perhaps equal to any of her Sex; and we might in that Stile, which one who entitles himself *an Author of the First Rate*, calls the *SUBLIME*, say, “Here was Whiteness which no Lilies, “Ivory, nor Alabaſter could match. The “finest Cambric might be supposed from “Envy to cover that Bosom, which was “much whiter than itself,” * and other Things of the same Kind; but we must confess we always feel a cold Horror shoot thro’ our Limbs, at the reading of this puerile *Sublime*, (and we make no Doubt but many other Readers do the same) as it greatly tends *Infandum renovare Dolorem*, to make our Hearts ache, by putting us in Mind of what our Posteriors have suffered from it at School. We shall therefore content ourselves with saying this young Lady had Charms sufficient to captivate the Heart of any Man, not unsusceptible of Love; and they made so deep an Impression upon our Hero that they wholly effaced every Object, which before had created any

* See History of *Tom Jones*, Vol. 1. Page 158.

any Desires in him, and never permitted any other to raise them afterwards; for *wonderful* to tell! we have, after above thirty Years Enjoyment, seen him lament her occasional Absence almost with Tears, and talk of her with all the Fondness of one who has been in Love but three Days; so that had the incomparable * *Molly Seagrim* started up before him in

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* In Page 289, of the first Volume of the History of *Tom Jones*, wrote purely to recommend *Goodness and Innocence*, the Youth of both Sexes may read as follows:

"Mr. Jones (being deeply in Love with Miss *Sophia Western*) retired from Company into the Fields, and coming into a most delicious Grove, in a Scene so sweetly accommodated to Love, he meditated on his dear *Sophia*." While his wanton Fancy roved unbounded over all her Beauties, and his lively Imagination painted the charming Maid in various ravishing Forms, his warm Heart melted with Tenderness, and at length throwing himself on the Ground, by the Side of a gentle murmuring Brook, he broke forth into the following Ejaculation.

"O *Sophia*, would Heaven give thee to my Arms, how blest would be my Condition? Could be that Fortune which sets a Distance between us. Was I but possessed of thee, one only Suit of Rags thy whole Estate, is there a Man on Earth whom I would envy! How contemptible would the brightest *Circassian Beauty*, dress'd in all the Jewels of the *Indies*, appear to my Eyes! But why do I mention another Woman? Could I think my Eyes capable of looking at any other with Tenderness, these Hands should tear them from my Head. No, my *Sophia*, if cruel Fortune separates us for ever, my Soul shall float on thee alone. The chastest Constancy will I ever preserve to thy Image. Though I should never have Possession of thy charming Person, still shall thou alone have Possession of my Thoughts, my Love, my Soul. Oh! my soul Heart is so wrapt in that tender Bottom, that the brightest Beauties would for me have no Charms, nor would a Hermit be colder in their Embraces. *Sophia*, *Sophia* alone shall be mine. What Raptures are in that Name! I will engrave it on every Tree.

At these Words he started up, and beheld — not his *Sophia* — no, nor a *Circassian* Maid richly and elegantly attired for the Grand Signior's Seraglio. No, without a Gown, in a Shift that was so new what of the coarsest, and none of the cleanest, bedewed her with some odouriferous Effluvia, the Product of the Day's Labour,

her dirty and sweaty Shift, had the famous Mrs. *Waters* * laid in the same House with him, or had the lascivious Lady *Bellafton* †, with her stinking Breath, tempted him with the largest Rewards to be her Stallion, we are persuaded he would have rejected either of these Temptations with Scorn and Indignation; for his Love was so delicate, that he thought any Thing unbecoming of it, was as shameful in the Absence of the beloved Object, as if it was committed before her Eyes; and he was a little too much above the Brute, (at the same Time his Affections were strongly engaged

Labour, with a Pitchfork in her Hand, *Molly Seagrim* approached. Our Hero had a Penknife in his Hand, which he had drawn for the before-mentioned Purpose of carving on the Bark; when the Girl coming near him, cry'd out with a Smile, 'You don't intend to kill me, Squire, I hope.' 'Why should you think I would kill you, answered *Jones*.' Nay, replied she, after your cruel Usage of me, when I saw you last, killing me would, perhaps, be too great Kindness for me to expect.

Here ensued a Parly, which, as I do not think myself obliged to relate, I shall omit. It is sufficient that it lasted a full Quarter of an Hour, at the Conclusion of which they retired into the thickest Part of the Grove.

* This was a Lady who had run away from her Husband, Capt. *Waters*, with a profligate young Ensign, who afterwards attempted to rob her; but *Jones* accidentally coming by, rescued her, and conducted her to an Inn; and though he was still as much as ever in Love with his dear *SOPHIA*, yet he thought proper to accept of the Favour of Part of Mrs. *Waters*'s Bed, which she generously offered him in Return for the Valour he had shewn in her Rescue. — See the 7th Chapter of the 2d Volume, and the 1st of the 3d, of the History of *Tom Jones*.

† This was a shamefully amorous old Lady, whom Mr. *Jones* was so complaisant to, as to become her Stallion, notwithstanding her Age and stinking Breath. — See the last Chapter of the 3d Volume, and the 2d and 3d Chapters of the 4th Volume of the History of *Tom Jones*.

engaged upon a lovely Object) * “to think
 “any Woman better than none.” We flatter
 ourselves, that the fond Admirers of *Tom
 Jones* will not scruple to give the Laurel to
 our Hero in this Place; for it is well known to
 all the Readers of the incomparable *History
 of Mr. Jones*, that he easily, and without Re-
 luctance gave way to all these Temptations,
 when he was most deeply enamour’d of the
 adorable Miss *Sophia Western*. But to return:
 Our Hero tried all Love’s soft Persuasions
 with his Fair one in an honourable Way; and
 as his Person was very engaging, and his Ap-
 pearance genteel, he did not find her greatly
 averse to his Proposals. As he was aware that
 his being of the Community of the *Gypsies*
 might prejudice her against him without Exa-
 mination, he passed with her for the Mate of
 a Collier’s Vessel, in which he was supported
 by Captain *L——n* of *Dartmouth*, an old Ac-
 quaintance of our Hero’s, who then com-
 manded a Vessel lying at *Newcastle*, and ac-
 knowledged him for his Mate. These Asser-
 tions satisfied the young Lady very well, and
 she at length consented to exchange the tender
 Care and Love of a Parent for that of a Hus-
 band. The Reader perhaps may be surprized
 that she did not make any further Enquiries
 concerning

* This is the Reason given for Mr. *Jones*’s retiring into the
 thickest Part of the Grove with *Molly Seagrim*, viz. because
 he probably thought one Woman better than none. See
 Page 290.

concerning him ; it is therefore necessary we should inform him, that our Hero had engaged on his Side a very eloquent and persuasive Advocate, or Counsellor, (for we know not which Denomination most properly belongs to him) one who though still beardless, existed as soon as the first Woman was created, and has had ever since (till within this last Century) very great Practice in the Business of uniting both Sexes for Life ; but of late Years a neighbouring Counsellor, named *Self-Interest*, has, by under-hand Dealings, false Insinuations, and mean Suggestions, taken away the greatest Part of his Business, so that he is seldom retained on either Side. Our Hero, however, engaged him in his Service, and he pleaded so strongly for him with the young Lady, that he removed all her Objections, and silenced all her Scruples, and at last persuaded her to leave her Home, and venture on board Capt. *L——n's* Vessel with her Lover ; for though this Counsellor, according to a very good Picture of him, drawn by a famous Master, has more of the wanton roguish Smiles of a Boy in his Countenance, than the Formality, Wisdom, and Gravity of those Counsellors, which thou hast perhaps seen in *Westminster-Hall* ; and never wore one of those ponderous Perukes which are so essential to the Knowledge, Wisdom, and Eloquence of those Gentlemen ; yet we are assured none of them ever equalled him in persuasive Arguments, removing

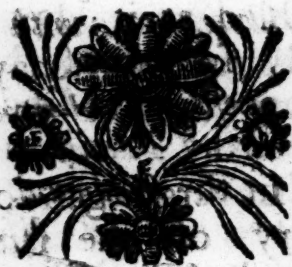
ing of Difficulties, and silencing of Doubts; for he indeed differed something in Practice from most of the Counsellors we ever heard of; for as these are very apt to puzzle and perplex their Clients by their Answers, and make intricate what was *plain* before, on the contrary, the *Gentleman* we are speaking of, had a wonderful Faculty of making the greatest *Difficulties* *plain* and *easy*, and always answered every *Objection* and *Scruple* to the entire *Satisfaction* of his *Client*.

The Lover and his Fair one being on board, they soon hoisted Sail, and the very Winds being willing to favour these two happy Lovers, they had an exceeding quick Passage to *Dartmouth*, where they landed. Our Hero being now no longer able to conceal his being a Member of the Community of the *Gypsies*, after some previous Introduction, declared it to the young Lady, who was not a little surpriz'd and troubled at it; but the *Counsellor* we have already spoken of, being near at Hand, soon compos'd her Mind, by suggesting to her the worthy *Family* her *Lover* was sprung from; that the *Community* of the *Gypsies* was more *happy* and less *disreputable* than she imagined; that the *Person* of her *Lover* was quite *amiable*, and that he had *Good Nature* and *Love* enough to make her *happy* in any Condition.

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As these *Suggestions* entirely satisfied her, the *Lovers* in a few Days set out for *Bath*, where they lawfully solemnized their Nuptials, with great *Gaiety* and *Splendor*, and were those *two Persons* whom the *old Standers* at *Bath* must needs remember to have made such an *Eclat* about thirty Years ago, though no *Body* at that Time could conjecture who *they were*, which was the Occasion of much *Speculation*, and many false *Surmises*.

We cannot conclude this Chapter, but with the deserved Praises of our Hero, from whose Mouth we have had repeated Assurances, that during their *Voyage* to *Dartmouth*, and their Journey from thence to *Bath*, not the least Indignity was offered to the *Immocence* or *Modesty* of his dear *Miss Gray*.



C H A P. V.

Mr. Carew and his Bride leave Bath; a Digression in Honour of the Inventor of the Game of E—O.; their Appearance at Bristol; their Departure from thence, and Visit to an Uncle of Mr. Carew's in Hampshire; the Offers made him by his Uncle to quit the Community of the Gypsies; his Departure from his Uncle's; appears in different Characters; pays a second Visit to Bath; the different Reception he met with there from what he had before: His Adventures with the Duke of Bolton, Sir William Courtenay, Mr. Portman, Col. Strangways, and many others.



OUR Lovers began to be at length weary of the same repeated Round of Pleasures at Bath; for at that Time the Wit of Man had not reached so high as the Invention of that most charming, entertaining, never cloying Diversion called E—O., which seems to have been reserved amongst the Secrets of Fate

Fate to do Honour to the present Age; for, upon the nicest Scrutiny, we are quite convinced it is entirely new, and cannot find the least *Traces* of its being borrowed from any Nation under the Sun; for though we have with great Pains and Labour enquired into all the *Games* and *Diversions* of the Antients, though we have follow'd the untutor'd *Indians* through all their *Revels*, and though we have accurately examined into the *dull Pleasures* of the uncouth *Hottentots*, yet in all these we find either some Marks of *Ingenuity* to exercise and refresh the *Mind*, or something of *Labour* to invigorate the *Body*: We therefore could not help interrupting our History to do Honour to this truly original Game.

Our Lovers having left *Bath*, visited next the City of *Bristol*, where they stay'd some Time, and caused more *Speculation* there, than they had before done at *Bath*, and did as much Damage to that City, as the famous *Lucullus* did at *Rome*, on his Return from his victorious Expeditions; for we have some Reason to think they first introduced the *Love of Dress* and *Gaiety* amongst those plain and frugal Citizens: After some Stay here, they made a Tour round *Somerset* and *Dorset* into *Hampshire* where they paid a Visit to an Uncle of our Hero's, living then at *Porchester*, near *Gosport*, who was a Clergyman of distinguished Merit and Character: Here they were received with great Politeness and Hospitality,
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and abode a considerable Time : His Uncle took this Opportunity of making Use of every Argument to persuade him to quit the Community of the *Gypsies* ; but our Hero was so thoroughly fixed in his Principles, that even that *Argument* which oftentimes convinces Patriots in a few Hours, *that all they said and did before, was wrong*, that Kings have a *divine Right* to grind the Faces of their Subjects, and that *Power* which lays its Iron Hands on *Nabal's* goodly Vineyard, and says, this is *mine*, for so I *will*, is preferable to heavenly *Liberty*, which says to every Man, possess what is thine *own*, reap what thou hast *sown*, gather what thou hast *planted*, eat, drink, and lie down *secure* : Even this powerful Argument had no Effect upon our Hero ; for though his Uncle made him very lucrative Offers for the present, and future Promises of making him Heir to all his Possessions, yet remembering his Engagements with the *Gypsies*, he rejected them all, and reflecting now that he had long liv'd useles to that Community, he began to prepare for his Departure from his Uncle's, in order to make some Excursions on the Enemy ; and to do this with more Effect, he bethought himself of a new Stratagem : He therefore equips himself in a long loose black Gown, puts on a Band, a large white Peruke, and a broad brimm'd Hat : His whole Deportment was agreeable to his Dress ; his Pace was solemn and slow, his Countenance thoughtful

and grave, his Eyes turn'd on the Ground, but now and then rais'd in seeming Ejaculations to Heaven; in every Look and Action he betray'd his Want, but at the same Time seemed overwhelmed with that *Shame* which modest *Merit* feels, when it's obliged to solicit the cold Hand of *Charity*: This Behaviour excited the Curiosity of many Gentlemen, Clergy, &c. to enquire into the Circumstances of his Misfortunes; but it was with Difficulty they could engage him to relate them, it being with much seeming Reluctance that he acquainted them with his having exercised for many Years the sacred Office of a Clergyman at *Abberystuth*, a Parish in *Wales*, but that the Government changing, he had preferred quitting his Benefice (though he had a Wife and several small Children) to taking an Oath contrary to his *Principles* and *Conscience*. This Relation he accompanied with frequent Sighs, deep Marks of Admiration of the Ways of *Providence*, and warm Expressions of his firm Trust and Reliance in its *Goodness* and *Faithfulness*, with high Encomiums on the inward Satisfaction of a good *Conscience*: When he discoursed with any Clergyman, or other Person of Literature, he would now and then introduce some *Latin* and *Greek* Sentences, that were applicable to what he was talking of, which gave his Hearers a high Opinion of his Learning: All this, & his thorough Knowledge of those Persons whom it was proper to apply

apply to, made this Stratagem succeed even beyond his own Expectations. But now hearing of a Vessel bound to *Philadelphia*, on board of which were many *Quakers*, being cast away on the Coast of *Ireland*, he laid aside his Gown, Cassock, and Band, clothes himself in a plain Suit, pulls the Button from his Hat, and flaps it on every Side: His Countenance was now demure, his Language unadorned with any *Flowers of Speech*, and the Words You and SIR he seemed to hold in Abomination; his Hat was moved to none, for though under Misfortunes, he would not think of bowing the Knee to *Baal*.

With these Qualifications, he addressed himself to Persons of the Denomination of *Quakers* with great Success (*for indeed it were to be wished that all other Sects would imitate them in their Readiness to relieve their Brethren,*) and hearing that there was to be a great Meeting of them from all Parts, at a Place called *Thorncombe*, in *Devonshire*, he makes the best of his Way there, and with a demure Look, and modest Assurance, enters into the Assembly, where making his Case known, and satisfying them by his Behaviour, of his being one of their Sect, they made a very considerable Contribution for his Relief.

So active was the Mind of our Hero, that he was never more happy than when engaged in some Adventure or other; therefore, when he had no Opportunity of putting any great

Stratagem in Execution, he would amuse himself with those which did not require so great a Share of *Art* and *Ingenuity*: Whenever he heard of any melancholy Accident by *Fire*, he immediately repaired to the Place where it happened, and there remarking very accurately the Spot, enquiring into the Cause of it, and getting an exact Information of the *Trades, Characters, Families, and Circumstances* of the unhappy Sufferers, he immediately assumed the Person and Name of one of them, and burning some Part of his Coat or Hat, as an *ocular Demonstration* of his narrow *Escape*, he made the best of his Way to Places at some Distance, and there passed for one who had been burnt out; and, to gain the greater Credit, shewed a Paper signed with the Names of several Gentlemen, in the Neighbourhood of the Place where the Fire happened, recommending him as an honest unhappy Sufferer; by which he got considerable Gains: Under this Character he had once the Boldness to address Justice *Hull* of *Exmouth*, in *Devon*, the Terror and professed Enemy of every Order of the *Gypsies*; however, our Hero so artfully managed, tho' he went through a strict Examination, that he at last convinced his Worship that he was an *honest Miller*, whose House, Mill, & whole Substance, had been consumed by Fire, occasioned by the Negligence of an Apprentice Boy, and was accordingly relieved as such by the Justice: With so wonderful Facility

Facility did he assume every Character, and metamorphize himself into every Shape, that he often deceived those who were the most acquainted with him, and were the most positive of his not being able to impose upon them. Coming one Day to *Squire Portman's* at *Brinson*, near *Blandford*, in the Character of a Rat-catcher, with a Hair Cap on his Head, a Buff Girdle about his Waste, and a tame Rat in a little Box by his Side, he boldly marched up to the House in this Disguise, though his Person was well known by the Family, and meeting in the Court with *Mr. Portman*, the *Rev. Mr. Bryant*, and several other Gentlemen, whom he well knew, but did not suspect he should be known by them, he accosted them as a Rat-catcher, asking, If their Honours had any Rats to kill? Do you understand your Business well? replies *Mr. Portman*: Yes, and please your Honour, I have followed it many Years, and have been employed in his Majesty's Yards and Ships: Well, go in and get something to eat, and after Dinner we will try your Abilities.

Our Hero was accordingly placed at the second Table to Dinner, and very handsomely entertained; after which he was called into a great Parlour, among a large Company of Gentlemen and Ladies. Well, honest Rat-catcher, says *Mr. Portman*, can you lay any Scheme to kill the Rats without hurting my Dogs? Yes, yes, replies *Mr. Carew*, I shall

lay it where even the Cats can't climb to reach it. And what Countryman are you? A *Devonshire* Man, please your Honour. What's your Name? Our Hero now perceiving, by some Smiles and Whisperings of the Gentlemen, that he was known, replied very composedly, B, A, M, P, F, Y, L, D, E - M, O, O, R, E C, A, R, E, W. This occasioned a good deal of Mirth, and Mr. *Carew* asking, *What scabby Sheep had infected the whole Flock?* Was told, Parson *Bryant* was the Man who had discovered him, none of the other Gentlemen knowing him under this Disguise; upon which, turning to the Parson, he ask'd him, *If he had forgot good King Charles's Rules?* Mr. *Pleydell* of *St. Andrews Milbourn*, (who was one of the Company) expressed a Pleasure at seeing the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, saying, he had never seen him before. Yes but you have, replies he, and given me a Suit of Clothes: Mr. *Pleydell* testified some Surprize at this, and desiring to know when it was, Mr. *Carew* asked him if he did not remember a poor Wretch met him one Day at his Stable-Door with an old Stocking round his Head, instead of a Cap, and an old Woman's ragged Mantle on his Shoulders, no Shirt on his Back, nor Stockings to his Legs, and scarcely any Shoes to his Feet; and that Mr. *Pleydell* asked him, *If he was mad or mazed?* He replied, Neither, but a poor unfortunate Man, cast away on the Coast, and taken up, with eight others, by a
French-

Frenchman, the rest of the Crew, sixteen in Number, being all drowned; and that Mr. *Pleydell* having asked what Countryman he was, and some Questions concerning the Gentlemen about *Tiverton*, gave him a Guinea and a Suit of Clothes. Mr. *Pleydell* said, He well remember'd such a poor Object: Well, replied our Hero, that Object was no other than the expert *Rat-catcher* now before you; at which all the Company laugh'd very heartily: Well, says Mr. *Pleydell*, I will lay a Guinea I shall now know you again, come in what Shape you will; the same said Mr. *Seymour* of *Handford*: Some of the Company asserting to the contrary of this, they desired our Hero to try his Ingenuity upon them, and then discover himself, to convince them of it.

This being agreed upon, and having received a handsome Contribution of the Company, he took his Leave; but Parson *Bryant* followed him out, and acquainted him that the same Company, and many more would be at Mr. *Pleydell*'s on such a Day, and advised him to make Use of that Opportunity to deceive them all together; which our Hero soon resolved to do: He therefore revolved in his Mind what Stratagem was most likely to succeed: At length he fixed upon one, which he thought could not fail answering his Purpose.

When the Day was come, the Barber was call'd in to make his Face as smooth as his Art.

Art could do; and a Woman's Gown, and other Female Accoutrements, of the largest Size were provided for him: Having jump'd into his Petticoats, pinn'd a large Dowd under his Chin, and put a high-crown'd Hat on his Head, he made a Figure so comical, that even *Hogarth's* Humour can scarcely parallel: and though *Lucifer*, the Prince of Darkness, thinks himself sufficiently disguised under such a Form, as we suppose, (for we oftener hear of his appearing in this, than any other Shape) yet our Hero bethought himself of something else, to render his Disguise more impenetrable: He therefore borrowed a little hump-back'd Child of a Tinker who happened to be in the same Quarters, and two more of some others of his Community. There remained now only in what Situation to place the Children, and it was quickly resolved to tie two to his Back, and to take the other in his Arms.

Thus accoutred, and thus hung with *helpless Infants*, but *moving Orators*, he marched forwards for Mr. *Pleydell's*: Coming up to the Door he puts his Hand behind him & pinches one of the Children, which set it a roaring; this gave the Alarm to the Dogs, who came out with open Mouths; so that between their barking and the Child's crying, the whole Family was sufficiently disturbed: Out comes the Maid, Carry away the Children, old Woman, they disturb the Ladies. God bless their Lady-

*Ladyships, I am the poor unfortunate Grandmother of these poor helpless Infants, whose dear Mother and all they had was burnt at the dreadful Fire at Kirton, and hope the good Ladies, for God's Sake, will bestow something on the poor famished starving Infants: This moving Story was accompanied with Tears; upon which, in goes the Maid, to acquaint the Ladies with this melancholy Tale, while the good Grandmother, kept pinching one or other of the Children, that they might play their Parts to greater Perfection: The Maid soon returned with half a Crown from the Ladies, and some good Broth, which having received, he went into the Court Yard to eat, (understanding the Gentlemen were not in the House) and got one of the under Servants, whom he met, to give some to the Children on his Back. He had not long been there before the Gentlemen all came in together, who accosted him with, *Where did you come from, old Woman? From Kirton, please your Honours, where the poor unhappy Mother of these helpless Babes was burnt to Death by the Flames, and all they had consumed.* Damn you, said one of the Gentlemen, (who is well known by the Name of *Worthy Sir*, and was particularly acquainted with Mr. Carew,) *there has been more Money collected for Kirton, than ever Kirton was worth;* however, he gave this good old Grandmother a Shilling, the other Gentlemen likewise relieved her, commiserating her Age, and her*

her Burthen of so many *helpless Infants*, not one of them discovering our Hero in the *old Woman*; who received their Alms very thankfully, and pretended to go away; but the Gentlemen were not got into the House, before their Ears were saluted with a *Tantivee, Tantivee*, and a *Halloo* to the Dogs, upon which they turned about, supposing it to be some *Brother Sportsman*, but seeing no Body, *Worthy Sir* swore the *old Woman* they had relieved was Carew; a Servant therefore was dispatch'd to bring her back, and she was brought into the Parlour among the Gentlemen, where being examined, she confessed herself to be the famous *Mr. Bampfye-Moore Carew*, which made the Gentlemen very merry, and they were now all employed in unscuring the Children from his Back, and observing the Features and Dress of this *Grandmother*, which afforded them sufficient Entertainment; they afterwards very generously rewarded our Hero for the Mirth he had procured them.

In the same Manner he raised a Contribution of *Mr. Jones of Ashton near Bristol*, twice in one Day, who had maintained with a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, that he could not be so deceived: In the Morning, with a sooty Face, Leather Apron, a dejected Countenance, and a Woollen Cap, he was generously relieved as an unfortunate Blacksmith, whose All had been consumed by Fire: In the Afternoon he exchanged his Legs for Crutches; his

his Countenance was now pale and sickly, his Gestures expressive of Pain, his Complaints lamentable, a poor unfortunate Tinner, disabled from maintaining himself, a Wife and seven Children, by the Damps and Hardships he had suffered in the Mines; and so well did he paint his Distress, that the disabled Tinner was now as generously relieved, as the unfortunate Blacksmith had been in the Morning.

Being now so near the City of *Bath*, where he had not long before made so great a Figure with his new married Bride, he was resolved to visit it in a quite different Shape & Character: He therefore ties up one of his Legs behind him, and supplies the Place of it with a wooden one, and putting on a false Beard, assumes the Character of a poor old Cripple. In this Disguise he had an Opportunity of entertaining himself with the different Reception he met with from every Order of Men now, from what he had done before in his fine Cloaths: The *Rich*, who before saluted him with their Hats and Compliments, now spurn'd him out of their Way; the *Gamesters* overlook'd him, thinking he was no Fish for their Net; the *Chairmen*, instead of Please your Honour, damn'd him; and the *Pumpers*, who attentively mark'd his Nod before, now denied him a Glass of Water; even many of the *Clergy*, those eldest Disciples of *Humility*, look'd upon him with a supercilious Brow; the *Ladies* too, who had before strove who should be his Partner

ner at the Balls, could not now bear the Sight of so shocking a Creature: Thus *contemptible*, thus *despised*, is *Poverty* and *Rags*, though sometimes the Veil of real Merit; and thus caressed and flattered is *Finery*, though perhaps a Covering for Shame, Poverty of Soul, and abandoned Profligacy. One Character alone vouchsafed to look upon this *contemptible Object*; the *good* Man look'd upon him with an Eye melting into *Tenderness* and soft *Compassion*, which, at the same Time the Hand was stretch'd out to relieve him, shewed the Heart felt all the Pangs which it supposed him to feel. But notwithstanding this almost *general Contempt*, he raised very considerable Contributions, for as some tossed him Money out of *Pride*, others to get rid of his *Importunity*, and a few, as above, out of a good Heart, it amounted to no small Sum by the End of the Season.

It is almost unnecessary to inform the Reader, that these successful Stratagems gained him high Applause and Honour in the Community of the *Gypsies*: He soon became the *Favourite* * of their King, (who was now very old and decrepid) and had always some honourable Mark of Distinction assigned him at their public Assemblies. These Honours and Applauses were so many fresh Spurs to his
Ingenu-

* By this Word we do not mean a *worthless Flatterer*, but one who from *real Merit* deserved the *Approbation* of his KING.

Ingenuity and *Industry*: So certain it is, that wherever those Qualities are honoured, and publickly rewarded, though by an Oaken Garland, there *Industry* will out-work itself, and *Ingenuity* will exceed the common Bounds of *Art*. Our Hero, therefore, was continually planning new Stratagems, and soon executed a very bold one on his Grace the Duke of Bolton: Coming to his Seat near *Basingstoke*, in *Hampshire*, he dressed himself in a Sailor's ragged Habit, and knocking at the Gate, desired of the Porter, with a composed and assured Countenance, Admittance to the Duke, or at least that the Porter would give his Grace a Paper which he held in his Hand; but as he did not apply in a proper Manner to this great Officer (who we think may not improperly be stiled the *Turn-Key* of the Great) and as he did not shew him that Passport which can open every Gate, pass by the furliest Porter, and get Admittance even to Kings, neither himself nor Paper could gain any Entrance; however, he was not disheartened with this, but waiting near the Gate, for some Time, he at last saw a Servant come out, whom he followed, and telling him *that he was a very unfortunate Man*, desired he would be so kind to introduce him where he might speak to his Grace: As this Servant had no Interest in locking up his Master, (for that belonged to the Porter only) he very readily promised to comply with his Request, as soon as the Porter was off his

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Stand;

Stand; which he accordingly did, introducing him into a Hall, where the Duke was to pass through: He had not been long there, before the Duke came in, upon which he clapp'd his Knees to the Ground; and very gracefully offered a Paper to his Hands for Acceptance, which was a Petition, setting forth, *That the unfortunate Petitioner, Bampfylde-Moore Carew, was Supertargo of a Vessel that was cast away coming from Sweden, in which were his whole Effects, none of which he had been able to save.* The Duke seeing the Name of Bampfylde-Moore Carew, and knowing those Names to belong to Families of the greatest Worth and Note in the West of England, enquired, *Of what Family he was, and how he came entitled to those honourable Names?* He replied, *They were those of his Godfathers, the Honourable Hugh Bampfylde, and the Honourable Major Moore.* The Duke then asked several Questions about his Family and Relations, all which he answered very fully; and the Duke expressing some Surprize that he should apply for Relief in his Misfortunes to any but his own Family, who were so well able to assist him, he replied, *He had disoblighd them by some Follies of Youth, and had not seen them for some Years, but was now returning to them.* Many more Questions did the Duke and a Lady who was present ask him, all which he answered to their Satisfaction.

As

As this was not a great while after his becoming a Member of the Community of the Gypsies, the Duke had never heard that any one of the noble Family of the Carews was become one of those People; and was very glad to have it in his Power to oblige any of that Family: He therefore treated him with Respect, and called a Servant to conduct him into an inner Room, where the Duke's Barber soon waited on him to shave him, and presently after came in a Footman, who brought in a good Suit of trimm'd Cloaths, a fine Holland Shirt, and all other Parts of Dress suitable to these. As soon as he had finish'd dressing, he was introduced to the Duke again, who complimented him on his genteel Appearance, and not without Reason, as few did more Honour to Dress: He was desired to sit down, by the Duke, with whom were many other Persons of Quality, who were all greatly taken with his Person and Behaviour, and very much condole his Misfortunes; so that a Collection was soon made for him, to the Amount of ten Guineas. The Duke being engaged to go out in the Afternoon, desired him to stay there that Night, and gave Orders that he should be handsomely entertained, leaving his Gentleman to keep him Company; but Mr. Carew, probably not liking this Company so well as the Duke's, took an Opportunity, soon after the Duke was gone, to set out unobserved towards *Basingstoke*, where he immediately went

to a House which he knew was frequented by some of his Community. The Master of the House, who saw him entering the Door, cry'd out, *Here's his Grace the Duke of Bolton coming in*, upon which there was no small Hurry amongst the Company. As soon as he entered, he ordered the Liquor to flow very plentifully at his private Cost: His Brethren discovering who he was, were greatly amazed at the Appearance he made, so different from the usual Custom of their Order; but when he informed them of the bold Stratagem he had executed, the whole Place resounded with Applause, and every one acknowledg'd he was most worthy of succeeding their present good old King.

As our Hero's Thoughts were bent upon making still greater Advantage of this Stratagem, he did not stay long with his Brethren, but went to a reputable Inn, where he lodged, and set out the next Morning for *Salisbury*. Here he presented his Petition to the Mayor, the Bishop, and other Gentlemen of great Note and Fortune, (applying to none but such who were so) and acquainted them with the Favours he had received from his Grace the Duke of *Bolton*. The Gentlemen having such ocular Demonstration of the Duke's Liberality, treated him with great Complaisance and Respect, and relieved him very generously, not presuming to offer any small Alms to one whom the Duke of *Bolton* had thought so worthy

worthy of Notice. In the same Manner, and with the same Success, he visited Lord *Arun-
del*, Sir *Edward Bouverie*, & many other Gen-
tlemen in the Counties of *Wilts*, *Dorset*, and
Somerset: Coming into *Devonshire*, his native
County, he visited all his Friends and most
intimate Acquaintance, and was relieved by
them, not one of them discovering this unfor-
tunate Supercargo to be Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore
Carew*. Being one Morning near the Seat of
his great Friend, Sir *William Courtenay*, he
was resolved to pay him three Visits that Day:
He goes therefore to a House frequented by
his Order, and there pulls off his fine Clothes,
and puts on a Parcel of Rags: In this Dress
he moves towards Sir *William's*; there, with
a piteous Moan, a dismal Countenance, and
deplorable Tale, he got half a Crown of that
Gentleman as a Man who had met with Mis-
fortunes at Sea: At Noon he put on a Lea-
ther Apron, a Coat which seemed scorched
by the Fire, and with a dejected Countenance
applied again, and was relieved as an unfortu-
nate Shoemaker, who had been burnt out of
his House and all he had: In the Afternoon
he goes again in his trimm'd Clothes, and de-
siring Admittance to Sir *William*, with a mo-
dest Grace and submissive Eloquence he re-
peats his Misfortunes as a Supercargo of a
Vessel which had been cast away, & his whole
Effects lost; at the same Time mentioning
the Kindness he had received from his Grace.

the Duke of Bolton. Sir William seeing his genteel Appearance and Behaviour, treated him with that Respect which the truly Great will always pay to those who supplicate their Assistance, and generously relieved him, presenting him with a Guinea at his Departure. There happened to be at that Time a great Number of the neighbouring Gentlemen and Clergy at Dinner with Sir William, not one of whom discovered who this Supercargo was, except the Rev. Mr. Richards, who did not make it known till he was gone; upon which Sir William dispatched a Servant after him, to desire him to come back. When he entered the Room again, Sir William and the rest of the Company were very merry with him, and he was desired to sit down, and give them an Account by what Stratagem he had got all his Finery, and what Success he had with it, which he did; after which he asked Sir William, *If he had not bestowed Half a Crown that Morning on a Beggar, and about Noon relieved a poor unfortunate Shoemaker? I remember,* replied Sir William, *that I bestow'd such an Alms on a poor ragged naked Wretch.* Well, says Mr. Carew, *that poor ragged naked Wretch was no other than the Supercargo now before you.* Sir William scarcely crediting this, Mr. Carew withdrew, and putting on the same Rags, came again with the same piteous Moan, the same dismal Countenance, and the same deplorable Tale as he had done in the Morn-

Morning, which fully convinced Sir *William* that he was the same Man, and occasion'd no little Diversion to the Company; he was introduced again, and seated amongst them in his Rags; Sir *William* being one of the few who pay a greater Regard to the Man than the Dress, can discern and support Merit under Rags, and despise Poverty of Soul and Worthlessness under Embroidery: But notwithstanding the Success of this Stratagem, our Hero has always look'd upon it as one of the most unfortunate of his whole Life; for after he had been at Sir *William's*, as above-mentioned, coming to *Stoke Gabriel* near *Totness*, on a *Sunday*, and having done that which discovered the Nakedness of *Noah*, he went to the Rev. Mr. *Osborn*, the Minister of the Parish, and requested the Thanksgiving of the Church for a wonderful Preservation of himself and Ship's Crew in the imminent Danger of a violent Tempest of Thunder and Lightning, which destroyed the Vessel they were aboard of: Though Mr. *Osborn* knew Mr. *Carew* very well, yet he had no Suspicion of its being him in Disguise, therefore readily granted his Request; and not only so, but recommending him to his Parishoners, a handsome Collection was made for him by the Congregation, which he had Generosity enough to distribute afterwards amongst the Poor of the Parish, reserving but a very small Part to himself: Though this was bringing Good out
of

of Evil, yet he still speaks of this Action (after above thirty Years Elapse since the Commission) with the greatest Regret and Compunction of Mind; for he is sensible, that tho' he can deceive Man, he cannot deceive God, whose Eye penetrates into every Place, and marks all our Actions; and is a Being too reverend and awful to be jested with.

As Ambition of excelling in his Profession, is the ruling Passion in our Hero's Breast, nothing affords him greater Pleasure than his being able to deceive those who are most confident of their Penetration. Having spent some Days in Hunting with the late Colonel *Strangways* at *Melbury*, in *Dorset*, the Conversation happening one Day at Dinner to turn on Mr. *Carew*'s Ingenuity and strange Metamorphoses, and the above being related, the Colonel seemed surprized that Sir *William Courtenay*, who was so well acquainted with our Hero, should be deceived by him, asserting, that he thought it impossible for Mr. *Carew* to deceive him under any Disguise, as he had so thoroughly observed every Feature and Line in his Countenance; our Hero modestly replied, it might be so, and some other Subject being started, the Matter dropp'd. The next Morning early, Mr. *Carew* being called upon to go out with the Hounds, desired to be excused, as he had been very much out of Order, and had not slept the whole Night, therefore would try to take a Morning's Nap: The Colonel
being

being informed of this, approv'd of his Resolution, and went to the Field without him; soon after Mr. Carew came down Stairs, saying he could not sleep, therefore would try what a little Walk would do: He then slightly enquired which Way the Colonel generally returned: Having got all the Information he desired in this Respect, he presently marches forth, and making the best of his Way to a House frequented by his Community, he exchanged his Clothes for a poor ragged Habit, and his Legs for a Pair of Crutches, & making a Counterfeit Wound* in his Thigh, and disguising his Countenance by a venerable Pity moving grey Beard, and some other Alterations, he sets forward to meet the Colonel, which he accordingly did in the Town of *Evershot*: His lamentable Moans began almost as soon as the Colonel was in Sight, his Countenance express'd nothing but agonizing Pain, and Heart-felt Sorrow; his ghastly Wound was expos'd in the fullest Light to the Colonel's Eye, and the Tears trickled down his Silver Beard. As the Colonel's Heart was not made of that flinty Stuff which can unmoved hear the Wailings, and see the Miseries of a Fellow Creature, he presently flings this miserable Object Half a Crown, who receives it with exuberant Gratitude, and then with great Submission tells this kind Stranger, *That*

* The Method of doing this will be related hereafter.

he was informed a very charitable Gentleman lived in that Neighbourhood, called Colonel Strangways, and that if he would direct him the nearest Way to his Seat, it would be a very great Kindness to him: The Colonel accordingly, with a great deal of good Nature and Compassion for the miserable Creature, directed him the shortest Way to his own House: The poor old Creature takes his Leave with a great many Blessings upon his Honour, and hops away as fast as his Crutches would carry him, making the best of his Way to the Place he had taken them up at, where he quickly finds his Legs again, heals the Wound without any Plaister, lays aside his Beard without the Help of a Barber, and putting on his own Clothes with as much Expedition as possible, makes the best of his Way to the Colonel's, where he arrived, greatly refreshed with his Morning's Walk, before the Colonel returned from Hunting; who coming in soon after, was very glad to find Mr. Carew up, and pretty well: When they were sat down to Dinner, Mr. Carew enquired what Sport they had had, & if the Col. had not met a very miserable Object of a Beggar? Aye, replies the Colonel, a very miserable Object indeed; I gave him Half a Crown; he look'd most piteously, and had a very bad Wound in his Thigh. Did you not direct him here? Yes, replied the Colonel, I did; and he got here before you too, replies Mr. Carew. What, has the poor Wretch been here?

here? Yes, yes, he has, and is now at Table with your Honour. This occasioned a great deal of Mirth to the Company; but the Colonel would not be persuaded of the Truth of what Mr. Carew asserted, till he slipp'd out and hop'd in again upon his Crutches.

Think not gentle Reader, these *Deceptions* and *Disguises* incredible; for if thou wilt look into this great Theatre of the World, thou may'st see every Day far greater; thou may'st see bitter *Hatred* wear the cordial Smiles of *Friendship*; lascivious *Wantonness* put on the severe Brow of *Modesty*: *Corruption* the Angel Face of Heaven-born *Innocence*; thou may'st see *Cowardice* concealed under terrible *Looks*; and *Falshood* dress'd in the Robes of *Truth*; *Fraud* borrowing the Looks of her greatest Enemy *Honesty*; and *Oppression* balancing the Scales of *Justice*.





C H A P. VI.

The Death of the KING of the MENDICANTS, with his gracious Speech to his Subjects.



IT was about this Time the good old KING of the *Mendicants*,* named *Clause Patch*, well known in the City of *London*, and most Parts of *England*, finished a Life of true *Glory*, being spent in promoting the Welfare of his People. A little before his Death, finding the Decays of Nature increase every Day, and his final Dissolution approach, he called together all his Children, to the Number of eighteen, and summoned as many of his Subjects as were within any convenient Distance; being willing that the last *Spark* of his *Life* should go out in the Service of his People: This Summons was obeyed with heavy

* Under this Title we comprehend the Community of the *Gypsies*, as well as every other Order of *Mendicants*, vulgarly called *Beggars*.

heavy Hearts by his loving Subjects, and at the Day and Place appointed a great Number were assembled together.

The venerable old King was brought in a high Chair, and placed in the midst of them; his Children standing next him, and his Subjects behind them. — Reader, if thou hast ever seen that famous Picture of Seneca * bleeding to Death in the Bath, with his Friends and Disciples standing round him, then may'st thou form some Idea of this Assembly: Such was the lively Grief, such the profound Veneration, such the solemn Attention, that appeared in every Countenance: But we can give thee no adequate Idea of that inward Joy which the good old King felt at seeing these unfeigned Marks of Love in his Subjects, which he considered as so many Testimonies of his own Virtues; for certain it is, that when Kings are the Fathers of their People, their Subjects will have for them more than the filial Love and Veneration of Sons. The Mind of Man cannot conceive any Thing so august, and the Happiness of GOD can only equal a King beloved by his Subjects: Could Kings but taste this Pleasure at their first mounting the Throne, instead of drinking of the intoxicating Cup of Power, we should see them consider their Subjects as Children, and themselves the Fathers to nourish,

* A Picture in the Possession of the Earl of Exeter, at his Seat near Stamford in Lincolnshire.

nourish, instruct, and provide for them; as a *Flock*, and themselves the *Shepherds* to bring them to pleasant Pastures, refreshing Streams, and secure Folds.

For some Time the *King* of the *Mendicants* sat contemplating the Emotions of his Subjects, then bending forward he thus addressed them.

CHILDREN and FRIENDS,



R rather may I call you all my *Children*, as I regard you all with a paternal Love, I have taken you from your daily Employments, that you may all eat and drink with me before I die: I am not Courtier enough yet, however, to make my Favours a Loss to my Friends; but before you depart, the Books shall be examin'd, and every one of you shall receive from my privy Purse the same Sum that you made by your Business this Day of the last Week: Let not this honest Act of Generosity displease my Heirs, it is the last Waste I shall make of their Stores; the rest of what I die possessed is their's of Right, but my Council, though directed to them only, shall be a public Good to all. The good Success, my dear Children, with which it hath pleased Heaven to bless my Industry in this our Calling, has given me the Power of bestowing one Hundred Pounds on each of you, a small Fortune, but improveable; and of most Use, as it is a Proof that every

every one of you may gain as much as the whole, if your own Idleness or Vice prevent not : Mark by what Means ! Our Community, like People of all other Professions, live upon the Necessities, the Passions, or the Weaknesses of their Fellow Creatures. The two great Passions of the Human Breast are *Vanity* and *Pity* ; both these have great Power in Men's Actions, but the first the greater far ; and he who can attract these the most successfully, will gain the largest Fortune.

There was a Time when Rules for doing this were of more Worth to me than Gold ; but now I am grown old, my Strength and Senses fail me, and I am past being an Object of Compassion. A real Scene of Affliction moves few Hearts to Pity ; dissembled Wretchedness is what most reaches the Human Mind, and I am past dissembling. Take therefore among you the Maxims I have laid down for my own Guide, and use them with as much Success as I have done.

Be not less Friends because you are Brothers, or of the same Profession ; the Lawyers herd together in their Inns, the Doctors in their College, the Mercers on *Ludgate-Hill*, and the old Cloaths-men in *Monmouth-Street* : What one has not among these, another has ; and among you, the Heart of him who is not moved by one lamentable Object, will probably be so by another ; & that Charity which was half awakened by the first, will relieve a

second or a third, remember this, and always people a whole Street with Objects skilled in Scenes of different Distress, placed at proper Distances : The Tale that moves not one Heart, may surprize the next ; the obdurate Passer by of the first, must be made of no Human Matter, if he feels no Part of the Distress that twenty different Tales have reaped together ; and be assured, that where it is touched with a Kindred Misfortune, it will bestow.

Remember that where one gives out of Pity to you, fifty give out of Kindness to themselves, to rid them of your troublesome Application ; and for one that gives out of real Compassion, five Hundred do it out of Ostentation. On these Principles, trouble People most who are most busy, and ask Relief where many see it given, and you'll succeed in your Attempt. Remember that the Streets were made for People to walk, and not to converse in ; keep up their antient Use, and whenever you see two or three gathered together, be you amongst them, and let them not hear the Sound of their own Voices, till they have bought off the Noise of your's. When Self-Love is thus satisfied, remember social Virtue is the next Duty, and tell your next Friend where he may go and obtain the same Relief by the same Means.

Trouble not yourselves about the Nobility ; Prosperity has made them vain and insensible ; they cannot pity what they can never feel.

The

The Talkers in the Street are to be tolerated on different Conditions, and at different Prices; if they are Tradesmen, their Conversation will soon end, and may be well paid for by a Halfpenny; if an Inferior clings to the Skirts of a Superior, he will give Twopence, rather than be pull'd off; and when you are happy enough to meet a Lover and his Mistress, never part with them under Sixpence, for you may be sure they will never part with one another.

So much regards Communities of Men; but when you hunt single, the great Game of all is to be played. However you ramble in the Day, be sure to have some one Street near your Home, where your chief Residence is, and all your idle Time is spent. Here learn the History of every Family, and whatever has been the latest Calamity of that, provide a Brother or a Sister that may pretend the same. If the Master of one House has lost a Son, let your eldest Brother attack his Compassion on that tender Side, and tell him that he has lost the sweetest, hopefullest, and dutifullest Child that was his only Comfort! What should the Answer be, but aye, poor Fellow, I know how to pity thee in that, and a Shilling will be in as much Haste to flow out of his Pocket as the first Tear from his Eye.

Is the Master of a second House sick, waylay his Wife from Morning to Night, and tell her you will pray Morning, Noon, and Night,

for his Recovery. If he dies, Grief is the reigning Passion for the first Fortnight, let him have been what he would; Grief leads naturally to Compassion, so let your Sister thrust a Pillow under her Coats, and tell her she is a poor disconsolate Widow left with seven small Children, and that she lost the best Husband in the World; and you may share considerable Gains.

Whatever People seem to want, give it them largely in your Address to them, call the Beau *sweet Gentleman*, bless even his Coat or Peruke, and tell him they are happy Ladies where he's going. If you meet with a School-boy Captain, such as our Streets are full of, call him *noble General*; and if the Miser can be any Way got to strip himself of a Farthing, it will be by the Name of *charitable Sir*.

Some People shew you in their Looks the whole Thoughts of their Heart, and give you a fine Notice how to succeed with them; if you meet a sorrowful Countenance with a red Coat, be sure the Wearer is a disbanded Officer; let a Female always attack him, and tell him she's the Widow of a poor Marine, who had served twelve Years, and then broke his Heart because he was turned out without a Penny. If you see a plain Man hang down his Head as he comes out of some Nobleman's Gate, tell him, *Good worthy Sir, I beg your Pardon, but I am a poor ruin'd Tradesman that was once in good Business, but the great People*
would

would not pay me! And if you see a pretty Woman with a dejected Look, send your first Sister that is at Hand, to complain to her of a bad Husband that gets drunk and beats her, that runs to Whores, and has spent all her Substance; there are but two Things that can make a handsome Woman melancholy, the having a bad Husband, or the having no Husband at all; if the first of these is the Case, one of the former Crimes will touch her to the Quick, and loosen the Spring of her Purse; if the other, let a second distressed Object tell her she was to have been married well, but that her Lover died a Week before: One Way or other the tender Heart of the Female will be melted, and the Keward will be handsome. If you meet a homely but dress'd up Lady, pray for her lovely Face, and beg a Penny; & if you see a Mark of Delicacy by the drawing up of the Nose, send somebody to shew her a sore Leg, a scald Head, or a Rupture. If you are happy enough to fall in with a tender Husband leading his big Wife to Church, send some Companion that has but one Arm, or has two Thumbs, to tell her of some monstrous Child you have brought forth, and the good Man will pay you to be gone; if he gives slightly, it is but following, getting before the Lady, and talking louder, and you may depend upon his searching his Pockets to better Purpose a second Time. Many more Things there are I have to speak of, but my feeble

feeble Tongue will not hold out to speak them; profit by these, they will be found sufficient, and if they prove to you, my Children, what they have been these eighteen Years to me, I shall not repine at my Dissolution.

Here he paused for some Time, being almost spent; then recovering his Spirits, he thus began again.—As I find the Lamp of Life is not quite extinguished, I shall employ the little that remains in saying a few Words of my *public Conduct*, as your King: I call Heaven to Witness that I have *lov'd* you all with a *Paternal Love*: These now feeble Limbs and broken Spirits have been *worn out* in providing for your *Welfare*, and often have these now *dim Eyes* watch'd, whilst *your's* have *slept*, with a *Father's* Care for your *Safety*. I call you all to witness that I have kept an *impartial Register* of your *Actions*, and no *Merit* has pass'd unnoticed: I have with a most exact Hand divided to every Man his due Portion of our common Stock, and have had no *worthless Favourite*, nor *useless Officers*, to eat the *Honey* of your *Labour*. And for all these I have had my *Reward*, in seeing the *Happiness*, and having the *Love* of all my Subjects. I depart therefore in *Peace*, to rest with my *Fathers*: It remains only that I give you my last *Advice*, which is, that in chusing my *Successor*, you pay no partial Regard to my *Family*, but let him only who is most *worthy*, rule over you.

He

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. 81

He said no more, but leaning back in his Chair, expired without a Sigh.

Never was there a Scene of more real *Distress*, or more unfeigned *Grief*, than appeared now amongst his Children and Subjects. Nothing was heard but Sighs & Exclamations of their Loss. When the first Transports of their Grief were over, they sent the sorrowful News to all the Houses that were frequented by their Community in every Part of the Kingdom; at the same Time summoning them to repair to the City of *London* by a certain Day, in order to the Election of a new King.



C H A P.



C H A P. VII.

A Rhapsody on Publick Liberty, very proper to be read by all who vote for Members of Parliament. The Manner of electing a new King of the Mendicants: Mr. Carew is elected to that high Honour.



BEFORE the Day appointed for the Election, a vast Concourse of *Mendicants*, flock'd from all Parts of the Kingdom to the City of *London*; for every Member of the Community has a Right to vote in the Choice of their King; as they think it inconsistent with that natural *Liberty* which every Man is born *Heir* to, to deny any one the Privilege of making his own *Choice* in a Matter of so great Importance to him. — Here, Reader, as thou wilt be apt to judge from what thou hast seen, thou already expectest a Scene of *Riot* and *Debauchery*; to see the *Candidates* servilely cringing, meanly suing, and basely bribing; the *Electors* depriving themselves of *Sense* and
Reason,

Reason, and selling more than *Esau* did for a *Mess of Pottage*; for What is BIRTHRIGHT? What is Inheritance, when put in the Scales against that choicest of Blessings, *Public Liberty*?——O *Liberty*, thou Enliverer of Life, thou Solace of our Toils, thou Patron of Arts, thou Encourager of Industry, thou Spring of Opulence, thou Something more than Life, beyond the Reach of Fancy to describe, all hail! It is thou that beamest the *Sun-shine* in the Patriot's Breast; it is thou that sweetenest the *Toil* of the labouring Mechanic; thou dost inspire the Ploughman with his jocund *Mirth*, and thou tuneest the merry Milk-maid's Song; thou canst make the *Desart* smile, and the barren *Rock* to sing for Joy: By thy sacred *Protection* the poorest Peasant lies secure under the Shadow of his *defenceless Cot*, whilst *Oppression* at a Distance gnashes with her Teeth, but dares not shew her *Iron Rod*; and *Power* like the raging Billows, dashes its Bounds with *Indignation*, but cannot overpass them.——But where thou art not, how chang'd the *Scene*! how tasteless *Life*! how irksome *Labour*! how languid *Industry*! Where are the beauteous *Rose*, the gaudy *Tulip*, the sweet-scented *Jessamine*? Where the purple *Grape*, the luscious *Peach*, the glowing *Nectarine*? Wherefore smile not the Vallies with their beauteous *Verdure*, and sing for Joy with their golden *Harvests*? All, all are withered by the scorching *Sun* of lawless *Power*! Where thou are not, what

what Place so sacred as to be secure? Or who can say, *this is my own?* This is the Language only of the Place where thou delighted to dwell; but as soon as thou spreadest thy Wings to some more pleasing Clime, *Power* walks Abroad with haughty Strides, and tramples upon the Weak; whilst *Oppression*, with its heavy Hand, bows down the unwilling Neck to the Yoke. — O my Country! alas! my Country! Thou wast once the chosen Seat of *Liberty*; her Footsteps appeared in thy Streets, thy Palaces, thy public Assemblies; she exulted in thee; her Voice, the Voice of Joy and Gladness, was heard throughout the Land; with more than a Mother's Love she held forth her seven-fold *Shield* to protect the meanest of her *Sons*, whilst *Justice*, supported by the *Laws*, rode triumphant by her Side with awful *Majesty*, and look'd into Fear and Trembling every Disturber of the public *Quiet*. O thou, whom my Soul loveth, wherefore do I now seek thy Footsteps in vain? Wherefore dost thou sit dejected, and hidest thy Face all the Day long. — *Canst thou ask the Reason of my Grief?* See, see my generous and hardy *Sons* are become foolish, indolent, effeminate, thoughtless; behold, now with their own Hands they have loaded me with Shackles; Alas! alas! hast thou not seen them take the Rod from my beloved Sister *Justice*, and give it to the *Sons* of Blood and Rapine? Yet a little while I mourn over my lost and degenerate

Sons,

Sons, and then with hasty Flight fix my Habitation in some more happy Clime.

Though the Community of the *Gypsies* at other Times give themselves up to *Mirth* and *Jollity* with perhaps too much *Licence*, yet nothing is reckon'd more infamous & shameful amongst them, than to appear intoxicated during the Time of an *Election*; and it very rarely happens that any of them are so, for they reckon it a *Choice* of so much *Importance*, that they cannot exert in it too much *Judgment*, *Prudence*, and *Wisdom*, therefore endeavour to have all their *Faculties* strong, lively, penetrating, and clear at that Time. Their Method of Election is different from that of most other People, tho' perhaps it is the best contriv'd of any; and attended with the fewest Inconveniencies. We have already observed, that none but those who have been long Members of the Community, are well acquainted with the Institutions of it, & have signalized themselves by some remarkable Action, are permitted to offer themselves *Candidates*. These are all oblig'd ten Days before the Election, to fix up in some Place of their public Resort, an Account of those *Actions*, upon the Merit of which they stand their *Profession* of becoming *Candidates*, to which they must add their Sentiments on *Liberty*, and the *Office* and *Duties* of a *King*. They must likewise, during these ten Days, appear every Day at the Place of Election, that their Elections may have an

Opportunity of forming some Judgment from the Lineaments and Prognostics of the Countenance. A few Days before the Election, a little white Ball, and as many black ones, as with the white one, will equal the Number of Candidates, are given to each Elector.

When the Day of Election is come, as many Boxes are placed as there are Candidates, with the Name of the particular Candidate wrote on the Box, which is appropriated to him: These Boxes are quite closed, except a little Opening at the Top, which is every Night during the Election lock'd up under the Keys and Seals of each of the Candidates, and of six of the most venerable old Men in the Community: It is in the little Opening at the Top of these Boxes, that the Elector puts in the little Balls we have just now mentioned; at the same Time he puts his white Ball into the Box of the Candidate whom he chuses to be his King, he puts a black Ball into the Boxes of all the other Candidates; and when they have all done, the Boxes are broke open, and the Balls counted in the Presence of all the Candidates, and as many of the Electors as chuse it, by the old Men above-mentioned, and he who has the greatest Number of white Balls, is always chosen. By this Means no *presiding Officer* has it in his Power to make out more than two, which sometimes happens in the Elections amongst other Communities, who do not use this Form. There are other innumerable Advantages

advantages attending this Manner of Election, and it is likely to preserve *public Liberty* the longest; for first, as the Candidates are obliged to fix up publickly an Account of those Actions, upon the Merit of which they become Candidates, it deters any but those who are *truly worthy*, from offering themselves; and as the Sentiments which each of them gives up on *public Liberty*, and the Office and Duty of a King, is immediately entered into their public Register, it stands as a perpetual *Witness* against, and a *Check* upon that Candidate who is chosen, to deter him from a Change of *Sentiments* and *Principles*; for though in some Countries this has been known to have little Effect, and Men have on a sudden, without any Alteration in the Nature of Things, shamelessly espoused those *Principles* and *Sentiments* which they had vehemently all their Lives before opposed; yet in this Community (where there is so high a Sense of Honour and Shame kept up) it must needs be one of the most binding *Obligations*. Secondly, by this Method of Ballotting, or giving their Votes by Balls, the Elector's Choice is more free and unbiass'd; for as none but himself can know the Candidate he gives his white Ball to, there can be no Influence of Fear, Interest, Ties of Blood, or any other Cause, to oblige him to give his Vote contrary to his *Judgment*; even *Bribes* (if they were known amongst these People) would lose their Effect under this Method of Voting, because

few Candidates would chuse to bribe, when they could have no Security, or Knowledge, whether the bribed Elector might not put a black Ball instead of a white one, into his Box.

Our Hero was now one of the Candidates, and exhibited to the Electors so long a List of bold and ingenious *Stratagems* which he had executed, & made so graceful and majestic an Appearance in his Person, that he had a considerable Majority of white Balls in his Box; (tho' there were ten Candidates for the same Honour) upon which he was declared duly elected; and hail'd by the whole Assembly, *King of the Mendicants*; The public Register of their Actions being immediately committed to his Care, and Homage done him by all the Assembly; the whole concluded with great Feasting and Rejoicing, and the following Ode was sung by the Electors;

CAST your Nabs* and Cores away; no
This is *Maunder's* Holiday;
In the World, look out, and see,
Where's so happy a King as † He

* Hats or Caps.

† Pointing to their new-made King.

At the *Crowning* of our King,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
Where's the Nation lives so free,
And so merrily, as we?

Be it Peace, or be it War,
Here at Liberty we are;
Hang all *Harmenbecks* * we cry,
We the *Cuffin Queres* † defy.

We enjoy our Ease and Rest,
To the Field we are not prest:
And when the Taxes are encreas'd,
We are not a Penny cefs'd.

Nor will any go to Law,
With a *Maunder* ‡ for a Straw,
All which Happiness he brags,
Is only owing to his Rags.

* Constables.

† A Justice of Peace, or a Churl.

‡ A Beggar.

Statistics as ever, and ready to counter-
 any Difficulties which seemed to promise suc-
 cess; of which the following is an instance:
 Having been in the Parish of West, near
 the River of the City of London, on the
 Evening of a Ship in imminent Danger of
 being cast away, the having been driven on
 some Shoals: Early in the Morning, before
 it was well light, he was walking in his
 which he had put into a deep Pit, and then, un-

C H A P. VIII.
*Mr. Carew's Behaviour after his Election; his
 bold Adventure at Fleet, near Portland; the
 Character he appeared in at Bristol; his
 unfortunate Meeting with Justice Lethbridge;
 Imprisonment, and Banishment to America.*



THOUGH Mr. Carew was now
 privileg'd by the Dignity of
 his Office from going out on any
 Cruise, and was provided with
 every Thing necessary, by the
 joint Contributions of the Community, yet he
 did not give himself up to that slow Poison
 of the Mind, *Indolence*, which, though its
 Operations are imperceptible, is more hurtful
 and fatal than any of the quicker Passions; for
 we often see great Virtues break through the
 Cloud of other Vices, but *Indolence* is a stand-
 ing corrupted Pool, which always remains in
 the same State, unfit for every Purpose. Our
 Hero, therefore, notwithstanding the particu-
 lar Privilege of his Office, was active in his

Str-

Stratagems as ever, and ready to encounter any Difficulties which seemed to promise Success; of which the following is an Instance: ~~Happening to be in the Parish of Fleet, near~~ ~~Perkins Lane in Dorsetshire, he heard in the~~ Evening of a Ship in imminent Danger of being cast away, she having been driven on some Shoals: Early in the Morning, before it was well light, he pulls off his Clothes, which he flung into a deep Pit, and then, unseen by any one, swims to the Vessel, which was now parted asunder, he found only one of the Crew alive, who was hanging by his Hands on the Side of the Vessel, the rest being either wash'd over-board, or drown'd in attempting to swim ashore. Never was there a more piteous Object than this poor Wretch, hanging between Life and Death: Mr. Carew immediately offered him his Assistance to get him on Shore, at the same Time enquiring the Name of the Vessel and her Master, what Cargo on board, whence she came, and whither bound? The poor Wretch replied, she belonged to Bristol, Captain Griffin, Master, came from ~~Hamburgh~~ ~~and bound to Bristol with Ham-~~ ~~burgh Goods, and had seven Men and a Boy on~~ ~~board,~~ at the same Time our Hero was pressing him to let go his Hold, and commit himself to his Care, and he would endeavour to swim with him to Shore; but when Danger is so imminent, and Death stands before our Eyes, it is no easy Matter to be persuaded to quit the weakest.

weakest *Stay*. Thus this poor Wretch hesitated so long before he would quit his hold of the Vessel, that a large Sea broke upon the Wreck, and overwhelmed him in the great Deep. Mr. Carew was in no little Danger, but being an excellent Swimmer, he with great Difficulty got to Shore, tho' not without Hurt, the Sea throwing him with great Violence on the Beach, whereby one of his Arms was wounded. By this Time great Numbers of Spectators were gathered on the Strand, who rejoic'd to see Mr. Carew come to the Shore alive, supposing him to be one of the poor Wretches belonging to the Ship; Naked, spent with Fatigue, and wounded, he rais'd a feeble Pity in all the Spectators; for so strongly is this tender *Passion* connected with our *Frame* by the beneficent *Author of Nature*, to promote the mutual *Assistance* of each other; that no sooner doth the *Eye* see a deplorable *Object*, but the *Heart* feels it, and as quickly forces the *Hand* to relieve it; so that those whom the *Love of Money* (for we think that the greatest Opposite to *Pity*) has rendered unfeeling of another's *Woer*, are said to have no *Hearts*, or *Hearts of Stone*; as we naturally conclude no one can be void of that soft, and God-like *Passion*, *Pity*, but either one who by some Cause or other happened to be made up without a *Heart*, or one in whom the continual Droppings of Self-Love or Avarice have quite changed the Nature of it; which, by the most skillful Ana-

tomists,

tantrix, is allowed, in its natural State, to be *fleshy, soft, and tender*; but has been found, without Exception, upon Inspection into the Bodies of several *Money Lovers*, to be nothing but a *callous stoney Substance*; from which the *Chymists*, by the most intense Fires, have been able to extract nothing but a *Caput Mortuum*, or an earthy, dry, useless Powder.

Amongst the Spectators of Mr. Carew, was the Housekeeper of Madam Mohun, in the Parish of *Fleet*, who (with great Pleasure do we mention it) had a Heart made of the *softest Substance*; for she immediately, agreeable to the *beneficent Precepts* of the *Gospel*, pull'd off her own Cloak to give to him who had none; and, like the good *Samaritan*, giving him a Handkerchief to bind up his *Wound*, bid him follow her, and led him to her Mistress's House, where she seated him before a good Fire, gave him two large Glasses of Brandy, with Loaf Sugar in it, then bringing him a Shirt and other Apparel, goes up Stairs and acquaints her Lady, in the most moving Manner, with the whole Affair. — Here, could we hope our *Work would last to future Ages*, we would immortalise this good Woman. — Her Mistress was so affected with her Relation, that she immediately ordered a Bed to be warmed very hot, for the poor Wretch to be put into, and taken great Care of, which was accordingly soon done, and Mr. Carew lay very quiet for three or four Hours; then awaking, he seemed to

to be very much disturbed in Mind; his Talk was incoherent, his Groans moving, and he tossed from one Side of the Bed to the other; but seemed to find Ease in none. The good People seeing him so uneasy in Bed, brought him a good Suit of Clothes, and he got up: Being told the Bodies of some of his Ship-Mates were flung up by the Sea on the Shore, he seemed greatly affected, and the Tears dropp'd from his Eyes. Having received from Justice *Farwell* (who happened to be there ill of the Gout) a Guinea, and a Pass for *Bristol*, and considerable Contributions from the great Number of People who flocked to see him, to the Amount of nine or ten Pounds, he expressed an Inclination of making the best of his Way to *Bristol*; and the good Justice *Farwell* lent him his own Horse to ride as far as *Dorchester*, and the Parson of the Parish sent his Man to shew him the Way.

Mr. *Carew* would have been gladly excused from going through *Dorchester*, as he had appeared there but four or five Days before in the Character of a broken *Miller*, and had thereby raised a Contribution of the Mayor and Corporation of that Place; but as it lay in the direct Road to *Bristol*, and he was attended by a Guide, he could not possibly avoid it. As soon as they came there, his Guide presented the Pass in Behalf of Mr. *Carew* to the Mayor, who thereupon ordered the Town-Hall Bell to be rung, and assembled the Heads of the Corporation.

poration. Though he had been so lately with them, yet being now in a quite different Dress, and his Pass (which they knew to be signed by Justice *Harwell*) and the Guide testifying he was an unfortunate Ship-wreck'd Seaman, escaped from the most imminent Danger; they had no Notion of his being the broken *Miller*, who had been with them a few Days before; they therefore treated him with great Humanity, and relieved him very generously. After this, the Guide took his Leave of him with a great many good Wishes for his safe Arrival at *Bristol*; but Mr. *Carew*, instead of pursuing his Way thither, steer'd his Course towards *Devonshire*, and raised Contributions in the Way, as a Ship-wreck'd Seaman, on Col. *Brown* of *Frampton*, 'Squire *Trenchard*, and 'Squire *Fulford* of *Tollar*, Col. *Broadrip*, Col. *Mitchel*, and 'Squire *Richards*, of *Long Britty*, and several other Gentlemen.

It was not long after this, that being in the City of *Bristol*, he put in Execution a very bold and ingenious Stratagem. Calling to Mind one *Aaron Cock*, a Trader of considerable Worth and Note at *St. John's* in *Newfoundland*, whom he resembled both in Person and Speech, he was resolved to be the Son of Mr. *Aaron Cock* for some Time; He therefore goes upon the *Talley*, and other Places of public Resort for the Merchants in *Bristol*, and there modestly acquaints them with his Name and Misfortunes: That he was born, and lived

all

all his Life at St. John's in Newfoundland; that he was bound for England, in the *Black-las*, Capt. Newman, (which Vessel sprung a Leak, they were obliged to quit her, and were taken up by an Irishman, Patrick Pore, and by him carried into Waterford, from whence he had got Passage, and landed at King-Road; then his Business in England was to buy Provisions and Fishing Craft, and to see his Relations, who lived in the Parish of Cockington, near Tot-Bay, where his Father was born: The Captains Elton, Calloway, Masters, Thomas, Turner, and several other Newfoundland Traders, (many of whom personally knew his pretended Father and Mother) ask'd him many Questions concerning the Family, their usual Place of fishing, &c. particularly, If he remembered how the Quarrel happened at his Father's, (when he was but a Boy) which was of so unhappy Consequence to Governor Collins? Mr. Corow very readily replied, That though he was then very young, he remember'd that the Governor, the Parson and his Wife, Madam Short, Madam Bengy, Madam Brown, and several other Women of St. John's being met together, and feasting at his Father's, a warm Dispute happened among the Men (in the Heat of Liquor) concerning the Virtue of Women, the Governor obstinately averring (being unmarried himself) that there was not one honest Woman in all Newfoundland: What think you then of my Wife? says the Parson, Nay, the same I do of all other Women,

Women, all Whores alike, answer'd the Governor, roughly. Hereupon the Women, not able to endure this gross Asperſion upon their Honour, with one Accord attacked the Governor, who being over-power'd by their Fury, could not defend his Face from being diſfigur'd by their Nails, nor his Clothes from being torn off his Back; and, what was much worſe, the Parſon's Wife thinking herſelf moſt injured, cut the Hamſtring of his Leg with a Knife, which rendered him a Cripple his whole Life after.

This circumſtantial Account, which was in every Point exactly as the Affair happen'd, and many other Queſtions concerning the Family, which the Captains ask'd him, and he as readily answered, (having got very particular Information concerning them when he was in Newfoundland) fully convinced the Captains that he muſt really be the Son of their good old Friend Mr. Aaron Cock; they therefore not only very generously relieved him, but offered to lend him any moderate Sum, to be paid again in Newfoundland the next fiſhing Seaſon; but Mr. Carew had too high a Senſe of Honour to abuſe their Generoſity ſo far; he therefore excuſed himſelf from accepting their Offer, by ſaying, *He could be ſervic'd with as much as he ſhould have Occaſion for, by Merchant Penn of Exeter.* They then took him with them to the Guildhall, recommending him to the Benevolence of the Mayor and Corporation, teſtifying he was a Man of a reputable Family in Newfoundland.

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foundland.

foundland. Here a very handsome Collection was made for him, and the Circumstances of his Misfortune becoming public, many other Gentlemen and Ladies gave him that Assistance according to their Abilities, which is always due to unfortunate Strangers. Three Days did the Captains detain him by their Civilities in *Bristol*, shewing him all the Curiosities and Pleasures of that Place, to divert his Melancholy. He then set out for *Cockington*, (where his Relations liv'd) and *Bridgwater* being in his Road, he had a Letter from one of the *Bristol* Captains, to Captain *Drake* in that Place. As soon as he came to *Bridgwater*, he went directly to the Mayor's House, and knocking at the Door, it was opened to him by Madam Mayors, to whom he related his Misfortunes; and the good Lady pitying him as an unfortunate Stranger so far distant from his Home, gave him Half a Crown, and engaged her Daughter, a Child, to give him a Shilling.— We cannot pass by this amiable Lady, without paying her the due *Tribute* of Praise; for *Tenderness* and *Compassion* ought to be the peculiar Ornament of every *Female Breast*; and it were to be wish'd that every Parent would betimes (like this good Lady) instill into their Children a tender *Sense* of *Humanity*, and *Feeling* of another's *Woe*: They would by this Means teach them the Enjoyment of the most *God-like* and *pleasing* of all *Pleasures*, that of *relieving* the *Distressed*; and would extinguish that *sordid*,
selfish

selfish Spirit, which is the *Blot* of *Humanity*. The good Lady not content with what she had already done, usher'd him into a Room, where her Husband, an aged Gentleman, was writing; to whom she related Mr. Cock's Misfortunes in as moving a Manner as she was able. The old Gentleman laid aside his Spectacles, and ask'd him several Questions, then dispatch'd his Servant into the Town, who soon return'd with two *Newfoundland* Captains, one of whom happened to be Captain *Drake*, to whom our Hero had a Letter of Recommendation given him by one of the *Bristol* Captains; and the other Captain *Morris*, whose Business having lately call'd him to *Bristol*, he had there been informed by the Captains of the Circumstances of Mr. Cock's Misfortunes; and he repeating the same now to the Mayor, Captain *Morris* confirmed his Relation, told them how he had been treated at *Bristol*, and made him a Present of a Guinea and a Great Coat, (it being then very rainy Weather;) Captain *Drake* likewise gave him a Guinea; for both these Gentlemen perfectly well knew Mr. Aaron's Father and Mother; the Mayor likewise made him a Present, and entertained him very hospitably in his House. In the same Character he visited Sir *Hafwell Tent*, and several other Gentlemen, raising considerable Contributions.

This Activity and Ingenuity of their new King, was highly agreeable to the Community of the *Mendicants*, and his Applauses resound-

ed at all their Meetings : But as Fortune delights to change the Scene, and of a sudden to depress those she hath most favour'd, we come now to relate the Misfortunes of our Hero (tho' we know not whether we should call them by that Name or not) as they gave him a larger Field of Action, and greater Opportunities of exercising the more manly Virtues *Courage* and *Intrepidity in Dangers*.

Going one Day to pay a Visit to Mr. Robert Incledon, at Barnstaple in Devon, (in an ill Hour, which his Knowledge could not foresee) knocking at the Door softly, it was open'd to him by his Clerk, who accosted him with the common Salutations of *How do you do Mr. Carew? Where have you been?* He readily reply'd, *That he had been making a Visit to 'Squire Basset's, and in his Return he had called to pay his Respects to Mr. Incledon;* the Clerk very civilly ask'd him to walk in, but no sooner was he enter'd, than the Door was shut upon him by Justice Lethbridge, (a very bitter Enemy to the whole Community of *Mendicants*) who had conceal'd himself behind it, & Mr. Carew was made a Prisoner. *So sudden are the Vicissitudes of Life! and Misfortunes spring as it were out of the Earth. Thus sudden and unexpected, fell the mighty Cæsar, the Master of the World; and just so, affrightened Priam look'd, when the Shade of Hector drew his Curtains, and told him that his Troy was taken.*

Mr. Bampfylde Moore Carew. 101

The Reader will undoubtedly be at a Loss to comprehend why he was thus seized upon contrary to the Laws of Hospitality; it is therefore our Business to inform him, that he had the Misfortune some Time before this, in the Shape of a poor lame Cripple, to frighten either the Justice or his Horse on *Pilton Bridge*, but which of the two it was, cannot be affirmed with any great Certainty. However, the Justice vow'd a dire *Revenge*, and now exulted greatly at having got him in his Power; *Fame* had no sooner sounded with her hundred *prattling* Tongues, that our Hero was in Captivity; but the Justice's House was crowded with Intercessors for him; however Justice *Lithbridge* was deaf to all, and even to the *Entreaties* of *Beauty*, several very pretty Ladies being likewise Advocates for him: Whether it was, that the Justice was past that Age, when *Love* shoots his Dart with most Success; or whether his Heart was always made of that *unmalleable Stuff* which is quite unassailable by *Love*, or by his *Cousin German*, *Pity*, we cannot well determine.

Among the rest who came to see him, were some Captains of Collier Vessels, whom the Justice espying, probably taking some Disgust to their Countenances, demanded who they were, and immediately discharging the Guard which had been before placed over Mr. Carew, charged the Captains with the Care of him, tho' they affirmed their Vessels were to

fail with the next Tide; however, the Justice paying as little Regard to their Allegations, as he had done before to the Petitioners for Mr. Carew, they found they had no other Hope but from that good-natur'd Dame, *Patience*: She, good Woman, is always ready to render our Misfortunes less, and was, in all his Adventures, a great Friend to our Hero.

At length a Warrant was made out for conveying him to *Exeter*, and lodged him in one of the securest Places in that City, but as it was now too late to set forward on their Journey that Night, they were ordered to a Public House in *Barnstable*; and the Justice remembering the old Proverb, *fast bind, fast find*, would fain have lock'd the Door of the Room where Mr. Carew was, and taken the Key with him; but the honest Landlord offering to become Security for his Appearance in the Morning, the Justice was at last persuaded to be content without the Office of Goaler. Mr. Carew, notwithstanding his Situation, was not cast down, but bravely opposed his ill Fortune with his Courage, and passed the Night cheerfully with the Captains, who were his Guard. The next Day he was conducted to *Exeter*, without any Thing remarkable happening on the Road: Here he was securely lodged for more than two Months, and then brought up to the Quarter Sessions held at that Castle, when Justice *Beavis* was Chairman: But that awful Appearance

The Judges all met, a terrible Show they did not strike any Terror into his Breast; tho' loaded with Chains, he preserved his usual Firmness of Mind, and saluted the Court with a noble Assurance. Being ask'd by the Chairman what Parts of the World he had been in, he answer'd, Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy, France, Spain, Portugal, Newfoundland, Ireland, Wales, and some Part of Scotland: The Chairman then told him, He must proceed to a hotter Country; he enquired into what Climate, and being told *Merryland*, he with great Composure made a critical Observation on the Pronunciation of that Word, implying, that he apprehended it ought to be pronounced *Maryland*, and added, it would save him five Pounds for his Passage, as he was very desirous of seeing that Country; but, notwithstanding, with great Resolution, desired to know by what Law they acted, as he was not accused of any Crime: However, Sentence of *Banishment* was pass'd upon him for seven Years; but his Fate was not singular, for he had the Comfort of having Fellow Companions enough in his Sufferings, as out of 35 Prisoners, 32 were order'd into the like Banishment. — Whether, at that Period of Time, Mankind were more profligate than usual; or, whether there was a more than ordinary Demand for Men in his Majesty's Colonies, cannot by us be determined.

Mr. Carew was not, as is most commonly the Case, deserted by his Friends in Adversity,
for

for he was visited during the Time of his Imprisonment, by many Gentlemen, who were exceeding liberal to him, and no sooner did the News of his Captivity reach the Ears of his Subjects, than they flock'd to him from all Parts, administer'd to his Necessities in Prison, and daily visited him till his Departure. This, and the Thoughts of the many new Scenes & Adventures which he was likely to encounter with, whereby he might have an Opportunity of making his Name as famous in *America*, as it was already in *Europe*, often fill'd his Mind with too pleasing Reflections to regret his Fate, though he could have lik'd to have perform'd the Voyage under more agreeable Circumstances; but, whenever the Thought of being cruelly separated from his beloved Wife and Daughter glanc'd on his Mind, the Husband and Father unmann'd the Hero, and melted him into *Tenderness* and *Fear*; the Reflection too of the Damage his Subjects might sustain by his Absence, and the Disorder the whole Community would be put in by it, fill'd him with many Disquietudes. Thus between pleasing Ideas, and Heartfelt Pangs, did he pass his Time, till the Day arriv'd that he was to be conducted on board the *Juliana*, Capt. *Froade*, Commander: But how, gentle Reader, shall I describe the Ceremony of Parting, the last Farewells of that dreadful Day, unless I had the abundant Wit of the ingenious Author of *Tom Jones*, who can, whenever he pleases, entertain

ertain his Readers with a Chapter upon *Nothing*; had I been blest'd with the fertile Imagination of this Gentleman, I could here have entertained the *courteous Reader* with half a Score Pages at least, in describing the Tears, the Embraces, the Adieus and Farewells of this sorrowful *Parting*.

Leaving the Reader therefore to suppose all these fine Things, behold the Sails already spread, and the Vessel cutting the Waves, but as if Fate had opposed itself to the *Banishment* of our Hero, the Winds soon proved contrary, and they were obliged to stay more than a Fortnight in *Falmouth Harbour* for a fair Wind, and thence were eleven Weeks in their Passage to *Maryland*.





C H A P. IX.

Mr. Carew arrives in Maryland; a particular Description of that Country; an Account of the Manner of sowing, cultivating, and drying Tobacco; a Description of that remarkable Animal in Maryland the flying Squirrel; the surprizing Manner of the Fishing Hawks catching Fish, and their Encounters with the bald Eagle; the Sociableness and good Nature of the Rock Bird; Mr. Carew is upon the Point of being sold for a Slave, but whilst they are bargaining for him, makes his Escape into the Woods.



THE first Place they touch'd at was Hampton, between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, where the Captain went ashore and got a Pilot; and after about two Days stay here, the Pilot brought the Vessel down Miles's River, and cast Anchor in Talbot County; when the Captain ordered a Gun to be fired as a Signal for the Planters to come down, and then went ashore; he soon after sent on Board a Hoghead of Rum, and ordered all the Men Prisoners to be close shaved against the next Morn-

Morning, and the Women to have their best Head Dresses put on, which occasioned no little Hurry on board; for between the trimming of Beards, and putting on of Caps, all Hands were fully employ'd. In the Morning the Captain order'd public Notice to be given of a Day of Sale, & the Prisoners, who were pretty near a Hundred, were all order'd upon Deck, where a large Bowl of Punch was made, and the Planters flock'd on board: Their first Enquiry was for Letters and News from *Old England*, what Passage he had, how their Friends did, and the like. The Captain informed them of War being declared against *Spain*, and that it was expected it would soon be declared against *France*; that he had been eleven Weeks and four Days in his Passage. Their next Enquiry was, if the Captain had brought them good Store of Joiners, Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Weavers, and Taylors; upon which the Captain call'd out one *Griffy*, a Taylor, who had lived at *Chumleigh*, in the County of *Devon*, and was obliged to take a Voyage to *Maryland*, for making too free with his Neighbours Sheep; two Planters, who were *Parson Nichols* and *Mr. Rolles*, ask'd him, *If he was sound Wind and Limb*, and told him, *It would be worse for him, if he told them an Untruth*; and at last purchased him of the Captain. The poor Taylor cry'd and bellow'd like a *Bell Weather*, cursing his Wife who had betray'd him: Mr. Carew, like a brave Man,

to whom every Soil is his own Country, ashamed of his Cowardice, gave the Taylor to the Devil; and as he knew he could not do without them, sent his Shears, Pressing-Iron, Thimble, and Needle, to bear him Company: *Wherefore all these Wailings*, says our Hero, *have we not a fine glorious Country before us?* pointing to the Shore; and indeed in this he was very right, for *Maryland* not only affords every Thing which preserves & confirms Health, but also all Things that are charming. The Beauty of the Prospect, the Fragrancy of the Fields & Gardens, the Brightness of the Sky, and Serenity of the Air, affect the ravish'd Senses; the Country being a large Plain, and the Hills in it so easy of Ascent, and of such a moderate Height, that they seem rather an artificial Ornament to it, than one of the Accidents of Nature. The Abundance of Rivers and Brooks is no little Help to the Fertility of the Soil.

The Winter in *Maryland* does not continue above three or four Months, *December, January, February*, and *March*, of which thirty or forty Days only are bad Weather. The Frosts are severe, but attended with a clear Sky, and don't last long. The Rains are frequent and refreshing; and the Heats of the Summer, which are most violent in *June, July*, and *August*, are much mitigated by them; and the fresh Breezes that are common in this Country, contribute much to render the Heat tolerable

to new Comers, and hardly sensible to the Inhabitants.

Most Sorts of Fruits here grow wild, and without cultivating, and they have such Plenty of Peaches, that they give them to their Hogs; their Flowers likewise are as fine as any in the World.

Tobacco is the standing Commodity of the Country, and is so beneficial to the Planter, & so natural to the Soil, that all other Improvements give Place to that. Indeed they could turn their Hands to nothing that would employ so many Slaves and Servants, and require so little Stock to manage it, or take up such a large Tract of Land; for the same Ground that is planted every Year with Tobacco, would produce, if Corn was sown there, more than all the Plantations in *America* could consume. This Plant is so common in *England*, that we need not describe it: It grows much like a Dock; and whereas in our Gardens it must be managed with as much Care as the choicest Fruit or Flower, in *Maryland* they leave it exposed to all the Injuries of the Weather, which is very favourable to it. The Tobacco of this Plantation was not at first so good as 'tis now, that of *Brasil* had once the greatest Reputation over all *Europe*; but now *Maryland* and *Virginia* has the best Price in all Markets. It is not known how the *Indians* cured theirs; they now have it all from the *English*: 'Tis said they used to let it run to Seed, only sucker-

ing the Leaves, to keep the Sprouts from growing up and starving them. When it was ripe, they pull'd them off, cured them in the Sun, and laid them up for Use. The *Maryland* Planters sow the Tobacco Seeds in Beds, as the Gardeners in *England* do Colwort Seeds; they leave them there a Month, taking Care all that Time to have them well weeded. When the Plants are about the Breadth of one's Hand, they are removed in the first rainy Weather, and transplanted into what they call *Tobacco-Hills*. In a Month's Time the Plants will be a Foot high, and they top them, & then prune off all the bottom Leaves, leaving only seven or eight on the Stalk, that they may be better fed by the Top; and these Leaves, in six Weeks Time, will be at their full Growth. The Planters prune off the Suckers, and clear them of the Horn-Worm twice a Week, which is called *Worming* and *Suckering*; and this last Work lasts three Weeks or a Month; by which Time the Leaf from green begins to turn brownish, & to spot and thicken, which is a Sign of its ripening. As fast as the Plants ripen, you must cut them down, leave them in the Field for half a Day, then heap them up, let them lie and sweat a Night, and the next Day carry them to the Tobacco-House, where every Plant is hung one by another (by a Peg which is drove into the Stalk of each Plant) at a convenient Distance, for about a Month or five Weeks; at the End of which
Time,

Time, they strike or take them down in moist Weather, when the Leaf gives, or else it will crumble to Dust; after which, they are laid upon Sticks, and covered up close in the Tobacco-House for a Week or a Fortnight to sweat; and then opening the Bulk in a wet Day, the Servants strip them and sort them, the top Leaves being the best, and the bottom the worst Tobacco. The last Work is to pack it in Hogheads, or to bundle it up, which is also done in a wet Season; for in the curing Tobacco, wet Seasons are as necessary as dry, to make the Leaf pliant, which would otherwise be brittle and break.

Besides *Lions*, *Leopards*, *Elks*, *Bears*, and other Animals which are met with in *Maryland*; there are two peculiar to the Country, which deserve to be described, viz. the *Flying Squirrel*, and the *Opoffum*.

The *Flying Squirrel* has a fleshy Substance, which it extends in its skipping from one Tree to another, like Wings, and by the Help of these he will fly, or rather skip thirty or forty Yards at a Time, from Tree to Tree.

The *Opoffum* has a Head like a Dog, and a Tail like a Rat; 'tis about the Bigness of a Cat, and the false Belly, in which the Female carries her Young, is thus described by one that saw it: 'Tis like a loose Skin quite over the Belly, which never sticks to the Flesh, but may be looked into at all Times, after they have been concerned in Procreation. In the

hinder Part of it is an Overture big enough for a small Hand to pass; and thither the young ones, after they are full haired, and strong enough to run about, fly when any Danger appears, or when they go to rest or suck, and continue to do so till they have learnt to live without their Dam. The strangest Part of this Description is, that the young ones are bred in this false Belly, without ever having been in the true one. They are formed at the Teat, and grow there for several Week together, till they are in perfect Shape, and have Strength, Sight, and Hair: They then drop off, and rest in this false Belly, going in and out at Pleasure. They are to be seen fastened to a Teat from the Bigness of a Fly, till they become as large as a Mouse. Neither is it any Hurt to the old one to open the Bag and look in upon her Young.

There were no Rats nor Mice in *Maryland* when the *English* first landed; but they soon multiplied so from the *English* Shipping, that once there was like to have been a Sort of Rat-Plague among the Planters.

There is no Country more remarkable for the Variety of Birds in it, than *Maryland*; where the Woods and Groves in the Spring, Summer, Autumn, and almost all the Year, are rendered as delightful by the Music of the feathered Choirs, as by the Coolness of their Shades, or the Fragrancy of their Flowers. Among these the Rock-Birds are the most divert-

diverting; they love Society so well, that whenever they see Mankind, they will perch upon a Twig near the Person, and sing the sweetest Airs in the World. The next is the Humming-Bird, who revels among the Flowers, and licks off the Dew and Honey from the Leaves: 'Tis not half so large as an English Wren, and its Colour is a shining Mixture of Scarlet, Green, and Gold.

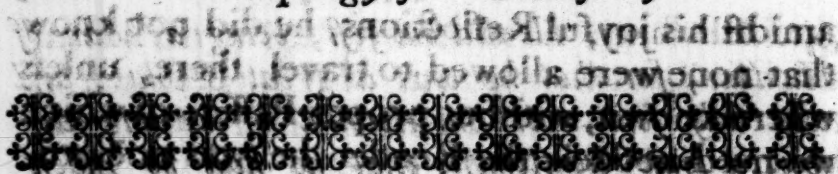
As for Fish, there is such a prodigious Plenty of them, that it is hardly credible to an European. Many of these Fish will leap into Cannoes and Boats, as the English or Indians cross a River.

The Manner of the Fishing-Hawks here preying upon Fish, is very diverting and remarkable. The Sport is to be seen every Summer in the Morning, and sometimes all Day long. These Hawks are wonderful eager after their Game, when the Fish first come in the Spring. In the dead of the Winter they fish further off at Sea, or remain among the uninhabited Islands upon the Sea Coast. They have often been seen to catch Fish out of the Water and as they were flying away with their Prey, the bald Eagles have taken it from them again. The Fishing-Hawk will hover over the Water and rest upon the Wing some Minutes together, then from a vast Height dart down at once into the Water, plunge into it for the Space of half a Minute, and at last bring up a Fish with him so big, that he can

hardly carry it. When he is on the Wing, he shakes himself so strongly, that the Water comes off of him like a Mist; & then he flies to the Woods with his Prey, unless the bald Eagle intercepts him, and takes it away from him. This Bird, as soon as he perceives the Fishing-Hawk with the Game in his Mouth, pursues him, and strives to get above him in the Air, which if he can do, the Hawk lets his Fish drop, and the Eagle leaves him to take up his Prey, which he shoots after with such surprising Swiftneſs, that he catches it in the Air before it falls to the Ground. The Fishing-Hawks, when the Seasons are extraordinary plentiful, will catch a Fish, and loiter about with it in the Air, on Purpose to have a Chace with the Eagle for it, and if the Eagle does not come, he'll make a daring Noise, as if it were to defy him. This Sport has been frequently ſeen, and by the Deſcription of it, muſt certainly be extremely pleaſant to the Spectators.

But to return: When all the beſt Tradeſmen were bought up, a Planter came to Mr. Carew, and aſk'd him what Trade he was of: Mr. Carew, to ſatisfy him of his Uſefulneſs, told him he was a Rat-Catcher, a Mendicant, and a Dog-Merchant? What the Devil Trades are thoſe? replies the Planter, in Aſtoniſhment, for I have never before heard of them. Upon which the Captain, thinking he ſhould loſe the Sale of him, takes the Planter a little aſide, and

and tells him, *He did but jest, being a Man of Humour, for that he was a great Scholar, and was only sent over on Account of having disoblige'd some Gentlemen; that he had no Indenture with him, but he should have him for seven Years, and that he would make an excellent School-Master.* However, no Purchase was made of him. The next Day the Captain ask'd him to go on Shore with him to see the Country, but indeed with a View of getting a Purchase for him among the Planters. As they were walking, several People came up to Mr. Carew, and ask'd him what Countryman he was, &c. At length they went to a Tavern, where one Mr. David Huxter, who was formerly of Lyme in Dorset, and Mr. Hambleton, a Scotchman, seem'd to have an Inclination to buy him between them: Soon after came in one Mr. Ashcraft, who put in for him too, and then the Bowl of Punch went round merrily. In the midst of their Mirth, Mr. Carew, who had given no Consent to the Bargain they were making for him, thought it no Breach of Honour or good Manners to take an Opportunity of slipping away, without taking any Leave of them; and taking with him about a Pint of Brandy, and some Biscuit Cakes, which, by good Luck, he chanc'd to lay his Hands on, he immediately betook himself to the Woods, as the only Place of Security for him.



C H A P.

X.

Mr. Carew congratulates himself on his Escape, and flatters himself that he shall find Means to regain his native Country; but is soon stopped on his Journey, by an unforeseen Difficulty: He is seized upon and carried Prisoner to New Town: He there meets unexpectedly with Friends: They resolve to purchase his Freedom; but he refuses their Offer, and desires to be delivered up to Captain Froade, from whom he had made his Escape. The cruel Treatment he meets with from the Captain, and the Method taken to prevent his escaping again.

MR. CAREW having found he had eluded their Search, congratulated himself on his happy Escape and Deliverance; for he now made no Doubt of getting to Old England again, notwithstanding the Difficulties which lay in his Way; as he knew his Courage was equal to every Danger; but we are too often apt, as the Proverb says, *To reckon without our Host*, and are oftentimes nearest Danger when we think ourselves most secure; and so it happened to our Hero at this Time, for,
amidst

amidst his joyful Reflections, he did not know that none were allowed to travel there, unless where known, without proper Passes, of which we need not tell the Reader he was not provided; and there is moreover a Reward of 5*l.* for any one who apprehends a Runaway: It therefore happened that one Morning early, going through a narrow Path, he was met by four Timber Men going to Work; he would fain have escaped their Observation, but they soon hail'd him, and demanded where he was going, and where his Pass was? These were Questions which he would willingly have been excused from answering; however, as his Wit was always ready, he immediately told them he belonged to the *Hector* Privateer, (which he knew then lay upon the Coast) and that he was going on some Business for the Captain to *Charles* County; but, as he could produce no Pass, this would not satisfy them; so they seized upon him, and conducted him to one Colonel *Brown*, a Justice of the Peace, in *Anne Arundel* County.—But here most gentle Reader, that thou may'st not form wrong Ideas of this Justice, and (as too often is the Case) judge of what thou hast not seen from what thou hast seen, it will be necessary to inform thee, that he was not such a one as *Hudibras* describes:

*An old dull Sot, who told the Clock
For many Years at Bridewell-Dock,*

At

*At Westminster and Hick's Hall,
 And Hickius Doccius play'd in all.
 Where in all Governments and Times,
 He had been both Friend and Foe to Crimes,
 And us'd two equal Ways of gaining,
 By hindering Justice, or maintaining.*

Neither was he such a *one* as that excellent Artist Mr. Hogarth has depicted, in his Picture of *A Modern Midnight Conversation*; nor such a *one* as the Author of *Joseph Andrews* has, above all others, so inimitably drawn to the Life; nor yet was he such a *one* as thou hast often seen at a *Quarter-Sessions*, with a large *Wig*, a heavy unmeaning *Countenance*, and a sour *Aspect*, who gravely nods over a *Cause*, and then passes a *Decision* on what he does not understand; and no *Wonder*, when he, perhaps, never saw, much less ever read, the *Laws* of his Country. But of Justice Brown, I can assure the Reader, he could not only read, but upon Occasion write a *Mittimus*, without the Assistance of his Clerk; he was thoroughly acquainted with the general *Duties* of his Office, and the particular *Laws* of *Maryland*; his *Countenance* was an awful *Majesty*, tempered with a humane *Sweetness*, ever unwilling to punish, yet always afraid of offending *Justice*; and if, at any Time, *Necessity* obliged him to use the *Rod*, he did it with so much *Humanity* and *Compassion*, as plainly indicated the *Duties* of his Office forced, rather than the

the Cruelty or Haughtiness of his Temper prompted him to it; and whilst the unhappy Criminal suffered a corporal Punishment, he did all that lay in his Power, to the End that it might have a due Effect, by endeavouring to amend the Mind with salutary Advice: If the Exigencies of the State required Taxes to be levied upon the Subject, he never, by his Authority or Office, excused himself from bearing his full Proportion, nor would he meanly submit to see any of his Fellow Justices do so.

It was before such a Justice, Mr. Carew had the good Fortune to be carried; they found him in his Court-Yard, just mounting his Horse to go out; he very civilly enquired their Business; the Timber Men told him they had got a Runaway; the Justice then enquired of Mr. Carew who he was; he replied, he was a Seafaring Man, belonging to the *Hector* Privateer of Boston, Captain *Anderson*, and that as they could not agree, he had left the Ship. The Justice told him he was sorry it should happen so; but he was obliged, by the Duty of his Office, and the Laws of his Country, to stop all Passengers who could not produce Passes; and that therefore, tho' unwillingly, he should be obliged to commit him: He then entertained him very plentifully with Victuals and Drink, and in the mean Time made his Commitment for New Town Gaol. Mr. Carew finding his Commitment made, told the Timber Men, "That as they had got their
" Money

“ Money so very easily, he would have a
“ Horse to ride on, for it was too hot for
“ him to walk in that Country.” The Jus-
tice merrily cry’d, “ Well spoken Prisoner.”
There was then a great ado with the Timber
Men to get a Horse for him; but at last
one was procured, and our Hero, mounted
on a Milk-white Steed, was conveyed in a Sort
of *Triumph*, to *New Town*, the Timber Men
performing the Cavalcade on Foot. The
Commitment was directed to the Under-She-
riff in *New Town*, a Sadler by Profession, who
immediately waited upon him to the Prison;
he found it well peopled, and his Ears were
confused with almost as many Dialects as put
a Stop to the Building of *Babel*: Mr. Carew
saluted them courteously, and enquired what
Countrymen they were; some were of *Kil-
kenny*, some *Limerick*, some *Dublin*, others of
Somerset, *Dorset*, *Devon*, and *Cornwall*; so
that he found he had Choice enough of Com-
panions; and, as he saw he had no Remedy
but *Patience*, he endeavoured to amuse himself
as well as he could. Looking through the
Iron Bars, he espied the Whipping-Post and
Gallows, at which he turns to his Companions
and cries out, A fine Sight truly this is, my
Friends! Which was a Jest many of them
could not truly relish, as they had before tasted
of the Whipping-Post: Looking on the other
Side, he saw a fine House, & demanding whose
it was, they told him it was the Assembly-
House:

House: While he was thus amusing himself, reflecting on the Variety of his Fate, Fortune was preparing a more agreeable Scene for him: A Person coming up to the Window, ask'd where the Runaway was, who had been brought in that Day; Mr. Carew composedly told him he was the Man: They then enter'd into Discourse, enquiring of each other of what Country they were, and soon found they were pretty near Neighbours, the Person who address'd him being one of *Dorsetshire*. While they were thus talking, Mr. Carew seeing the Tops of some Vessels riding in the River, enquired what Place they belong'd to; the Man replied, to the West of *England*, to one Mr. *Buck* of *Bideford*, to whom most of the Town belonged. Our Hero's Heart leaped for Joy at this good News, and he hastily ask'd, if the Captains *Kenny*, *Harvey*, *Hopkins*, and *George Burd* were there. The Man replying in the Affirmative, still heightened his Satisfaction. "Will you have the Goodness to be an unfortunate Prisoner's Friend," says he to the Person he was talking with, "and present my humble Duty to any of them, but particularly to Captain *Harvey*, and inform them I am here?" The Man very civilly replied, "He would do it;" and ask'd what he should tell them to be his Name? Carew, replied our Hero. Away runs the Messenger with great Haste, but before he had got half Way, forgetting the Name, runs back again to

ask it; Tell them my Name is *Carew* the *Rat-catcher*. Away goes the Man again, repeating all the Way *Carew Rat-catcher*, lest he should forget it a second Time; and he now executed his Message so well, that very soon after up came the Captains to the Goal Door, enquiring what *Carew Rat-catcher* wanted to speak with them? Mr. *Carew*, who heard them, answered with a Tintivy and Halloo to the Dogs; upon which Captain *Harvey* swore it was *Carew*, and fell a laughing very heartily: Then coming up to the Window, they very cordially shook Hands with him, saying, "They should as soon have expected to have seen Sir Robert *Walpole* there as him." They then enquired by what Means he came there, and he informed them circumstantially of every Thing as aforementioned. The Captains asked him, if he would drink a Glass of Rum, which he accepting of very gladly in his present Condition, one of them sent down to the Store-House for a Bottle of Rum, and a Bottle of *October*, and then they all came into the Gaol, and sat down with him. Thus did he see himself once more unexpectedly surrounded by his Friends, so that he scarce regretted his meeting with the Timber Men, as they had brought him into so good Company: He was so elevated with his good Fortune, that he forgot all his Misfortunes, and passed the Evening as chearfully as if he was neither a Slave,
nor

nor a Prisoner. The Captains enquired, if he had been sold to a Planter before he made his Escape. He replying in the Negative, they told him, "That unless his Captain came and demanded him, he would be publickly sold the next Court-Day." When they took their Leaves, they told him they would see him again the next Morning.

Accordingly they returned very early, and as soon as they had got Admittance into the Prison, hailed him with the pleasing Sound of Liberty; telling him, "They had agreed among themselves to purchase him, then give him his Release, and furnish him with proper Passes." But instead of receiving this joyful News with the Transports they expected, our Hero stood for some Time silent, and lost in Thought. During this while, he reflected within himself, whether his Honour would permit him to purchase his Liberty on these Terms; and it was, indeed, no little Struggle which passed in his Breast on this Occasion: On the one Side, Liberty, with all her Charms, presented herself, and woo'd to be accepted, supported by Fear, who set before his Eyes all the Horror and Cruelties of a severe Slavery; on the other Side, Dame Honour, with a majestick Mien, forbid him, sounding loudly in his Ears, how it would read in future Story, "That the ingenious Mr. Carew had no Contrivance to regain his lost Liberty, but meanly to

“ purchase it at his Friends Expence. For
 some Time did these Passions remain in Equi-
 poise, as thou hast often seen the Scales of
 some honest Tradesman, before he weighs his
 Commodity; but at length Honour preponde-
 rated, and Liberty and Fear flew up and kick'd
 the Beam. He therefore told the Captains,
 “ He had the most grateful Sense of this In-
 “ stance of their Love, but that he could ne-
 “ ver consent to purchase his Freedom at
 “ their Expence; and therefore desired they
 “ would only do him the Favour to acquaint
 “ Captain Froade of his being there. The
 Captains were quite amazed at this Resolu-
 tion, and used great Entreaties to persuade
 him to alter it, but all in vain; so that at
 last they were obliged to comply with his
 Request, in writing to Captain Froade. And
 here, charmed with the Beauty of it, we must
 beg Leave of our Reader to expatiate a little on
 this noble Action of our Hero; which, in our
 Judgment, as far surpasses all the Actions of that
 celebrated Hero of the Age, Tom Jones, as
 Mount Ararat*, or the lofty Alps, exceed the
 humble Hills of Maryland, none of which are
 above fifty Yards high.

Captain Froade received, with great Pleasure,
 the News of his being in Custody at New-
 Town; and soon sent round his Long-Boat,
 paid all Costs and Charges, and brought him

* This Mountain is reckoned one of the highest in the World,
 and that on which NOAH'S Ark is supposed to have first rested.

once more on board his Ship. The Captain received him with a great deal of malicious Satisfaction in his Countenance, telling him in a taunting Manner, "That though he had promised Sir William Courtenay to be at Home before him, he should find himself dampably mistaken;" and then, with a tyrannic Tone, bid him strip, calling to the Boatswain to bring up a Cat and nine Tails, and tie him to the main Gears; accordingly our Hero was obliged to undergo a cruel and shameful Punishment.—Here, gentle Reader, if thou hast not a Heart made of something harder than Adamant, thou canst not chuse but melt at the Sufferings of our Hero; he who but just before did what would have immortalized the Name of a Caesar or Alexander, is now rewarded for it with cruel and ignominious Stripes, far from his native Country, Wife, Children, or any Friends, and still doomed to undergo severer Hardships. As soon as the Captain had sufficiently satisfied his Revenge, he ordered Mr. Carew on Shore, taking him to a Blacksmith, whom he ordered to make an heavy Iron Collar for him, which in Maryland they call a Pot-Hook, and is usually put about the Necks of the run-away Slaves. When it was fastened on, the Captain jeeringly cry'd, "Now run away if you can; I will make you help to load this Vessel, and then I'll take Care of you, and send you to the Iron Works of Susky Hallam."

One Day, as he was employed in his
Drudgery, reflecting within himself upon
his unhappy Condition, he unexpectedly less



has been before related, had offered to re-
turn at New Town. He was overjoyed at

C H A P. VIII. Sight of them, but only as they were

Mr. Carew, by Hardships and Severities, is almost driven to Despair; is unexpectedly visited by some Friends: They contrive his Escape, and advise him to travel through the Indians Country, to avoid being retaken: A particular Description of the Indian Nations; their Government, Religion, Manners, and Customs: The uncommon Ceremony of Husk-nawing.

CAPTAIN Froade soon after left the Vessel, & went up to a Store-house at Tuckhoe, and the first Mate to Kent Island, whilst the second Mate and Boatswain kept the Ship: In the mean time our Hero was employed in loading the Vessel, and doing all Manner of Drudgery; gall'd with a heavy Yoke, and narrowly watched, he began to lose all Hopes of Escape; his Spirits began now to fail him, and he gave himself up almost to Despair, little thinking his Deliverance to be so near at Hand as he found it soon to be.

One

One Day, as he was employed in his usual Drudgery, reflecting within himself upon his unhappy Condition, he unexpectedly sees his good Friends the Captains *Harvey* and *Hopkins*, two of the *Bideford* Captains, who, as has been before related, had offered to redeem him at *New Town*: He was overjoyed at the Sight of them, not that he expected any Deliverance from them, but only as they were Friends he had been so much obliged to. The Captains came up and enquired very kindly how it fared with him, and how he bore the Drudgery they saw him employed in; adding, "That he had better have accepted the Offer they made him at *New Town*." Our Hero gallantly replied, "That however severe the Hardships he underwent, and were they still more so, he would rather chuse to suffer them, than purchase Liberty at their Cost." The Captains, charmed with this Generosity, were resolved to make one Attempt more to get him his Liberty: They soon after sounded the Boatswain and Mate, and finding them not greatly averse to give him an Opportunity of escaping, they took him aside, and thus addressing him, "Friend *Carew*, the Offer we made you at *New Town*, may convince you of the Regard we have for you; we therefore cannot think of leaving the Country, before we have, by some Means or other, procured your Liberty; we have already sounded the

" Boatswain

“ Boatwain and Mate, and find we can
 “ bring them to wink at your Escape; but
 “ the greatest Obstacle is, that there is forty
 “ Pounds Penalty, and half a Year’s Impri-
 “ sonment, for any one that takes off your
 “ Iron Collar; so that you must be obliged
 “ to travel with it, till you come among the
 “ friendly *Indians*, many Miles distant from
 “ hence, who will assist you to take it off;
 “ for they are great Friends to the *English*,
 “ and trade with us for Lattens, Kettles,
 “ Frying-Pans, Guns, Powder and Shot;
 “ giving us in Exchange, Buffalo and Deer
 “ Skins, with other Sorts of Furs; but there
 “ are two other Sorts of *Indians*, one of which
 “ are distinguished by a very flat Forehead,
 “ who use Cross-Bows in Fighting, the other
 “ of a very dwarf Stature, who are great Ene-
 “ mies, and very cruel, to the Whites; these
 “ you must endeavour by all means to avoid,
 “ for if you fall into their Hands they will
 “ certainly murder you.” — *And here the*
Reader will, we make no Doubt, be pleased to see
some Account of the Indians, among whom our
Hero was treated with so much Kindness and Ci-
vility, as we shall relate in its proper Place.

At the first settling of *Maryland*, there were
 several Nations of them governed by petty
 Kings. Mr. *Calvert*, Lord *Baltimore*’s Bro-
 ther, who was sent by him to make the first
 Settlement in *Maryland*, landed at *Patowmeck*
 Town, where the *Werowance* being a Child,
Archihau,

Archibau, his Uncle, who governed his Territories in his Minority, received the *English* in a friendly Manner. From Patowmack the Governor went to Piscattaway, about twenty Leagues higher, where he found many *Indians* assembled, and among them an *Englishman*, Captain *Henry Fleet*, who had lived there several Years in great Esteem with the Natives. Captain *Fleet* brought the Werowance or Prince on board the Governor's Pinnace, to treat with him. Mr. *Calvert* asked him, "Whether he was willing he and his should settle in his Country, in Case they found a Place convenient for them?" The Werowance replied, "I will not bid you go; neither will I bid you stay, but you may use your own Discretion." The *Indians* finding their Werowance staid on board longer than they expected, crowded down to the Water-side to look after him, fearing the *English* had killed him, & they were not satisfied, till he shewed himself to them, to appease them. The Natives, who fled from *St. Clement's* Isle, when they saw the *English* came as Friends, returned to their Habitations; and the Governor not thinking it advisable to settle so high up the River, in the Infancy of that Colony, sent his Pinnace down the River, and went with Captain *Fleet* to a River on the North side of *Patowmack*, within four or five Leagues of its Mouth, which is called *St. George's* River. He went up four Leagues in his

his Long-Boat, and came to the Town of *Roamago*, from whence the *Indians* of that Neighbourhood are called *Roamacoës*. The Governor landed, and treated with the *Werowance* there, acquainting him with the Occasion of his Coming; to which the *Indian* said little, but inviting him to his House, entertain'd him very kindly, and gave him his own Bed to lie on. The next Day he shewed him the Country, & the Governor determining to make his first Settlement there, ordered his Ship and Pinnaces to come thither to him. To make his Entry the more safe & peaceable, he presented the *Werowance* and Wifes, or principal Men of the Town, with some *English* Cloth, Axes, Houghs and Knives, which they accepted very kindly, & freely consented that he & his Company should dwell in one Part of their Town, reserving the other for themselves. Those *Indians* who inhabited that Part which was assigned to the *English*, readily abandoned their Houses to them; and Mr. *Calvert* immediately set all Hands to work, to plant Corn. The Natives agreed further, to leave the whole Town to the *English*, as soon as their Harvest was in; which they did accordingly, and both *English* and *Indians* promised to live friendly together. If any Injury was done to either Part, the Nation offending was to make Satisfaction. Thus, on the 27th of *March*, 1634, the Governor took Possession of the Town, and named it *St. Mary's*.

There

There happen'd an Event which very much facilitated this Treaty with the *Indians*. The *Sasquehanocks*, a warlike People, dwelling between *Cheapeake Bay* and *Delawar Bay*, were wont to make Incursions on their Neighbours, partly for Dominion and partly for Booty, of which the Women were most desired by them. The *Yomacoes* fearing these *Sasquehanocks*, had, a Year before the *English* arrived, resolved to desert their Habitations, and remove higher into the Country; many of them were actually gone, and the rest preparing to follow them. The Ship and Pinnaces arriving at the Town, the *Indians* were amazed and terrified at the Sight of them, especially at hearing their Cannon thunder, when they came to an Anchor.

The first Thing that Mr. *Calvert* did, was to fix a Court of Guard, and erect a Store-house; and he had not been there many Days, before Sir *John Harvey*, Governor of *Virginia*, came thither to visit him, as did several *Indian* Werowances, and many other *Indians*, from several Parts of the Continent: Among others, came the King of *Patuxent*, and being carried aboard the Ship then at Anchor in the River, was placed between the Governor of *Virginia*, and the Governor of *Maryland*, at an Entertainment made for him and others. A *Patuxent Indian* coming aboard, and seeing his King thus seated, started back, thinking he was surprized; he would fain have leaped over-board,

board, and could not be persuaded to enter the Cabin, till the Werowance himself came and satisfied him he was in no Danger. This King had formerly been taken Prisoner by the *English* of *Virginia*. After the Store-House was finished, and the Ship unladen, Mr. Calvert ordered the Colours to be brought ashore, which was done with great Solemnity, the Gentlemen and their Servants attending in Arms; several Volleys were fired a Ship-board and ashore, as also the Cannon, at which the Natives were struck with Admiration, such at least as had not heard the Firing of Pieces of Ordnance before, to whom it could not but be dreadful.

The Kings of *Patuxent* and *Yoamaco* were present at this Ceremony, with many other *Indians* of *Yoamaco*; and the Werowance of *Patuxent* took that Occasion to advise the *Indians* of *Yoamaco* to be careful to keep the League they had made with the *English*. He staid in Town several Days, and was full of his *Indian* Compliments: When he went away, he made this Speech to the Governor; "I love the
 " *English* so well, that if they should go about
 " to kill me, if I had so much Breath as to
 " speak, I would command my People not
 " to revenge my Death; for I know they
 " would not do such a Thing, except it was
 " through my own Fault."

This Infant Colony supplied themselves with *Indian* Corn at *Barbadoes*; which at their first

Arrival

Arrival they began to use, to save their *English* Store of Meal and Oatmeal. The *Indian* Women perceiving their Servants did not know how to dress it, made their Bread for them, and taught them to do it themselves. There was *Indian* Corn enough in the Country, and these new Adventurers soon after shipped off 10,000 Bushels for *New England*, to purchase Salt Fish, and other Provisions. While the *Indians* and *English* lived at *St. Mary's* together, the Natives went every Day to hunt with the new Comers for Deer and Turkies, which, when they had caught, they gave to the *English*, or sold for Knives, Beads, and such like Trifles. They also brought them good Store of Fish, and behaved themselves very kindly, suffering their Women and Children to come among them, which was a certain Sign of their Confidence in them.

Most of the *Indians* still follow the Religion and Customs of their Ancestors; and are not become either more pious or more polite by the Company of the *English*.

As to their Religion, they have all of them some dark Notions of GOD; and some of them brighter ones, if a Person may be believ'd, who had this Confession from the Mouth of an *Indian*, " That they believed GOD was
 " universally beneficent; that his Dwelling
 " was in Heaven above, and the Influences of
 " his Goodness reached to the Earth beneath;
 " that he was incomprehensible in his Excel-
 M lence,

" silence, and enjoy'd all possible Felicity; that
 " his Duration was eternal, his Perfection
 " boundless; and that he possesses everlasting
 " Happiness." So far the Savage talked as
 rationally of the Being of a GOD, as a Chris-
 tian Divine or Philosopher could have done;
 but when he came to justify their worshipping
 of the *Devil*, whom they call *Okee*, his No-
 tions were very heterodox. He said, "'Tis
 " true GOD is the Giver of all good Things,
 " but they flow naturally and promiscuously
 " from him; that they are shower'd down
 " upon all Men indifferently, without Distinc-
 " tion; that GOD does not trouble himself
 " with the impertinent Affairs of Men, nor is
 " concerned at what they do; but leaves them
 " to make the most of their free Will, and to
 " secure as many as they can of the good
 " Things that flow from him; that therefore
 " it was to no Purpose, either to fear or wor-
 " ship him; but, on the contrary, if they did
 " not pacify the evil Spirit, he would ruin
 " their Health, Peace, and Plenty, he being
 " always visiting them in the Air, Thunder,
 " Storms, &c.

As to the Idol which they all worship and is
 kept in a Temple, called *Quiocasau*, he seem'd
 to have a very indifferent Opinion of his Divi-
 nity, and cried out upon the Juggling of the
 Priests.—This Man does not talk as a com-
 mon Savage, and therefore we may suppose he
 had studied the Matter more than his Country-
 men;

men; who, for the Generality, pay a great deal of Devotion to the Idol, and worship him as their chief Delty.

Their Priests and Conjurors are highly revered by them: They are given extreamly to pawawing or conjuring, and one of them very lately conjured a Shower of Rain for a Gentleman's Plantation in a Time of Drought, for two Bottles of Rum. We are not apt to give Credit to such supernatural Events, and had we not found this in an Author who was on the Spot, we should have rejected it as a Fable.

Their Priests promise fine Women, eternal Spring, & every Pleasure in Perfection in the other World, which charmed them in this; and threaten them with Lakes of Fire, & Torments by a Fairy, in the Shape of an old Woman. They are often bloody in their Sacrifices, & offer up young Children to the Devil. They have a superstitious Ceremony among them, which they call *Huskanawing*, and is performed thus: They shut up ten or twelve young Men, the most deserving among them, about twenty Years of Age, in a strong Inclosure, made on Purpose, like a Sugar-loaf, and every Way open like a Lattice, for the Air to pass through. They are kept there for several Months, and are allow'd to have no Sustainance but the Infusion or Decoction of poisonous intoxicating Roots, which turn their Brain, and they run stark mad.

By this 'tis pretended they lose the Remembrance of all former Things, even of their Parents, Place of Birth, and Language, as if they had drank of the Water of Oblivion, drawn out of the Lake of *Lethe*.

When they have been in this Condition as long as their Customs direct, they lessen this intoxicating Potion; & by Degrees the young Men recover the Use of their Senses: But before they are quite well, they are shown in their Towns; and the Youth who have been *huskanaw'd* are afraid to discover the least Sign of their remembering any Thing of their past Lives; for in such Case, they must be *huskanaw'd* again; and they are disciplin'd so severely the second Time, that it generally kills them.

After the young Men have passed this Trial, they are *Coucarouses*, or Men of Quality in their Nations; and the *Indians* say they do it to take away from Youth all childish Impressions, and that strong Partiality to Persons and Things, which is contracted before Reason comes to take Place.

The *Indian* Priests, to command the Respect of the People, make themselves look as ugly and as terrible as they can: The Conjurors always share with them in their Deceit, and they gain by it: The *Indians* consult both of them before they go on any Enterprize: There are no Priestesses or Witches among them. They erect Altars on every remarkable Occasion, &
have

have Temples built like their common Cabins, in which their Idol stands, and the Corpses of their Kings and Rulers are preserved.

They have no Sort of Literature among them; and their Way of communicating Things from one to the other, is by Hieroglyphicks. They make their Accounts by Units, Tens, Hundreds, &c. as the *English* do; but they reckon their Years by Cohonks or Winters, and divide every Year into five Seasons, the budding Time, the Earing of the Corn, the Summer, the Harvest, and the Winter.

Their Months they count by Moons. They divide the Day into 3 Parts, the Rise, Power, and Lowering of the Sun; and keep their Accounts by Knots on a String, or Notches on a Stick; of which Capt. *Smith* relates a pleasant Story: That when the Princess *Pocahonta* came for *England*, a *Goucarouse*, or Lord of her own Nation, attended her; his Name was *Uttamaccomack*; and the King *Powhatan*, *Pocahonta's* Father, commanded him, when he arrived in *England*, to count the People, and give him an Account of their Number. *Uttamaccomack*, when he came ashore, got a Stick, intending to count them by Notches; but he soon found that his Arithmetic would be to no Purpose, and threw away his Stick. At his Return, the King asked him, How many People there were? And he replied, "Count the Stars in the Sky, the Leaves upon the Trees, and the Sand upon the Sea"

Shore, and you will know how many
 For Fish is the Number of the People in
 England.

They esteem the Marriage Vow as the most
 sacred of all Engagements, and abhor Divor-
 ces: Adultery is the most unpardonable of
 Crimes amongst them.

Their Maidens are very chaste, and if any
 one of them happens to have a Child before
 Marriage, her Fortune is spoiled. They are
 very sprightly and good-humour'd, and the
 Women generally handsome. Their Manner
 of handling Infants is very rough: As soon as
 the Child is born, they plunge it over Head
 and Ears in cold Water, & then bind it naked
 to a Board, making a Hole in the proper Place
 for Evacuation. Between the Child and the
 Board, they put some Cotton Wool, or Fur,
 and let it lie in this Posture till the Bones begin
 to harden, the Joints to knit, & the Limbs to
 grow strong: Then they loosen it from the
 Board, and let it crawl about where it pleases.
 From this Custom 'tis said the *Indians* derive
 the Cleanness and Exactness of their Limbs,
 which are the most perfect in the World.
 Some of them are of a gigantic Stature, live
 to a greater Age, and are stronger than others;
 but there is never a crooked, bandy-legg'd, or
 ill-shapen *Indian* to be seen. Some Nations of
 them are very tall, & large limb'd, but others
 are short and small: Their Complexion is a
 Chestnut-Brown and Tawny. They paint
 themselves

themselves with a Peacon-Root, which stains them of a reddish Colour. They are clear when they are young, greasing and sunning makes their Skin turn hard and black. Their Hair, for the most Part, is Coal black, so are their Eyes. They wear their Hair cut after several whimsical Modes, the Persons of Note always keeping a long Lock behind: The Women wear it very long, hanging it at their Backs, or twisted up with Beads; and all the better Sort adorn their Heads with a Kind of Coronet. The Men have no Beards, and to prevent their having any, use certain Devices, which they will not communicate to the *English*.

Their Clothes are a Mantle girt close in the Middle, and underneath a Piece of Cloth tied round their Waist, and reaching down to the Middle of the Thigh: The common Sort only tie a Piece of Cloth or Skin round the Middle. As for their Food, they boil, broil, or roast, all the Meat they eat: *Homony* is their standing Dish, and consists of *Indian Corn* soaked, broken in a Mortar, and boiled in Water over a gentle Fire for ten or twelve Hours together. They draw and pluck their Fowl, skin and paunch their Quadrupeds; but dress their Fish with their Scales on, without gutting: They leave the Scales, Entrails, and Bones, till they eat the Fish, when they throw the Offals away. Their Food is chiefly Beavers, Turtle, several Species of Snakes, Broth

Broth made of Deer's Humbles, Pease, Beans, &c. They have no set Meals; they eat when they are hungry, and drink nothing but Water. Their Bread is made of *Indian* Corn, wild Oats, or the Seed of the Sun-flower: They eat it alone, and not with Meat.

They travel always on Foot, with a Gun or Bow. They live upon the Game they kill, and lie under a Tree, upon a little high Grass. The *English* prohibit them keeping of Cows, Sheep, or Hogs, lest they should steal their Neighbours.

When they come to Rivers, they presently patch up a Canoe of Birch Bark, cross over in it, and leave it on the River's Bank, if they think they shall not want it; otherwise they carry it along with them.

Their Way of receiving Strangers is by the Pipe or *Calumet* of Peace. Of this *Pere Hennepin* has given a large Account in his Voyages, and the Pipe is as follows: They fill a Pipe of Tobacco, longer & bigger than any common Pipe, light it, and then the Chief of them takes a Whiff, gives it to the Stranger, and if he smokes of it, 'tis Peace: If not, War: If Peace, the Pipe is handed all round the Company.

The Diseases of the *Indians* are very few, and easy to be cured: They for the most Part arise from excessive Heats and Colds, which they get off by sweating. As for Aches, and settled Pains in the Joints or Limbs,

Limbs, they use Caustics and Scarifying. Their Priests are their Physicians, and from their Childhood are taught the Nature & Use of Simples, in which their Knowledge is excellent; but they will not communicate it, pretending 'tis a Gift of God's: And by this Mystery they make it the more valuable.

Their Riches consist in Furs, Peak, Roenoke and Pearl. Their Peak and Roenoke are made of Shells; the Peak is an *English* Buglass; the Roenoke is a Piece of Cockle drilled through like a Bead. Before the *English* came among them, the Peak and Roenoke were all their Treasure; but now they set a Value on their Fur and Pearl, and are greedy of keeping Quantities together. The Pearl is good, and formerly was not so rare as 'tis at this Time.

They had no Iron Tools before the *English* brought them over: Their Knives were sharpened Reeds or Shells, their Axes sharp Stones. They rubbed Fire, by turning the End of a hard Piece of Wood upon the Side of one that is soft and dry, which at last would burn. They fell'd great Trees by burning them down at the Root, having Ways of keeping the Fire from ascending. They hollowed them with a gentle Fire, and scrap'd the Trunk clean; and this made their Canoes, of which some were 30 Feet long. They are very good Handicraftsmen, and what they do is generally neat and convenient.

Their

Their Kingdoms descended to the next Heir, Male or Female; and they were very exact in preserving the Succession in the right Line. If, as it often happened, one great Prince subjected the other, those Conquests commonly were lost at his Death, and the Nations returned again to the Obedience of their natural Princes. They have no written Laws, neither can they have any, having no Letters. Their Lands are in common, and their Werowances, or Judges, are all Lord-Chancellors, deciding Causes and inflicting Punishments according as they think fit. These Werowances, and the Coucarouses, are their Terms to distinguish their Men of Quality; the former are their War Captains, and the latter such as have past the Tryal of Huskanawing. Their Priests and Conjurors have great Authority among them. They have Servants, whom they call *Black-Boys*, and are very exact in requiring the Respect that is due to their several Qualities.

Most of the *Indians* live on the Eastern Shore, where they have two or three little Towns: Some of them come over to the other Side in Winter-time to hunt for Deer, being generally employed by the *English*. They take Delight in nothing else, and 'tis very rare that any of them will embrace the Christian Way of Living and Worship. There are not above 500 fighting *Indians* in all the Province; the Cause of their diminishing proceeded not from Wars with the *English*, for they have had none with

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. 143
with them worth speaking of, but from their
perpetual Discords and Wars among them-
selves. The female Sex has also swept away
a great many.

One Thing is observable in them; tho' they
are a People very timorous, and cowardly in
Fight, yet when taken Prisoners and con-
demned, they will die like Heroes, braving
the most exquisite Tortures that can be invent-
ed, and singing all the Time they are upon
the Rack.

We find several of the *Indians* doing Actions
which would do Honour to the greatest He-
roes of Antiquity: Thus Capt. *Smith*, who
was one of the first Adventurers in planting the
Colony of *Virginia*, being taken Prisoner,
while he was making Discoveries, by King *Op-
pecamcanough*, he not only spared Mr. *Smith's*
Life, but carried him to his Town and feasted
him; & afterwards presented him to *Powhatan*,
the chief King of the Savages, who would
have beheaded him, had he not been saved by
the Intercession & Generosity of his Daughter
Pocahonta, who when Mr. *Smith's* Head was on
the Block, and she could not prevail with her
Father to give him his Life, put her own Head
upon his, and ventured receiving of the Blow
to save him, tho' she was then scarce thirteen
Years of Age.

Some Time after, Sir *Thomas Dale* sent
Captain *Argall* to *Powtomack*, to buy Corn,
where he met with *Pocahonta*. He invited
her

her to come aboard his Ship, which with some small Difficulty she consented to, being betrayed by the King of *Postancy*, Brother to the King of *Potowmack*, with whom she then resided.

Argall having got her into his Custody, detained her, and carried her to *James Town*, intending to oblige her Father King *Powhatan*, to come to what Terms he pleased, for the Deliverance of his Daughter. Tho' the King loved her tenderly, yet he would not do any Thing for her Sake which he thought was not for his own and Nation's Interest; nor would he be prevailed upon to conclude a firm Treaty of Peace, 'till he heard his Daughter, who turned Christian, and was christened *Rebecca*, was married to Mr. *Rolfe*, an *English* Gentleman, her Uncle giving her in Marriage in the Church.

Powhatan approved of the Marriage, took it for a sincere Token of Friendship, and was so pleased with it, that he concluded a League with the *English* in the Year 1613.

Some Time after Sir *Thomas Dale* going for *England*, took Mr. *Rolfe*, and his Wife *Pocahonts*, with him, and arrived at *Plymouth*.

Captain *Smith* hearing the Lady who had been so kind to him was arrived in *England*, and being engaged at that Time in a Voyage to *New-England*, which hindered his waiting on her himself, petitioned Queen *Ann*, Consort to King *James*, on her Behalf, setting forth the
Civi-

Civilities he had received from her, and the Obligations she had laid upon the *English*, by the Services she had done them with her Father.

The Queen received this Petition graciously; and before Captain *Smith* embarked for *New-England*, Mr. *Rolfe* came with his Wife from *Plymouth* to *London*. The Smoke of the City offending her, he took Lodgings for her at *Brentford*, and thither Captain *Smith* went with several Friends to wait on her.

Pocahonta was told all along that Captain *Smith* was dead, to excuse his not coming to *Virginia* again; from which he had been diverted, by settling a Colony in *New-England*. Wherefore, when this Lady saw him, thinking the *English* had injured her in telling her a Falſity, which she had ill deserved from them, she was so angry, that she would not deign to speak to him; but at last, with much Persuasion and Attendance, was reconciled, and talked freely to him: She then put him in Mind of the Obligations she had laid upon him, and reproached him for forgetting her with an Air so lively, and Words so sensible, that one might have seen Nature abhors nothing more than Ingratitude; a Vice which even the very Savages detest.

She was carried to Court by the Lady *Delaware*, and entertained by Ladies of the first Quality, towards whom she behaved herself, with so much Grace & Majesty, that she confirmed the bright Character Capt. *Smith* had given of her: The whole Court was charmed

with the Decency and Grandeur of her Deportment so much, that the poor Gentleman, her Husband, was threatened to be called to an Account, for marrying a Princess royal without the King's Consent; though in that, King *James* shewed a very notable Piece of King-Craft, for there was no Likelihood that Mr. *Rolfe*, by marrying *Pocahonta*, could any Way endanger the Peace of his Dominions, or that his Alliance with the King of *Wiccomoco* could concern the King of *Great Britain*: Indeed we are told, that upon a fair and full Representation of the Matter, the King was pleased to be satisfied.

The Lady *Pocahonta* having been entertained with all Manner of Respect in *England*, was taken ill at *Gravesend*, where she lay in order to embark for *Virginia*: She died there with all the Signs of a sincere Christian, and true Penitent.

She had one Son by Mr. *Rolfe*, whose Posterity are at this Day in good Repute in *Virginia*, and inherit Lands by Descent from her.

The Language of the *Indians* is lofty, but narrow; the Accent and Emphasis of some of their Words are great and sweet, as *Octorockon*, *Rancoeas*, *Orieton*, *Shakameron*, *Poqueffin*, all Names of Places, and as sonorous as any in *Attica*; then for Sweetness they have their *Anna* Mother, *Issimus* Brother, *Nelap* Sin, and *Ufque Oret* very good, *Pone* Bread, *MorrIDGE* Walk a burying Place, *Scaw* a Woman, *Salop* a Man, *Pappos* a Child.

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

Mr. Carew, notwithstanding the great Difficulties and Dangers which he is told by his Friends he must expect to meet with in his Journey, resolves to undertake it: He takes Leave of his Friends, and sets out: The Terrors in which he passes the first Night, being surrounded by wild Beasts: The Method he makes Use of to secure himself from them: His Manner of travelling afterwards; is in great Danger; sees some Indians at a Distance, who likewise discover him, and come towards him: Their Manner of accosting him: Their King joins them, who speaks to him in English: A Description of his Dress: He conducts Mr. Carew to their Wigwams, and performs a very kind Office to him with his own Hands: He brings him into his own Wigwam, and orders Refreshments to be set before him: The Queen and a young Prince come in: He is presented to the Wifos, and received with great Civility; grows in high Esteem with them: His Conversation with King Lillycraft.



THE Captains acquainted Mr. Carew that the unfriendly Indians were not the only Enemies he had to fear, for he must expect to encounter with great Dangers and Difficulties, as Rattle-Snakes, Horn-Snakes,

black Snakes, Lions, Leopards, Bears, Wolves and wild Cats. However, this did not dishearten our Hero, for he was resolved to attempt regaining his Liberty, let the Consequence be what it would. The Captains then gave him a Pocket-Compass to steer by, a Steel and Tinder-box, a Bag of Cakes, a Cheese and some Rum, telling him, he must leave the three-notch'd Road a little way off, and steer to his left Hand; (in *Maryland* they distinguish the Roads by Letters or Notches cut on the Trees) that he must travel by Night, and lie conceal'd in the Day, for forty Miles; and then he would come to a Part of the Country quite uninhabited, from thence he would enter the *Indians* Country. They likewise told him, that all the wild Beasts were afraid of Fire, so that his best Defence would be to strike a Light and kindle some Sticks, whenever he was apprehensive of being attacked by any of them.

Our Hero having received these and some other necessary Instructions, & having return'd his generous Benefactors many Thanks for their Kindness, bidding them Farewell with Tears, set out on his dangerous Journey about three o'Clock in the Afternoon. He had not travelled far, before he began to reflect on his melancholy Condition: Alone, unarm'd, unacquainted with the Way, gall'd with a heavy Yoke, expos'd every Moment to the most imminent

minent Dangers; & a dark tempestuous Night approaching with all its Horrors, increased his Terror; his Ears were now assaulted with the dismal Yells and Crying of wild Beasts of different Sorts, but remembering the Instructions he had received from the Captains, he soon struck Fire and kindled some Sticks, and was obliged the whole Night to swing a Firebrand round his Head; the Sight of which kept the wild Beasts from coming near; for tho' they often came & looked upon him, yet they soon turned Tail again seeing the Fire. However, it was with great Joy he saw Day-Light appear, at first Dawn of which he was quite freed from these troublesome Guests: He had now nothing to do but to seek for the thickest Tree he could find, and climbing up into it he took some Refreshment of Sleep, which he had great need of, having travelled hard all Night. He afterwards eat sparingly of his Cheese and Biscuit, fearing they might not last till he could get a fresh Supply, & then took a pretty large Dram of Rum, with which, finding his Spirits much refreshed, and Night coming on, he began his Journey again, travelling in the same Manner as the preceding Night, with a Firebrand whirling round his Head. In this Manner, travelling by Night and concealing himself by Day, he went on for four Days, when he reached the blue Mountains, where he thought himself out of any Danger of Pursuit, or being stopped for Want of a Pass.

He now travelled by Day, meeting with great Multitudes of Buffaloes, black Bears, Deer, Wolves, and wild Turkeys, the latter being so large as to weigh 30 or 40 Pounds. None of these Creatures offered to attack him, but walking one Day on the Side of a small Rivulet, almost lost in Thought, he was suddenly alarmed by something he heard plunging in the Water, and turning his Head on the Side from whence the Noise came, he was struck with the Sight of a great white Bear, who being likewise disturbed, raised herself immediately, and made towards him. Our Hero now thought there was no Escape; however, with great Presence of Mind, he stepped aside to a Furze Bush, and striking a Light with all the Haste he could, set it on Fire; at the Sight of which the Bear, which was now within a very small Distance of him, turn'd about, and went away roaring hideously.

Some Time after this, he was comically alarmed by an inoffensive Animal: As he was walking along a Deer Track, he chanced to espy a very fine Tortoise-shell Box, as he imagined, though he could not conceive how it could be dropped there; and thinking he might make good Advantage of it among the *Indians*, claps it into his Pocket: He had not gone far, before he heard a hissing Noise, which seemed to be very near; he immediately thought it to be some venomous Snake, and endeavoured to avoid it, by going out of the
Path

Path he was in, but still the Noise seemed to pursue him. At last, looking down, he sees a little ugly black Head peeping out of his Pocket, which he found came out of what he had picked up for a Box; he with much ado slips his Fingers into his Pocket, takes out his supposed Box, and flings it to the Ground, when the Creature opening the upper from the under Shell, marched away: This was, as he afterwards found, no other than a Land Tortoise.

He found his Journey very often obstructed by Rivers and Rivulets, which he was obliged either to wade through, or swim over. At length, after many Days tiresome Travel, being grievously galled by his Yoke or Collar, he discovered several Tracks of the *Indians*: Never did more different Passions agitate the Breast of any Man, than did the Breast of our Hero at this Time: On the one Side, he was overjoyed at the Sight of the Track of any Human Creature, thinking he should now get rid of his heavy Collar, as well as get some Refreshment of Provisions, his own having been exhausted for almost two Days past; but he had not pleased himself long with these Reflections, before the Idea of the barbarous and unfriendly *Indians* struck into his Mind, for he was quite uncertain whether the Footsteps he discovered might lead him to the good and friendly *Indians*, or to those barbarous and inhuman Wretches: He now represented himself

self as fet upon by these, against whom he had no Arms to defend himself, cruelly tormented, and at last slain as a Victim in some of their bloody Sacrifices. It was about the Evening when he discovered these Footsteps, & he passed the whole Night in this tormenting Suspence: Very early in the Morning, he discovered five *Indians* at a Distance; his Fear represented them in the most frightful Colours; they seemed of a gigantic Stature, and he thought he could perceive their Faces to be flat and broad, which was the Characteristic or Mark of the unfriendly *Indians*. This struck him with unusual Dread, and he now gave himself over for lost, as he saw they had espied him, and were making towards him: They coming nearer, he perceived them to be cloathed in Deer Skin, their Hair to be exceeding long, hanging down a great Way over their Shoulders; and, to his inexpressible Joy, distinguished they had Guns in their Hands, which was a sure Sign to him they were the friendly *Indians*. This raised his Spirits, and he approached them in a suppliant Manner, making Signs that he craved their Assistance. The *Indians* accosted him with clapping their Hands on their Head, and crying, *Hush a me Top*, which in their Language signifies *Good-morrow*; then taking hold of his Collar, they repeated to one another, in broken *English*, *A Run-away! A Run-away!* Presently after came up two more *Indians*, one of whom was a Person

for his fine majestic Presence, whose Dress
 was by far more magnificent than any of the
 others, his Habit being a most beautiful Pan-
 ther's Skin, laced with Fur; his Hair was
 adorned with a great Variety of fine Feathers,
 and his Face painted of a great many Colours.
 By these Marks of Distinction, Mr. Carew
 supposed him to be their King or Prince, and
 indeed such he was; he spoke very good *English*,
 and accosted him as the others had done be-
 fore; he then had him brought to a *Wigwam*,
 which is the Name they give to their Houses;
 which are no more than Stakes drove into the
 Ground, cover'd over with Deer or other Skins.
 Here observing that our Hero was grievously
 hurt by his Collar, this good King immedi-
 ately set himself about freeing him from it;
 but as he had no proper Tools for the Pur-
 pose, he was at a great Loss how to execute it;
 but at last, taking the Steel of Mr. Carew's
 Tinder-Box; he jagged it into a Kind of a
 Saw, with which he cut off his Collar, but not
 without much Labour, his Majesty sweating
 heartily at the Work. He then carried him
 into his own *Wigwam*, which appeared hand-
 somely furnished; here he ordered some *In-*
dian Bread, and other Refreshments, to be set
 before Mr. Carew, who eat very heartily. Du-
 ring this, the Prince acquainted him that his
 Name was *George Lillycraft*, that his Father
 was one of those Kings who were in *England*
 in the Reign of *Queen Anne*; and then shew-
 ed

ed him some finelaced Clothes, which he said were made a Present of to him by the late King George of England, (meaning his late Majesty King George the First:) He expressed a great Affection for his Brother King of England, as he called him, and for the English Nation in general. Soon after came in the Queen, dressed in a short Jacket, leading in her Hand a young Prince, who both repeated the Word *Run-away* once or twice.

Next Day the King presented him to the Wifos, or chief Men of the Town, who received him with a great deal of Civility, and Tokens of high Esteem: He eat every Day at the King's Table, and had a Lodging assigned him in his *Wigwam*, & grew every Day more and more in Esteem among them, being consulted in all Matters of Difficulty. "Thus
 "fudden are the Scenes of Life shifted and
 "changed; and a brave Man will never de-
 "spair under the severest Misfortunes;" for our Hero, who but a few Weeks before was treated like a Beast of Burthen, heavily loaded, cruelly whipped, coarsely fed, and all by the *Insolence* and *Inhumanity* of his own Countrymen, is now seated, in a strange Country, with Kings and Princes, and consulted by a whole Nation.

King *Lillycraft*, who was a Man of very good natural Sense, used to discourse with, & ask Mr. *Carew* many Questions of the Customs and Manners of his Brother King of England:

land: Being told one Day, that the King of England never stirred abroad without being furrounded with a great Number of armed Men whom he paid for defending him, and fighting for him, he very simply asked, "Who he was afraid of? or, whether he was continually at War with any neighbouring King, who might fall upon him unawares?" Being told to the contrary, he exprest very great Surprize, and could not conceive of what Use these armed Men were, when the King had no Enemy; adding, "When I am at War, my whole People are my Guard, and fight for me without being paid for it, and would each of them lay down his Life to defend mine; and when I am at Peace, I can fear no Evil from my own People, therefore have no need of armed Men about me." Being told another Time, that the King of England kept himself generally in his Wigwam or Palace, furrounded by certain Officers, who permitted no one to come near him, but by their Permission, which was the greatest Difficulty in the World to obtain, and that not a thousandth Part of the People, who lived in the Town where his Palace was, had ever once seen him in their Lives, he turned away from Mr. Carew in a Passion, telling him, "He was certain he deceived him, and belied his good Brother of England; for how, adds he, can he be the King of a People, whom

" whom he hath no Knowledge of? Or, how
 " can he be beloved by his Subjects, who
 " have never seen him? How can he redress
 " their Grievances, hear their Complaints,
 " and provide for their Wants? How can he
 " lead his People against their Enemies? Or,
 " how know what his Subjects stand in need
 " of, in the distant Parts of his Kingdom,
 " if he so seldom stirs out of his Wigwam?"
 Being told that the King of *England* was in-
 formed of, and transacted all this by Means
 of the Officers that were about him, he re-
 plied, " It might be so, but if he should
 " ever chance to go to *England*, he should
 " talk with his good Friend the King upon
 " these Matters, as he could not clearly
 " apprehend how they could be. For my
 " Part (adds he) I know, and am known by
 " all my Subjects; I appear daily among
 " them, hear their Complaints, and redress
 " their Grievances, and am acquainted with
 " every Place in my Kingdom." Being
 told the People of *England* paid their King
 yearly vast Sums out of the Profits of their
 Labour; he laughed, and said, " O poor
 " King! (adding) I have often given to my
 " Subjects, but never received any Thing
 " from them." *

* The INDIAN Kings are obliged to provide for the Subsistence of their People.



C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Carew, desirous of returning to his Native Country, leaves the Indians: He arrives in Pensylvania: His Adventure with the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, the Methodist Preacher: Comes to Philadelphia: A Description of that beautiful City; waits on the Proprietor of Pensylvania, and the Governor; is treated handsomely by both of them: Travels through Pensylvania, &c. to the City of New-York: A Description of the remarkable Places he passed through, and of that City.



HUNTING being the principal Employment and Diversion of the *Indians*, at which they are very expert, Mr. Carew had an Opportunity of gratifying to the utmost his Taste for this Diversion, there scarce passing a Day but he was a Party among them, at some hunting Match or other, and most generally with the King himself. He was now grown into so great Respect amongst them, that they offered him a Wife out of one of the principal Families of the Place, nearly related to the
O King;

King; but our Hero, notwithstanding these Honours, could not forget his Native Country, the Love of which glowed within his Breast; he had, therefore, for some Time, formed the Design of leaving them, and very soon after this, found an Opportunity of doing so.

One Day, being out a hunting, they chanced to fall in Company with some other *Indians*, near the River *Delaware*; and when the Chace was over, sat down to be merry together, and having got some Rum amongst them, they drank pretty freely, and fell to singing and dancing after their Country Fashion.

Mr. Carew took this Opportunity of slipping out; and going down to the River Side, seized one of the Canoes, and though he was entirely unacquainted with the Method of managing them, boldly pushed from Shore, landing near *Newcastle* in *Pensylvania*, the Place he crossed over being called *Duck's Creek*, which communicates with the great River *Delaware*. *Mr. Carew* being now got, as it were, among his own Countrymen again, soon transformed himself into a *Quaker*; * pulling off the Button from his Hat, and flapping it on every Side, he put on as demure and precise a Look, as if his whole Family had been *Quakers*, and he had never seen any other Sort of People.

Most of the Inhabitants of *Pensylvania* are *Quakers*.

Here,

Here, Reader, it will be necessary to remark, that as our Hero is no longer among the simple and honest *Indians*, who are not enough polished to forget the Dictates of Nature, but follow her in all their Ways; who have not Art enough to deceive, but speak what they think, and act what they say: As he is no longer amongst such, but amongst a polished People, whose Knowledge has taught them to forget the Ways of Nature, and to act every Thing in Disguise; whose Hearts and Tongues are as far distant asunder, as the North from the South Pole, and who daily over-reach one another in the most common Occurrences of Life; we hope it will be no Disgrace to our Hero, if among such he appears as polished as the best, and puts on a fresh Disguise as often as it suits his Conveniency.

The first House he went to was a Barber's, of whose Assistance he had indeed Need enough, not having shaved his Beard since he left the Ship: Here he told a moving Story, saying, "His Name was *John Elworthy* of *Bristol*; that he had been artfully kidnaped by one *Samuel Ball*, of the same Place, and gone through great Hardships in making his Escape." The good Barber, moved by his Tale, willingly lent him his Assistance to take off his Beard: During the Operation, he entered into a good deal of Chat, telling him, his Father was one of *Exeter*, and when

he went away, gave him a Half Crown Bill*, and recommended him to one Mr. Wiggil, a Quaker, of the same Place. Here he told his moving Story again, and got a Ten Shilling Bill from Mr. Wiggil, with Recommendations to the rest of the Quakers of the Place, amongst whom he got a great deal of Money. When he took his Leave, he was recommended by them to the Quakers of a Town called Castile. Here he found a great deal of Favour, and made the best of his Way to Brandywine Ferry, where is Room enough to lay up the whole Navy of England; and from thence to Chester, so called, because the People who first settled there, came for the most Part from Cheshire. Here are above a hundred Houses, and a very good Road for Shipping; the Delaware, on which it stands, being about three Miles over. Here is a Court-House & a Prison. This Place is also called Upland, and has a Church dedicated to St. Paul, with a numerous Congregation of those, whom, exclusive of all other Christians, we call Orthodox. Mr. Carew came here on a Saturday, and stayed all Night, and next Morning enquired out one Mrs. Turner, a Quaker, who formerly lived at Embercomb, by Minehead, in Somersetshire: From her he got a Bill, and a Recommendation to some Quakers at Derby, about

* In Pennsylvania, and other Parts of the West-Indies, they make great Use of Paper-Money.

five Miles further, where she told him he would find Mr. *Whitefield*. He hearing this, set out for *Derby*; but before he reached there, was overtaken by Hundreds of People going to hear Mr. *Whitefield* preach. "Friend (says he "to one of them) where art thou going so "fast? Hast thou not heard Friend, (says "the other) that the second Christ is come?" He then joined them, and proceeded to *Derby* with them, where he found Mr. *Whitefield* preaching in an Orchard, but could not get near enough to hear his Discourse, by Reason of the great Concourse of People; however, he seemed to be affected with it, and strictly imitated the *Quakers* in all their Sighs, Groans, lifting up of the Eyes, &c. Leaving them, he went to the Sign of the *Ship*, and enquiring where Mr. *Whitefield* lodged that Night, was told at the Justice's, who was a Miller; he then asked if he could have a Bed there that Night, and being told he might, passed the Evening very chearfully.

In the Morning he asked for a Pen, Ink, and Paper, and soon drew up a moving Petition in the Name of *John Moore*, the Son of a Clergyman, who had been taken on board the *Tyger*, Captain *Matthews*, and carried into the *Havannah*, from whence he had got his Redemption, by Means of the Governor of the City of *Annapolis*; that he was in most deplorable Circumstances, having nothing to help himself with, and hoped he would commise-

rate his Condition. Having finished his Petition, away goes he to the Miller's House, where Mr. *Whitefield* lodged, and found above an hundred People waiting about the Door, to speak to Mr. *Whitefield*; looking narrowly about, he espies a young Lad, who he found belonged to Mr. *Whitefield*, and going up to him, accosts him very civilly, and begged he would do an unfortunate Man the Kindness to give that Paper (giving him his Petition) to Mr. *Whitefield*: The young Lad readily promised he would. Presently after comes forth Mr. *Whitefield*; and as soon as they perceived him, the *Quakers* pressed round him, one crying, "Pray thee Friend, come and pray by my dear Wife;" and another, "pray thee Friend come & see my dear Brother." Mr. *Whitefield* made his Way through them all as well as he could towards Mr. *Carew*, whom the young Lad pointed out to him; when he came up to him, he told him, "he was heartily sorry for his Misfortunes, but that we were all liable to them, and that they happened by the Will of God, and therefore it was our Duty to submit to them with Patience and Resignation." Then pulling out his Pocket-Book gave him three or four Pounds of that Country Paper-Money. Mr. *Carew* returned him Thanks with all the Marks of the most lively Gratitude, & Mr. *Whitefield* wishing him well to *England*, went away singing Psalms with those who were about him; and we make no Doubt

Doubt but Mr. Carew joined with them in the Melody of the Heart, for the good Success he had had with Mr. Whitefield.

From hence Mr. Carew had only 7 Miles to the City of Philadelphia, which is one of the finest in all America, and one of the best laid out Cities in the World; the Capital of Pennsylvania; and was it full of Houses and Inhabitants, according to the Proprietor's Plan, it would be a Capital fit for a great Empire. As it is, 'tis a large City, considering its late Foundation, most commodiously situated between two navigable Rivers, the Delaware and Schuylkill. He designed the Town in Form of an oblong Square, extending two Miles in Length, from one River to the other. The long Streets, eight in Number, and two Miles in Length, he cut at right Angles by others of one Mile in Length, and sixteen in Number, all strait and spacious. He left proper Spaces for Markets, Parades, Keys, Meeting-Houses, Schools, Hospitals, and other public Buildings. There are a great Number of Houses, and it encreases every Day in Buildings, which are all carried on regularly, according to the first Plan. The City has two Fronts on the Water, one on the east Side, facing the Schuylkill, and the other on the West, facing the Delaware, which is near two Miles broad, and navigable 300 Miles, at least for small Vessels. The eastern Part is the most populous, on Account of the Schuylkill, which is navigable 800 Miles

Miles above the Falls. We have observed that each Front of the Street was to be two Miles from River to River, as it was at first laid out, but one cannot suppose it is finished in that Manner. The Streets that run against the *Schuylkill* are three Quarters of a Mile in Length; the Houses are stately, the Wharfs and Warehouses numerous and convenient. This City flourished so much at first, that there were near 100 Houses, great and small, in it in less than a Year's Time, & it has since made an answerable Progress, the Number of Houses at this Time being above 2000, and generally speaking better Edifices than in the Cities of *England*, a few excepted, and those only in a few Streets. All the Houses have large Orchards and Gardens belonging to them; the Land on which the City stands is high and firm, and the Convenience of Cover, Docks, and Springs, have very much contributed to the Commerce of this Place, where many rich Merchants now reside, some of whom are so wealthy, that they keep their Coaches. Ships may ride here in six or seven Fathom Water, with a very good Anchorage; the Land about it is a dry wholesome Level. All Owners of 1000 Acres & upwards, have their Houses in the two Fronts facing the Rivers, and in the *High-street*, running from the Middle of one Front to the Middle of the other. Every Owner of 1000 Acres hath about an Acre in Front, and the small Purchasers about half an Acre in
the

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the back Streets, by which Means the least has Room enough for a House, Garden, and small Orchard. *High-street* is 100 Feet broad, so is *Broad-street*, which is in the Middle of the City, running from North to South. In the Centre is a Square of 10 Acres, for the State-House, Market-House, & School-House, as before hinted. The Names of the Streets here denote the several Sorts of Timber that are common in *Pennsylvania*, as *Mulberry-street*, *Sassafras-street*, *Chestnut-street*, *Walnut-street*, *Beach-street*, *Ash-street*, *Vine-street*, *Cedar-street*. There are also *King-street*, *Broad-street*, *High-street*. The Court-House is built of Brick, and under it is a Prison; several Houses on the Key are worth 4 or 5000*l.* and 13 Ships have been on the Stocks at a Time; some Hundreds have been built there. The Cellars or Ware-Houses on the Key are made over the River three Stories high. Here are two Fairs in a Year, and two Markets a Week. It sends two Members to the Assembly.

The Inhabitants were at first most *Quakers*, & so they continue; it was some Time before there was a Church built after the Manner of *England*; but as soon as one was built it was called *Christ Church*. It had, in a few Years, a very numerous Congregation, & King *William* ordered an Allowance of 50*l.* a Year to the Minister; which, with voluntary Contributions, made a very handsome Provision for him. There are above twelve hundred of the Inha-

Inhabitants that are of this Congregation, who have for some Years had the Benefit of an Organ; and though it looked and sounded strange to the *Quakers* at first, yet they are now so far reconciled to it, as to bear with their Neighbours having it without grumbling. Here are besides this several *Meeting-Houses*, viz. for the *Quakers*, (who are properly the Church, as by Law established, being the Originals) the *Presbyterians*, the *Baptists*, & a *Spanish Church*.

According to the Plan, there is, in each Quarter of the City, a Square of eight Acres, intended for the same Uses as was *Moorfields* in *London*, Walks and Exercises for the Citizens. The great Dock is formed by an Inlet of the River *Delaware*, at the South Corner of the Front of the Wharfs, and has a Bridge over it at the Entrance; several Creeks run into the City out of the two Rivers, and there's no City in *Holland* that is so naturally accommodated with fine and commodious Canals as this might very easily be. The Key is beautiful, above 200 Feet square, to which a Ship of 500 Tons may lay her Broadside; and as these surprising Advantages have already rendered it one of the best trading Towns in the *British Empire*, out of *Europe*, so in all Probability, it will continue to encrease in Commerce, Riches and Buildings, till for Number and Magnificence it will have no Equal in *America*, where the *French* have not, nor are likely to have, any Thing like it. Here are also almost all

Sorts

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Sorts of Trades and Mechanicks, as well as
Merchants and Planters. Here the Assem-
blies and Courts of Judicature are held, and
the Business of the Province is chiefly ma-
naged, as in all Capitals. Here is a Printing-
House, and a Gazette weekly published. In a
Word, here are all Things necessary for an
Englishman's Profit and Pleasure.

Mr. Carew walking through the *High-street*,
had a Mind to refresh himself with a Nip of
Punch; the first Public House he chanced
to fall upon, was kept by an *Irishman*, and
asking if he sold Punch? "Yes, my dear
Honey, replied the Man." Arrah, says
Mr. Carew, are you my Countryman, dear
Joy? quite in the *Irish Brogue*. — "Yes,
replies the Man, what do you belong to
one of our Vessels?" No, I belonged to
Captain Dubois of *Dublin*, who was taken
off the *Capes*, and carried into the *Havan-*
nah. "Arrah, dear Joy, I know Captain
Dubois very well, replies the *Irishman*;
"Come in, come in." Accordingly, in goes
Mr. Carew; and the *Irishman* was so well
pleased with his Countryman, (for giving
a very particular Account of many Places
in *Ireland*; and counterfeiting the *Brogue* ex-
tremely well, he did not suspect him to be
any other) that he entertained him very well,
and they passed the Day very merrily to-
gether.

The

The next Morning his Host takes him out to see the City: *Mr. Garza* did not content himself with idly gazing (as most of our modern Travellers do) but diligently enquired the Names of the principal Merchants and Places, and informed himself of all those Circumstances which could be of any Service to him. At length, seeing a very fine House, he enquired whose it was; and being told the Proprietor *Penn's*, who was just come from *England* with his Brother-in-Law, Captain *Frame*, he takes his Leave of his Host, telling him, "He had a little Business to transact, and " would be at Home presently, for that he " should be able to find the Way back, without his staying for him." Having thus got rid of the *Irishman*, he claps his Right Hand into his Coat, as if he had lost the Use of it; and then going up to the Proprietor's, knocks at the Door, which was opened to him by a *Negro*, with a Silver Collar about his Neck: He enquired if the Proprietor lived there, and if he was at Home? Being told he was, "Pray tell him (says he) that " a poor Man desires the Favour of speaking " with him." The *Negro* then bid him come into the Court: Soon after, out came the Proprietor very plainly dressed, and his Brother, Captain *Frame*, in his Regimentals: The Proprietor came up to him, enquiring who he was, and what he wanted with him; he replied, "he was a poor unfortunate Man, " who

“ who craved his Honour's charitable Assistance; that his Name was *John Hawk-
him*, of the City of *Exeter*, and belonged to
“ Captain *Davis's* Ship, of the same place,
“ who was taken near the *Capes*.” Captain
Frame seeing him a lusty tall Fellow, presently cries out, “ Revenge! Revenge! my
“ brave Boy, you shall go along with me and
“ fight the Dogs.” Mr. *Carew* replied with
a Sigh, that “ he should be glad to do that,
“ but that it was his Misfortune, by the Severities and Hardships he suffered in Prison, to have lost the Use of his Right Arm
“ by the dead Palsy.” This moved their
Compassion so much, that each of them gave him a Guinea, the Proprietor telling him he would take Care to send him Home with Captain *Read*, who would sail very soon; then asking if he had been at the Governor's, & he replying in the Negative, the Proprietor told him, “ he should go there, for he was a very
“ good-natured Man, and would assist him;” then calling to his Black, bid him shew the poor Man to the Governor's. As they were going along, he informed himself of the Black what Countryman the Governor was, and being told a *Welshman*, and his Name *Thomas*, took care to make his Advantage of it. When he came to the Governor's, and enquired for him, he was told he was walking in the Garden; while he was waiting for his coming out, in came the Proprietor and his Brother,

and going into the Garden, they represented his Case to the Governor, who coming out, enquired where he was born, &c. He told him as he had before done the Proprietor, and added, "That he had married *Betty Larkey*, "Parson *Griffy's* Maid, of *Wales*, and that "the Parson had a Son at *Bishop's-Nympton*, "in *Devon*." The Governor replied, "he "knew the Parson very well, and likewise "*Betty Larkey*." And after he had asked some Questions about them, which Mr. *Carew* answered very readily, he gave him two Guineas.

In this Manner did he apply to most of the principal Merchants in *Philadelphia*, always suiting some Circumstances of his Story, in particular to the Person he applied to; which he did by diligently enquiring from what Places they came from in *England*, who were their Friends and Acquaintance, and the like, which he knew how to suit most to his Purpose.

Captain *Read* being now ready to sail, and Mr. *Carew* having a Curiosity of seeing more of the Country, thought proper to leave *Philadelphia*, without taking Leave of any of his good Friends there. From hence he goes into *Buckingham* County, where he enquired out one *George Boon*, a Justice of the Peace in that County, who formerly lived at *Bradninch*, in *Devon*, his Father being a Weaver there. Here he went by his own Name, telling him, "he "had been taken Prisoner, and carried into "the *Havannah*, where he had laid many
"Months."

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. 171

"Months." The Justice having known his Father very well, entertained him generously, shewed him the Country, and gave him three Guineas at his Departure, to help pay his Passage.

From hence he went to *Burlington*, the first Town in West *New-Jersey*, which contains about 250 Families, and has an answerable Number of Acres laid out for Plantations. The Houses are well built, and almost all of Brick. The Market affords Plenty of all Sorts of Provisions, which are as good here as any where in *America*.

From thence to *Perth-Amboy*, so called in Honour to the Duke of *Perth*. 'Tis at the Mouth of the River *Raritan*, which runs into *Sandyhook-Bay*, and able to contain 500 Ships. The Plan of this City was laid out very regularly and spaciously. The Plot of Ground was divided into 150 Shares for Purchasers to build upon. Four Acres were preserved for a Market-Place, and three for public Wharfage; very useful Things, if there had been Inhabitants, Trade, and Shipping. The Town being thus artfully and commodiously laid out, some *Scots* began building, especially a House for a Governor, which was then as little wanted as a Wharf or Market. The whole Plan of the City consists of 1070 Acres, and there are two good Roads from it to *Piscataway* and *Woodbridge*. Ships in one Tide can come up to the Port, and be at the Merchant's Doors, tho'

of 300 Tons Burthen ; but the *Perth* City hath not above 2 or 300 Men, Women, and Children in it.

From hence over a Ferry, into a Town called *Trent Town*, in *Staten Island* ; and from thence over *Brunswick Ferry*, to *East-Jersey*, where he found out one Mr. *Matthews*, a Miller, who formerly lived at *Whitechurch*, near *Lyme* in *Dorset* ; and making Use of his old Story of having been taken, was received by Mr. *Matthews* with great Hospitality ; he kept him three Days in his House, and would have entertained him still longer. At his Departure, he gave him a Guinea, with several Letters of Recommendation, and sent Letters by him to his Friends in *England*, sending his Servant with him as far as *Elizabeth Town*, which is three Miles within a Creek, opposite to the West End of *Staten Island*. Here the first *English* Settlement was made, and if any Place in the *Jersys* may be said to have thrived, it is this ; for notwithstanding the Endeavours of the Proprietors to make a Capital of *Perth*, by calling it a City, *Elizabeth Town* has near six Times the Number of Inhabitants, containing above 250 Families, and 40,000 Acres of Land cast out. Here the Proprietors have a Plantation, which goes by the Name of their *Farm*. The Government of the Province is here managed, Courts are kept, Assemblies held, and the greatest Part of the Trade of the Colony carried on. Here he met with
one

one Mr. *Nicholas*, a *Cornishman*, who gave him a Ten Shilling Bill, and recommended him to one Mr. *Anderson* in *Long Island*, sometimes called *Nassau Island*, stretching from *Fairfield County*, in a fine Spot of Ground, 150 Miles in Length, and 12 in Breadth. Here he changed his Religion, and turned *Presbyterian*, most of the Inhabitants being of that Denomination, travelling quite through the Island; and then crossed over a Ferry into *Block Island*, from whence there are great Quantities of Timber transported to *Boston*.

Soon after, crossing another Ferry, he came into *New-York*, which is a very fine City. There are now about 1100 Houses, and near 7000 Inhabitants in it. The Houses are well built, the meanest of them said to be worth 100*l*. which cannot be said of any City in *England*. The great Church here was built in the Year 1695, and is a very handsome Edifice. Here is also a *Dutch Church*, a *French Church*, and a *Lutheran Church*. The Inhabitants of *Dutch* Extraction make a very considerable Part of the Town; but most of them speaking *English*, one may suppose they go pretty much to the great Church, especially all those that are, or hope to be, in Offices. Here he was surprized at the Sight of a great Number of Gibbets, with Blacks hanging upon them; but, on enquiring, he found the Negroes had not long before entered into a Conspiracy of burning the whole City; but the Plot being timely disco-

discovered, great Numbers were executed, & hung up to terrify the others. His first Care here was to enquire the Names, Circumstances, Family, and Country, of the principal Inhabitants of the City: Among the rest, he enquired out Capt. *Lush*, who was formerly one of *Charmouth*, by *Lyme*, in *Dorsetshire*, to whom he had a recommendatory Letter from Mr. *Matthews* of *East-Jersey*: He was received very hospitably by Captain *Lush*, who likewise gave him two Shirts, and informed him there was no Ship ready to sail for *England* there, but that he would find one at *New London*. Having found there was one Mr. *Lucas*, formerly of *Taunton*, in *Somersetshire*, in *New-York*, and judging he was a Brother to Mr. *Lucas*, of *Bampton*, in *Devon*, whom he knew very well, he goes boldly to his House, which was in the Fish Shambles, & knocking at the Door, it was opened to him by a Negro: He enquired if Mr. *Lucas* was at Home; and before the Negro could give him an Answer, out came Mr. *Lucas*, with a little Boy, and enquired what he wanted; he replied, he was an *Englishman*, born in *Devonshire*, who had the Misfortune to be cast away in a Ship behind *Long Island*, and hearing his Name was *Lucas*, he made bold to apply to him for his Assistance, as he was very well acquainted with his Brother, Mr. *Lucas* of *Bampton*. Mr. *Lucas* asked him, if he could tell whom his Brother married? He replied, Mrs. *Mary Tristram*.

Tristram. Do you know *Huntsam*? Yes, replied he, and Mr. *Beer*, who first courted Mrs. *Tristram*. And how many Children has my Brother? To this likewise Mr. *Carew* answered very exactly; and Mr. *Lucas* being convinced by this of his being no Impostor, bid him come in, telling him, "He expected his youngest Brother there in three Weeks Time." He was entertained here very generously, and at his Departure Mr. *Lucas* gave him two Guineas.

From hence he goes through *Seabroke* and *Seaford*, to *New London*, which is situated on a River called the *Thames*. The first Branch of which River goes by the Name of *Glass-River*, the next Branch by that of *Russel's Delight*, the third by that of *Indian River*. There is a small River, which falls into the Sea at *Manchester*. The Trade of Ship-building flourishes here. Here he enquired if there were none of the Name of *Davey* in that City; and being asked why, he replied, They were near Heirs to a fine Estate near *Crediton* in *Devon*, formerly belonging to Sir *John Davey*, He was then shewn to two antient Sisters of Sir *John Davey*, whose Sons were Timber-Men: They asked a great many Questions about the Family; and he told them Sir *John Davey* was dead, and his eldest Son also, who had let two Sons; that the youngest Brother, *Humphry Davey*, was then living at *Creedy House*, and the little Boys somewhere about

about *Exeter*. They then gave him two Letters to deliver to *Mr. Humphry Davey*; after which, each gave him a Guinea, with Recommendations to one *Justice Miller*, and *Captain Rogers*, who was bound for *England*. *Justice Miller* received him very kindly, and sent his Servant with him to *Captain Rogers*, with whom he agreed to take the Run to *England* for ten Guineas, ten Gallons of Rum, ten Pounds of Sugar, ten Pounds of Tobacco, and ten Pipes.





C H A P. XIV.

Mr. Carew embarks at New London on board Captain Rogers, for England ; provides, with great Prudence, against Accidents : The bold Resolution of an honest Indian : Mr. Carew arrives at Bristol, and proceeds to Exeter, where he meets with the Owner of the Vessel in which he had been carried to America.



CAPTAIN Rogers having taken in his Loading, which consisted of Rice, Tobacco, & Pipe Staves, set sail with a fair Wind from *New London*, and run to *Lundy* in a Month and three Days : Nothing happened material on their Voyage, and the Sailors passed their Time very jovially, having so favourable a Gale ; but our Hero, who knew that *Fortune*, like a common Jilt, often puts on the *fairest Smiles* when she is about to discard you, thought it prudent to provide against her slippery Tricks as much as lay in his Power :
He

He therefore pricked his Arms and Breast with a Needle, and then rubbed it with Bay-Salt and Gunpowder, which made it appear like the Small-Pox coming out; in the Night Time he groaned very dismally, till at length the Captain called to him, to know the Reason of his groaning so in his Sleep. "Alas! Sir, replied he, I have been dreaming my poor Wife was dead, and that she died in the Small-Pox."—"Be of good Chear Man, says the Captain; Dreams are but Fables, and, for your Comfort, I believe we shall quickly make Land." However, they did not do this so soon as the Captain expected, for towards the next Evening, the Wind springing up a fresh Gale, the Captain ordered to stand out to Sea again: During all the Day, Mr. Carew did not stir out of his Hammock, pretending to be very ill. Towards the Morning, the Wind was somewhat laid, and they stood in before it; but it being very heavy Weather, the Captain ordered a good Look-out, crying, "My brave Boys, take care we don't fall foul of some Ship, for we are now in the Channel." The Men replied, "All is well." Now the Cocks began to crow on board, and Sol took his last Embrace of *Thetis*, to begin his daily Stage; for, indeed, already had his Equipage waited near an Hour for him. Reader, if thou art acquainted with the inimitable History of Tom Jones, thou mayest perhaps know what we mean by

by this; but least thou shouldest not, we think it not improper to inform thee, that we mean no more than we might have told thee in three Words, That it was broad Day-light. The Captain called out, "How goes the Glas, my brave Boys?" "Eight Glasses are just run, replied the Men." "Then look out sharp for Land." Soon after the Cabin-Boy hollows out, *Land! Land!* The Captain runs nimbly to see if it was so, saying, I am afraid we are embayed. No, replies the Mate, I will be bound for it, it is *Lundy Island*. The Captain run up immediately to the Main-top-mast Head, to look out for other Lands to the Right and Left, and found it to be indeed *Lundy Island*: Upon which several Sailors ran up the Rigging; and, among the rest, Mr. Carew creeps out with nothing but a Blanket upon his Shoulders, and makes an Attempt to run up the Rigging; which the Captain seeing, hastily cries out, "Where is old John going?" "Take Care of the old Man, he is light-headed." Upon which, some of the Sailors took him down, and carried him back to his Hammock. They then crouded all the Sail they could for *Lundy*: When they came near, they perceived several Ships lying at Anchor there, and made a Signal for a Pilot; soon after comes off a Pilot of *Clovelly*, who was then upon the Island, waiting to pilot Ships up to *Bristol*. The Captain welcomed him on board, and agreed for seven Guineas to be piloted

piloted to *Bristol*: Then the Captain asked him, "What News? and if any *New-Eng-land* Men were gone up the Channel?" He replied, "that none had passed, but that he could inform him of bad News for his Men, which was, that the *Ruby Man* of War, Capt. *Goodyere*, lay then in *King-Road*, and pressed all the Men they could lay hold of." Mr. *Carew* hearing this, immediately comes upon Deck, with his Blanket upon his Shoulders, and pretended to vomit over the Ship's Side. The Pilot observing him, asked the Captain, "What was the Matter with the old Man?" — "I believe, replies the Captain, he has got the Small-Pox; he dreamed the other Night that his Wife was dead of them, which frightened him so much, that I think the Small-Pox is come out upon him." The Pilot then stepped up to him, and asked him to let him look upon him, which he complying with, and shewing him his Arms, the Pilot swore he had the Small-Pox heavily upon him; and Mr. *Carew* kept on groaning very mournfully. They then sailed by *Appledore*, *Bideford*, and *Barnstaple* (where Mr. *Carew*, notwithstanding his having the Small-Pox, heartily wished himself on Shore, drinking some of their fat Ale,) so to the *Holmes*, and into *King-Road* early in the Morning. He then thought it adviseable to take a pretty large Quantity of warm Water into his Belly, and

and quickly after, to their great Concern, they saw the *Ruby* Man of War lying in the Road, with Jack, Ensign, and Pendant hoisted.

Now were all the Sailors, who had been so jovial before, struck with a dreadful Panick; but our Hero, secure of the Favour and Protection of the Goddess *Prudence*, was quite easy at Heart.—So courteous Reader, if thou wilt follow our Advice, thou should'st always in thy Prosperity, when the Waters of Life are smooth and calm, endeavour to provide for what may happen hereafter, as thou canst not tell how soon the Winds may rise, and change thy *Halcyon* Calm into a troubled Sea; and then if thou hast not before moored thyself with the Anchor of Prudence, what can prevent thee from sinking like a Stone in the mighty Waters? And now they perceived the Man of War's Boat making towards them; upon which, Mr. Carew grew sicker and sicker: The Captain ordered the Ropes to be flung out for the Man of War's Boat, and the Stanchions & red Ropes to be got ready for the Lieutenant, as though they had been to receive some good Visiter on board: Such are the polished Arts of the World; for we think we may venture to say, both the Captain and Crew, at the Time they were making these Preparations to receive the Lieutenant, had rather have seen him gone to the Bottom of the Sea, than come on board their Vessel. At length the Man of War's Boat came along-side the Ship:

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Mr.

Mr. Carew goes down into the Steerage; with his Belly full of hot Water, and the Lieutenant steps on board: "Sir, you are welcome
" on board," says the Captain; or rather, that little Part of the Captain called the *Tongue*; for the Heart, Mind, and every other Particle of the Captain, wished him at the D—l at the same Time. The Lieutenant enquired, from whence they came, and what Passage? The Captain replied, from *Boston*, in a Month and four Days; and then asked him to walk aft, and take a Dram of Rum; but before he did so, the Lieutenant asked, "How many Hands there were on
" board?" The Captain answered, "He had
" only fifteen, for Men were very scarce."
"Of what Burthen is your Ship? —" "Two hundred and fifty Tons." I must have your
" Hands, Sir, says the Lieutenant, Come in
" Barge-Crew, and do your Duty." No sooner was the Word spoken, than the Crew leapt upon Deck, and the Lieutenant ordered all the Ship's Company aft, saying, He wanted to talk with them. He then accosted them with an oratorial Harangue: "Gentlemen Sailors, said he, I make no
" Doubt but you are willing to enter voluntarily, and not as pressed Men; if you go
" like brave Men, freely, when you come
" round to *Plymouth* and *Portsmouth*, and go on
" board your respective Ships, you will have
" your Bounty-Money, and Liberty to go
" on

“ on Shore and kiss your Landladies.” Tho’ this Oration was pronounced with as much Self-applause as *Cicero* felt, when, by the Force of his Eloquence, he made *Cæsar*, the Master of the World, to tremble; or, as the vehement *Demosthenes*, when he used to thunder against King *Philip*; yet we are not quite certain whether it was the Power of his Eloquence alone that persuaded the Men to enter voluntarily; or, whether being seated between the two Rocks of *Scylla* and *Charibdis*, it was indifferent to them which they dashed upon: However this was, all but one of the Men entered (though with sad Hearts) without being pressed; which, we make no Doubt, the Lieutenant attributed to the Eloquence of his Oration. — Here, Reader, if thou hast any Father, Son, Brother, Friend, or Relation, belonging to the Sea, thou wilt drop a Tear of Indignation; that in the Land of *Liberty*, *Justice*, and *Wisdom*, no more humane or equitable Method can be thought of to mann our Fleets, than to drag unhappy Men like the Ox to the Slaughter, just at that Moment, when, after a tedious Absence, they hail the Sight of their native Land, and already stretch out their Arms to embrace their long absent and long wished for Friends: Perhaps, Reader, thou hast experienced the *Heart-felt Pang*, when after counting the Years, Months,

Q 2

Days,

Days, and even Hours of Absence of some beloved Friend, just when the *long expected* Hour was come, when thou hadst perhaps prepared the Banquet to welcome him, and already thought him within thy Arms, at *that Hour* to have him unwillingly and cruelly forced away to some distant Shore, perhaps never to see him more. But let us throw a Veil, thicker than Night itself, over this *barbarous Custom*, and return to our Story.

The Lieutenant observing a stout Fellow in a Frock and Trowsers, who did not come aft with the other Men, asked the Captain, Who he was? The Captain replied, He was an *Indian*, and a brave Sailor, and called to him by his Name. “Wat ye want wit me,” replied the *Indian*, me won’t comee demme.” Upon which the Lieutenant sent some of the Barge-Crew to bring him forwards, which the brave *Indian* perceiving, caught hold of a Handspike, and put himself in a Posture of Defence, crying to the Barge-Crew, who came up towards him, “Demme, ye meddle “wit mee, mee dashee your Brains out.” The Crew finding him resolute, did not think proper to attack him; upon which the Lieutenant asked him, “If he would serve King “George?” — “Dem King George, mee know “no King George, mee be an *Indian*, mee have “a King in my own Country, whom mee
“lovee

“ lovee and fightee for, becaufe he be de very
“ good King.” At which the Lieutenant
and Captain fell a laughing, and left him.

“ Are these all your Men, says the Lieu-
“ tenant ?” — “ Yes, replied the Captain, ex-
“ cept one old Man, who dreamed the other
“ Night that his Wife died in the Small-
“ Pox ; and was so much frightened, that the
“ Small-Pox is come out upon him.” The
Captain then ordered the Bills to be made for
what was due to the Men, & asked the Lieu-
tenant, in the mean while, to walk down and
taste his Rum ; accordingly down comes the
Lieutenant, humming a Tune ; Mr. Carew
hearing this, prepared himself, and taking an
Opportunity of putting his Finger down his
Throat, discharges his Stomach just under the
Lieutenant’s Feet, crying out in a most lament-
able Tone at the same Time, O my Head !
O my Back ! “ What, cries the Lieutenant
“ very hastily, Is this the Fellow who has the
“ Small-Pox ?” — “ No, no, replies he, I have
“ had the Small-Pox many Years ago, & have
“ been with Sir Charles Wager, and Sir George
“ Walton up the Baltick ; and do, for God’s
“ Sake, take me on board your Ship, noble
“ Captain, for I only want to be blooded.”
— The Lieutenant whips out his Snuff-Box,
and claps it to his Nose, swearing, He would
not take him on board for five hundred
Pounds, for he was enough to infect a
Q 3 whole

whole Ship's Crew; that the D—l should take him before he would, hurrying at the same Time as fast as he could into the great Cabin. When he came there, Mr. Carew heard him complaining how unfortunate it was that he should come on board them, as he never had the Small-Pox himself. When the rest of the Men had had their Bills made out, the Captain, willing to get rid of Mr. Carew, said to him, "Come, old John, I will have your Bill made too;" which was accordingly done, and amounted to seven Pounds, ten Shillings, for which the Captain gave him a Draught on Merchant *Lydiat* in *Bristol*. The Captain then ordering the Boat to put him on Shore, he beseeched the Captain to let him die on board. "No, no, says the Captain, by all Means take him on Shore." — "Ay, ay, says the Lieutenant, take him on Shore, take him on Shore." Then the Captain called to some of the Sailors, to help the poor old Man over the Side of the Ship, and out came Mr. Carew with the Blanket wrapped about his Shoulders, and so well did he counterfeit, that he seemed a most deplorable Object of Compassion. The Boat being got a little Distance from the Ship, was called back again, and the Lieutenant tossed him half a Guinea, charging him, "Not to go into the City of *Bristol*, for that he was enough to infect the whole City."

Thus

Thus our Hero, after seeing many Cities & Men, undergoing great Hardships, and encountering many Dangers & Difficulties, once more set his Foot on his beloved Country. Notwithstanding the Joy he felt at being safe on Shore, he did not lay aside his Small-Pox, but travels on towards *Bristol*, as one very bad in that Distemper: Coming to Justice Cann's, near *Durdham Downs*, he meets with the Gardener, whom he asked, "If the Justice lived there, and was at Home?" Being told he was, he made a most lamentable Moan, and said, "He was just come from *New-England*, and had the Small-Pox on him." The Gardener goes into the House, and soon returning, told him, "The Justice was not at Home;" but gave him Half a Crown: He still kept crying, "I am a dying Man, and I beseech you to let me lie and die in some Hay-Tallat, or any Place of Shelter." The Gardener seeing him so ill, goes in again, and brings out a Cordial Dram, and a Mug of warm Ale, which Mr. Carew made shift to swallow. The Gardener then left him, being so much affrighted at his Appearance and lamentable Moans, that he let both Glas and Mug fall to the Ground before he reached the House. Mr. Carew then made shift, notwithstanding his dying Condition, to reach the City of *Bristol*, and being now freed from his Apprehensions of being pressed,

pressed, at the first Barber's he came to, he got rid of his Beard, and bid adieu to the Small-Pox; then makes the best of his Way to the Mendicants-Hall, on *Mile-Hill*: Just as he came there, the Landlady and an old Crony, a Tinker's Wife, were standing at the Door: As soon as the Landlady espied him, she clapped her Hands, and swore it was either Mr. *Carew* or his Ghost: As soon as they were convinced he was Flesh and Blood, great were the Kisses, Hugs, and Embraces of these three. Our Hero's first Enquiry was, "When they had seen his dear *Polly*? meaning his Wife. The Landlady told him, "She had not seen her lately, but had heard both she and his Daughter were well; but that his Wife never expected to see him more."

Mr. *Carew* soon called for a Room above Stairs, ordered an elegant Dinner to be provided, and passed the Afternoon very merrily: The next Morning he waited on the Merchant with his Bill, and received the Money for it, then weighed Anchor, and steered for *Bridgwater*, where he arrived just at Night: He immediately repaired to a Mumper's House, kept by a one-eyed old Woman, named *Lafkey*; from whence he goes to the *Swan*, where were several Gentlemen passing the Evening together, viz. Mr. *Moore*, Dr. *Dipford*, Counsellor *Bedford*, and others, all of whom were particularly acquainted with him;

him; however, he pretended to be a *West-Indian*, who had been cast away in a Ship, coming from *Antigua*, which foundered behind *Cape Clear*; that he was taken up by an *Irishman*, and afterwards put on board a *Bristol Ship*. Having by this Story raised a Contribution from the Gentlemen, he discovered himself, knowing them to be his good Friends; but the Gentlemen could scarcely credit him, till he gave them very sufficient Proofs of his being the real *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*.

The next Morning he goes to Sir *John Tynte*, and made the same Complaint as he had done the Night before at the *Swan* in *Bridgwater*; the Servant telling him Sir *John* would come forth soon, he waited till he did so, and then discovered himself: Sir *John* would not believe him, but at last made him a Present. He afterwards visited Justice *Crosse*, of *Bromfylde*, who presently knew him, and made him very welcome; from whence, setting out for *Exeter*, he visited on the Road Mr. *John Bampfylde*, of *Hesticombe*, the Rev. Mr. *Boswell*, and Dr. *Hildyard*, of *Taunton*, the Rev. Mr. *Minifie*, 'Squire *Bluet*, of *Holcomb Rogus*, the Rev. Mr. *Newt*, of *Tiverton*, 'Squire *Blundel*, and Major *Worth*, in the Neighbourhood of that Place, who being all his particular Friends, were very glad to see him returned, & treated him very handsomely. Major *Worth* took him a Hunting with him; but he soon took an Opportunity of slipping away, & directed his Steps

Steps to his own Parish of *Bickley*. Here he happened to meet Lady *Carew*; but so great was his Respect for her, that he who used to attempt every Thing, had not Courage to accost this Lady, therefore turned off to a Place called *Condbury*, the Seat of Mr. *Furfdon*: As soon as he came there, he was known by Mr. *Furfdon*'s Sister, who told him, "He should not stir thence till her Brother came Home;" soon after Mr. *Furfdon* returned, and brought with him one Mr. *Land*, of *Silferton*; he was very much surprized to see him, and treated him very generously, making him a handsome Present, as did also Mr. *Land*: He abode there that Night, went a hunting with Mr. *Furfdon* the next Day, and likewise to see Mr. *Bampfylde Rode*, at *Stoke*, who would not believe Mr. *Carew* had been in *America*, but treated him handsomely, and made him a Present at his Departure. He next comes into *Exeter*, the Place he had sailed from to the *West-Indies*, and going into *St. Peter's Church-yard*, sees Sir *Henry Northcote*, Dr. *Andrews*, and two other Gentlemen, who were walking there; He accosted them with a God bless you, Sir *Harry*, Dr. *Andrews*, and the rest of the Company. Sir *Harry* staring very wistfully at him, cried, Are you Flesh and Blood? Why, you can never have been in *America*. Dr. *Andrews* then asked, If it was *Carew*? and the Report being spread that he was in *Exeter*, drew a great Number

ber of Spectators to see him; and among the rest Merchant *Davey* himself, who asked him in a very great Hurry, If the Ship was cast away? No, no, says he, I have been in *America*, have had the Honour to see your Factor, Mr. *Mean*, and saw *Griffiths* sold for a thousand Weight of Tobacco; but, did not I tell you that I would be at Home before Captain *Froade*? He then gave an Account of several Particulars, which convinced the Gentlemen he had really been in *America*. Mr. *Davey* asked him, If he had been sold before he ran away? And he replying he had not, the Merchant told him, jeeringly, Then he was his Servant still; that he should charge him five Pounds for his Passage, and five Pounds for Costs and Charges, besides Captain *Froade's* Bill. He next enquired, where he had left Captain *Froade*? Mr. *Carew* told him, he had left him in *Miles's* River. The Gentlemen then gave him Money, as did likewise Merchant *Davey*.

Two Months after this came Home Captain *Froade*, laden with Tobacco: As soon as he came to an Anchor, several Gentlemen of *Exeter* going on board him, enquired what Passage, and where he left Mr. *Carew*? "Damn him, replied the Captain, you'll never see him again: He ran away, was taken, put into *New Town* Goal, brought back and whipped, had a Pot-hook put upon

“ upon him, ran away with it on his Neck,
“ and has never been heard of since ; so that,
“ without Doubt, he must be either killed by
“ some wild Beast, or drowned in some Ri-
“ ver.” At which the Gentlemen fell a laugh-
ing, telling the Captain, He had been at
Home two Months before him. Captain
Froade swore it could never be ; however,
they confirmed it to him that it was so.



C H A P. XV.

Mr. Carew visits Sir William Courtenay : His handsome Reception, and the Character of that Gentleman : He disguises himself, and visits his Relation, Sir Thomas Carew ; passes undiscovered by his own Brother : His remarkable Adventure with Lord Weymouth.

S OON after this, Mr. Carew went and paid his Respects to Sir William Courtenay, returning him many Thanks for what he had furnished him with when he sailed for Maryland ; adding, He had been as good as his Word, in coming Home before Captain Froade. Sir William told him he thought he had ; and then called to his Butler to give him something to drink. In a little Time Sir William comes to him again, with his Brother, Mr. Henry Courtenay, who conducted him into a noble Parlour, where was a great Company of fine Ladies sitting, whom our Hero, accosted with all that Respect which is ever due to Beauty and Merit. Sir William
R then

then asked him jocosely, "If he could find
 "out which was his Dove?" "He replied,
 "He knew some of the Ladies there; and
 "that, unless his Judgment deceived him,
 "such a Lady (singling out one of them)
 "was the happy Person." — You are right,
 "replied Sir *William*, this is indeed my Dove,
 "and Turtle Dove." Sir *William* then put
 a Piece of Money into his Hat, as did Mr.
Henry Courtenay, and bid him go round to
 the Ladies, which he did, addressing them in
 a very handsome Manner, and, we need not
 add, gathered a very plentiful Harvest, as the
 Fair Sex, are, in general, so much inclined
 to Humanity and good Nature. Sir *Wil-*
liam asked him, "If he would not drink
 "to the Ladies Health?" And filled him
 up a Bumper of excellent Wine: He then
 took his Leave of this truly noble and hospi-
 table Gentleman. — Here, Reader, if my Pen
 was equal to the Task, I would describe to thee
 One, whom in this degenerate Age, thou may'st
 gaze at as a Prodigy; One, who like the *Phœ-*
nix rising from the Ashes of his Father, inherits
 all the Virtues of his glorious Ancestors; I would
 describe to thee Magnificence without Extra-
 vagance, Pomp without Ostentation, Plenty
 without Luxury or Riot, and Greatness undi-
 minished by little Pride; I would set before thee
 something more than a King, surrounded and im-
 prisoned by worthless and imperious Favourites,
 fawning Sycophants, and tasteless Grandeur.

Such

*Such are the Scenes within thy Walls, such thy Master, happy Powderham ! **

From hence our Hero goes to 'Squire Ball's, of *Mamhead*; in the Way he meets with Mr. *Jackson*, his Steward, who was lame with the Gout; he presently knew Mr. *Carew*, gave him half a Crown, and told him, He would hop back on his Crutches to give him something to drink. While they were drinking a Glass, the Steward advised him to make his Application to the 'Squire. Presently after, out he comes, and Mr. *Carew* soon began his Attack upon him: "Pray who are you," says the Justice?"—"I am a poor unfortunate *West-Indian*, replies he, who have been shipwreck'd on the Coast of *Ireland*, and was taken up by a *Bristol Ship*."—"Ay, ay, you are one of *Carew's* Gang, I suppose," says the Justice, but he 'is transported." "Bless your Honour," says he, I am no Impostor; I have heard *Carew* was a very great one, and I think deserved more than Transportation."—"Well, well, there's a Shilling for you," replies the Justice, and "go about your Business."

From hence he steers towards Mr. *Oxenham's*, at *New-House*; when he came near the House, he pulls off his Shirt, and gives it to an old Man he met, as though he had been maz'd; then marches up to the House, and

* *Powderham*, the Seat of Sir *William Courtney*, near *Exon*.

just at the Stables meets Mrs. *Oxenham* and another Lady, whom he immediately accosted with a doleful Complaint of being a poor Ship-wreck'd Mariner. Mrs. *Oxenham* told him, She should have taken him for *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, but that she knew he was transported: He was not disconcerted at this, but readily told her, with great Composure, that his Name was *Thomas Jones*, belonging to *Bridport*, in *Dorsetshire*. The Ladies gave him each a Shilling, and then bid him go into the House, where he had Victuals set before him; and before he went away, the Lady sent him a fine Holland Shirt: Being thus equipp'd, he enquires out the Church-Wardens of the Parish, and by the same Story gets a Crown of them. From hence he goes to Lord *Clifford's* at *Uggbrooke*, in the Parish of *Chudleigh*: Here he sends in a Petition to my Lord, as an unfortunate *Roman Catholic*, and received a Guinea, lay that Night at *Sandy Gate*, and behaved as a *Roman Catholic*, under the Name of *William Passmore*.

The next Day, at *Moll Upton's* in *Newton-Bushell*, he met with one of the Sisters of that Order of Mendicants commonly called Cousin *Betties*, and he having an Inclination to pay a Visit to Sir *Thomas Carew's*, at *Hackum*, soon made an Agreement with the Cousin *Betty*, to exchange Habits for that Day. The Barber was then call'd in to make his Beard as smooth as his Art and Razor could make it, and his
Hair

Hair was dressed up with Ribbons: Thus metamorphosed, our Hero sets out, having a little Wand in his Hand, and a little Dog under his Arm; being come to Sir *Thomas Carew's*, he rushes into the House without Ceremony, demanding his Rent in an imperious Tone; none of the Men-Servants being in the Way, the Women ran one one Way, and one another; but he taking no Notice of this Confusion, continued to act the mad Woman, beating his Head against the Wall, kissing his Dog, and demanding his Rent: At last comes one of the Woman-Servants, saying, "Lady you are welcome to your Rent," and gave him Half a Crown; but he was not to be got rid of so easily, for he now fell a raving again, & demanded some Merry-go-down; upon which they brought him some Ale, which he having drank, took his Leave, thanking them with a very low Curtesie. From hence he continues his Progress to Parson *Sandford's* of *Stoke*, in *Tinney*, where having entered the House with as little Ceremony as before, he not only demanded his Rent as usual, but a Gown of some of his Cousins; neither would he take his Leave till he had got a Shilling for Rent, a good Gown, and some Pinners. He next calls upon Parson *Richards*, at *Coombe*, in *Tinney*, where he got a Shilling and a new Shift. Having thus succeeded in this new Adventure, he returns to his Quarters at Mother *Upton's*, in *Newton-Bushell*, where he

R 3 divided

divided the Profits of the Day with his good Cousin *Betty*, and passed the Night very merrily with her.

The next Day he restored his borrowed Accoutrements to the Cousin *Betty*, and calling for a Pen and Ink, wrote a Petition in the Character of a poor unfortunate Soap-boiler, whose House was set on Fire by the Carelessness of an Apprentice, in the Parish of *Monksilver*, not forgetting to sign it with the Names of several neighbouring Gentlemen: With this fictitious Petition, he goes to Justice *Taylor's*, at *Denbry*, where he was handsomely relieved: From hence he goes to Justice *Neal's*, and finding, upon Enquiry, the Justice himself was at Home, did not venture to deliver his Petition, but begged as an unfortunate Man, and was relieved with a Cup of Cyder, and some Bread and Cheese. At *Darlington* he assumed the Character of a Rat-catcher, and sold a Receipt to a Gentleman's Steward for a Crown; and under this Character he travels forward to *Plymouth*. Here, hearing there was to be a great Cock-match, he lays aside his Rat-catcher's Habit, and puts on that of a Gentleman, and not the Habit only, (as too many do) but the Manners and Behaviour likewise; so that going to the Cock-Match, he betted several Wages with Sir *Coventry Carew*, and his own Brother, Mr. *Henry Carew*, the Minister of *Saltaish*, which he had the good Fortune to win, and left the

Cock-

Cock-Pit undiscovered by any one. "Thus great is the Power of Dress," that it transforms and metamorphoses the Beggar into a Gentleman, and the Cinder-Wench into a fine Lady; therefore let not the little Great (I mean those who have nothing to recommend them but their Equipage) pride themselves as though they had something superior in them, to the poor Wretch they spurn from them with so much Contempt; for let me tell them, if we are apt to pay them Respect, they are solely indebted for it to the Mercer and Taylor; for strip them of their gaudy Plumes, and we shall not be able to distinguish them from the lowest Order of Mumpers. This puts us in Mind of a remarkable Adventure of our Hero's Life, which he always tells with a great deal of Pleasure.

One Day as he was begging in the Town of Maiden Bradley from Door to Door, as a shipwreck'd Seaman, he saw on the other Side of the Street a mendicant Brother Sailor, in a Habit as forlorn as his own, a begging for God's Sake, just like himself, who seeing Mr. Carew, crossed over the Way and came up to him, and in the canting Language asked him where he lay last Night, what Road he was going, and several other Questions; then, whether he would brush into the Boozing-ken and be his Thrums, i. e. go into the Alehouse and spend his Three-pence with him: To this he consented, and away they go; where,

where, in the Series of their Conversation, they asked each other various Questions concerning the Country, the charitable and uncharitable Families, the moderate and severe Justices, the good and queer Corporations, i. e. those that would and would not suffer begging in their Territories. This new Acquaintance of Mr. Carew's asked him if he had been at Sir *Edward Seymour's*? He answered *Yes*, and had received his Alms; the Stranger therefore, not having been there, leaves him at the Ale-house, and goes thither himself, where having received the same Alms that his new Companion had, he returns to him again.

The next Day they beg the Town, one on one Side the Street, and the other on the other, each on his own separate Story and Account: They then proceeded to the Houses of several Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, both in one Story, which was that of the Stranger; among many others, they came to Lord *Weymouth's*, where it was agreed that Mr. *Carew* should be Spokesman; upon their coming up to the House, the Servants bid them be gone, unless they could give a very good Account of themselves, and the Countries in which they pretended to have been, for should Lord *Weymouth* come and detect them in any Falshood, he would horse-whip them without Mercy, which was the Treatment all those whom he found to be Counterfeits met with from him,

and

and he had detected great Numbers of them, having been abroad himself: Our Travellers, however, were not in the least daunted hereat, Mr. Carew being conscious to himself that he could give a satisfactory Account of *Newfoundland*, and the other confidently affirming, that he had been at *Rome, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c.* and could give as good a Description of those Countries as his Lordship himself. Therefore, up they go to the Kitchen-Door, and Mr. Carew broke the Ice, telling the deplorable Story of their Misfortune in his usual lamentable Tone: The Housekeeper at first turned a deaf Ear to their Supplication and Intreaty; but Mr. Carew, at the Instigation of his Companion, redoubled his Importunity, kneeling on one Knee, and made Use of all the Methods of exciting Charity, of which he was capable; so that at length the Housekeeper gave them the greatest Part of a cold Shoulder of Mutton, half a fine Wheaten Loaf, and a Shilling; but did it with great Haste & Fear, lest my Lord should see her, and be angry thereat; of the Butler they got a Copper of good Ale, and then both expressing their Thankfulness, departed: Having got at some Distance from the House, there arose a Dispute who should carry the Victuals, both being loth to incumber themselves with it, as having neither Wife nor Child near to give it to: Mr. Carew was for throwing it into the Hedge, but the other urged that it was both a Sin and a Shame

Shame to waste good Victuals in that Manner; so they both agreed to go to the *Green Man*, about a Mile from my Lord's; and there exchange it for Liquor. At this Alehouse they tarried some Time, and thack'd the Argot, i.e. shared the Money which they had that Day gotten; then, after a parting Glass, each went his separate Way.

The Reader cannot but be surprized, when we assure him that this Mendicant Companion of his was no less a Person than my Lord *Wey*—*th* himself, who being desirous of founding the Tempers and Dispositions of the Gentlemen & other Inhabitants of his Neighbourhood, put himself into a Habit so vastly beneath his Birth and Fortune, in order to obtain that Discovery; nor was this the first Time that this great Nobleman had metamorphosed himself into the despicable Shape and Character of a Beggar, as several of that Neighbourhood can testify; but when he went abroad into the World in this Disguise, he took especial Care to conceal it even from his own Family, one Servant only, in whose Secrecy he greatly confided, being entrusted therewith; and this was his Valet de Chambre, who used to dress, shave, and perform other such Offices relating to his Lordship's Person.

Mr. *Sarcow* and his noble Companion having thus parted from each other, he took his Way into the Woodlands, towards *Froom*; and the disguised Lord, by a private Way thro' his
Park

Park & Gardens, returned to his own House, and there divesting himself of his Rags, put on his embroidered Apparel & re-assumed the Dignity and State to which both his Birth and Fortune entitled him. "I am informed," said "his Lordship, that two Sailors have been at my House;" and enquiring which Way they went, he ordered two Men and Horses to go after them, with a strict Charge to bring them back to his House, for he heard they were Impostors, and if he found them such, he would treat them accordingly: The Servants obey'd his Commands without the least Suspicion of the Intricacy of this Affair, and soon came up with Mr. Carew, whom they forcibly bring back to my Lord: My Lord accosts him in a very rough stern Manner, asks where the other Fellow was, and told him he should be made to find him. Mr. Carew in the mean Time stood Thunder-struck, expecting nothing less than Commitment to Prison; but, upon Examination, made out his Story as well as he could.

After having thus terrified and threatened him for a considerable Time, away goes his Lordship, and divesting himself of his Habit and Character of a Nobleman, again puts on his Rags, and is by his trusty Valet de Chambre ushered into the Room where his Brother Beggan stood sweating with Fear; they confer Notes together, whispering to each other what to say, in order that their Accounts might agree

agree when examined apart, as in Effect they were: The Steward took Mr. Carew aside into a private Chamber, and there pretending that the other Fellow's Relation contradicting his, proved them to be both Counterfeits, a Prison must be the Portion of both; and indeed nothing was omitted that might strike Mr. Carew with the greatest Terror and Confusion. By this Time my Lord having thrown off his Rags, and put on his fine Apparel, Mr. Carew was again brought into his Presence to receive his final Sentence; when my Lord having sufficiently diverted himself with the Fear and Consternation of his Brother Mumper, discovered himself to him.


We might have mentioned before, that while my Lord & Mr. Carew travelled together, they asked each other whence they came, and what their Names were: Mr. Carew ingenuously confessed his, but my Lord disguised both his Name and Country; so that having accidentally met with a Mendicant of the greatest Note in all *England*, his Lordship thought fit to treat him in the Manner aforesaid, which he would not have done to every common Vagrant; however, to satisfy himself that this was the famous and true *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, (for many Impostors had usurped his Name) he sends for Captain *Atkins*, a Gentleman of his Acquaintance in the Neighbourhood, who went to School with Mr. Carew at *Tiverton*: This Gentleman was very glad

glad to see his old School-fellow, and assured his Lordship 'twas really Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*: Upon which his Lordship very nobly entertained him at his House for the Space of three Days, and gave him an excellent good Suit of Clothes, and ten Guineas; but remembering the Trouble they had, & the Loss they were at to dispose of the Shoulder of Mutton and Bread which his Housekeeper had given them, as likewise the Resolution Mr. *Carew* had once taken to throw it away, he called to his Housekeeper, and strictly charged her never to give away a Morfel of Victuals more, but bestow the Alms in Money only, as rightly judging that to be more acceptable, & serviceable to Beggars than the best of Provision, the greatest Part of which they either waste, give away, or exchange for an inconsiderable Quantity of Drink, as my Lord and Mr. *Carew* had done. His Lordship took Mr. *Carew* to *Warminster* Horse-Race, & there recommended him to many honourable Gentlemen, who were very liberal to him. He several Times after made bold to call upon his Lordship in his Rounds, and at every Visit received a Guinea, and a hearty Welcome at the House: My Lord would frequently make himself merry with the Passage, and jocosely say, "That he was more expert in the Science of Mumping, than even Mr. *Carew* himself."



C H A P. XVI.

Mr. Carew appears in a new Character: Lays a Stratagem to deceive Dr. Glanfield, of St. Germain's, an inveterate Enemy to the Community of Mendicants, and succeeds: Makes himself regarded as a Pattern of Conjugal Affection: Plays a merry Prank with Mr. Grimes, a Scotchman, and gains the Reputation of laying a Spirit; and afterwards appears in the Character of a dreadful Ghost.



R Carew having steered his Course from Plymouth to Bratton Clevelly, meets there with Coleman in the Habit of a Tinker, which Character he likewise soon assumes: Here they were met by an Exciseman, who knew them, but promised not to discover them; and hearing that one Madam Beere of Bridestow, was to be buried that Night, & her Pall supported by several Clergymen, among whom Mr. Carew's Brother was to be one, away go the two Tinkers to Bridestow; where, at the Red Lion, they found the Clergymen sitting by the Kitchen Fire: The Tinkers, without taking any Notice of the Clergymen, set down their Budgets, and called for a Quart of

of Ale : — They had not sat long, before the Clergymen asked them, “ What Countrymen “ they were ? ” — They replied with great Composure, “ North Countrymen. ” — “ From “ what Part, Tinkers ? ” — “ *Abingdon*, near “ *Oxford*. ” This produced a great many Questions about *Abingdon*, *Oxford*, &c. all which Mr. Carew and his Companion readily answered. The Clergymen then began to jest about their Profession, which the Tinkers resenting, told them, they could mend Kettles better than they could Sermons; and Coleman offered to lay either of them a Guinea they could not say the Lord’s Prayer in *Greek* backwards. These Taunts and Jeers produced no little Strife; and the Comedy might perhaps have ended tragically, had not the Exciseman, who met them at *Clovelly*, come in just at this Time, who accosting them by their Names, all Animosities immediately subsided, and Mr. Carew’s Brother embraced him, saying, “ My “ dear Frater, are you turned Tinker ? ” — “ Ay, “ ay, replied he, do you mind your Com- “ mon-Prayer, and I’ll mind my Budget. ” The Glass then went round very chearfully, so that they did not think of going before the Morning; when his Brother would have had him and Coleman gone along with them; but they told him, “ That they must stand by their “ Budgets and stay in their Quarters. ” However, promised to see him in *Tavistock* the next Day; which they set out with an Intent to do;

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do, but missed their Way, and crossed over the
Water to Lord *Edgcumbe's*. Here they met
with some Brother Tinkers, one of whom
told them, "He had been at Lord *Edg-*
" *cumbe's*, where there was a great Company
" of Gentlemen, amongst whom he heard
" there was Sir *Coventry Carew*, 'Squire *El-*
" *liot*, of *Port Elliot*, and 'Squire *Moyle*, of
" *Beek*, in the Parish of *St. Germain's*." Up-
on which Mr. *Carew* immediately resolved to
go there in *propria Persona*, but was at a Loss
for Clothes, and would have had *Coleman* gone
back to *Plymouth* to get some; but he refus-
ing, he was obliged to set forward in no higher
a Character than that of a Tinker, which he
soon found too mean to gain him Admittance,
or a favourable Ear from the Servants; he
therefore returns back to *Coleman*, who now
immediately sets out for *Plymouth* to get some
Clothes he had there: Returning very soon,
and Mr. *Carew* being now equipped, sets out
again for Lord *Edgcumbe's*, and in this new
Habit, having gained so far upon one of the
Servants as to get him to deliver a little Note
to Sir *Coventry Carew*, he was presently intro-
duced amongst all the Gentlemen, to whom he
created a great deal of Mirth; and telling
them, with other Adventures, how he had just
before deceived his own Brother in a Tinker's
Habit, one of the Gentlemen proffered to lay
a Wager he could not fling Dr. *Glanfield*, of
St. Germain's: Mr. *Carew* hesitated a little
upon

upon this, as the Doctor was very severe to all Mendicants, and the Gentleman telling him, they would be his Bail if he was taken up, he replied, "It was very kind; but in the mean Time that he got their Bail, he must lie in Prison." However, as the Love of Fame was always uppermost in his Soul, he accepted of the Wager, resolving to attempt it, however hazardous it might be: Accordingly it was agreed on, and he was to come the next Day to Squire Elliot's, at Port Elliot, where most of the Company were then to be, to inform them of his Success; then he took his Leave, having first received very liberally from all the Gentlemen; and returning to Coleman, divided the Profits of the Expedition, telling him at the same Time the Adventure he was going upon, which Coleman refused to join in, so they parted Company. Away goes Mr. Carew to Hufingsford, in the Parish of St. Germain's, where he put on a great Fur Cap, and assumed the Character of a Rat-catcher, not forgetting to rub his Face well with Flour, to give him a pale Complexion; being thus accoutred, he set out for the Doctor's House; as soon as he came into the Court-Yard, he set up a most violent Coughing, which interrupting every Word, he was near half an Hour bringing out in a very feeble Tone, "Have you any Work for the Rat-catcher?" One of the Servants told him, "They had not, for they employed one Brown." Still a baited w. S. 3. M. However, 1000

However, he still kept on coughing and spitting, as though he would bring up his Lungs, Entrails, Heart, and Liver: At last out comes the Doctor, which made him carry his Cough to a higher Key. The Doctor observing him to look so pale, and straining so violently with his Cough, said to him, "Thou a Rat-catcher, "Man! thou art more fit for thy Grave; go "Home, good Man, and provide for another "World; then gave him Half a Crown and a "Dram of Rum." Mr. *Carew* returned him a great many Thanks with a very weak Voice; then goes his Way, but was obliged to strain his Lungs near a Quarter of a Mile, while the Doctor continued in Sight, lest he should be suspected. He made the best of his Way, with a joyful Heart, to *Port Elliot*; being come there, he told the Servants to acquaint their Master that he was below, upon which he was immediately ordered up Stairs, where the Gentlemen asked him, if he had done his Duty? "Ay, ay, says he, here is Half a "Crown bears Witness for me." Which made the Gentlemen laugh very heartily. An Hour afterwards in comes Dr. *Glanfield*; the Gentlemen then turned the Discourse upon Mumpers, and asked if any had been at the Doctor's lately? or whether he had seen *Carew*? "No, no, says the Doctor, they won't come "near me; but there was a miserable Object "of a Rat-catcher, who had like to have "died at my Door To-day, to whom I gave
"Half

“Half a Crown to get rid of him.” Which set the Gentlemen a laughing, saying, “If you gave him Half a Crown what must we, for he is now in the House, and is neither more nor less than Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew.” Upon which the Doctor fell a swearing, and was very angry at having been so deceived.

The Gentlemen having rewarded Mr. Carew very handsomely for the Mirth he had occasioned them, he steered his Course towards *Liskeard*, where he met with *Coleman* again, and they consulted what to do, *Coleman* being afraid of being known. While they were consulting in comes *Wilmot*, a young Mumper; when they determined, that Mr. Carew should take up *Wilmot* on his Back, as a Person very sick, and that they should pass for New-England Men, who had been shipwrecked in *Bude Bay*. In this Manner they passed through several Towns in *Cornwall*, gathering large Contributions: When they came to *St. Colomb*, Mr. Carew had a Mind to change the Scene; he therefore ordered *Wilmot* to be dressed in Women's Clothes; then taking him on his Back, made a most lamentable Moan, beseeching some Small Matter for his poor Wife, whom he had, by good Providence, saved from a Wreck, but that she had the Misfortune to be crippled, by being flung upon the Shore. This greatly moved the Compassion of every one, especially of the good Women, who called to their Husbands,

to

to come and see such a Pattern of *conjugal Affection*. As this Trade was very profitable, they carried it on for some Time; but he beginning to grow weary of his Burthen, thought proper to dismiss his poor Wife, and resolved to try what Success he should have on his Crutches. He therefore issues forth with his Legs tied close to his Tail, and muffled up with a Heap of Rags, that they might not be discovered; his Back raised like a Mountain, almost over-topped his Head, which he likewise owed to the Assistance of a Parcel of Rags; and a false Beard hung down almost to his Middle. In this Figure he goes through several Towns with good Success, and then returns again to *St. Colomb*, where he before had been begging with *Wilmot* on his Back. A Report being spread that he was the famous *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, a great Croud gathered about him; among the rest, *Mrs. Hoblyn*, with some other Gentlewomen. *Mrs. Hoblyn* accosted him, "How do you do, Cousin *Carew*?" He replied, "Madam, you are mistaken; for I am a *Huntingdonshire* Man." "No, no, says *Mrs. Hoblyn*, I know you very well, you are my Cousin."—"Well, I know not, replied he; but if you will have it so, why don't you give me something?" *Mrs. Hoblyn* then went away, persuaded it was not her Cousin *Carew*.

The

The next Day he set out for *Warbridge*; being got about half a Mile from *St. Colomb*, hopping upon his Crutches more like a Bear than any Thing human, he met Justice *Hawkins* on Horseback, whose Horse starting at his odd Appearance; the Justice called to him, saying, "Cripple turn your Crutches up the Hill;" but he being not in the Humour to do it, took no Notice of the Justice's Words, but kept hallowing and bawling, "Which was his Way to *Warbridge*?" All this Time the Justice's Horse kept snorting, running back, kicking, and rearing on his hind Legs, till he had well nigh dismounted the Justice.

Having travelled as far as *Mevagissy* on his Crutches, he then lays them aside, and clothes himself handsomely, making the best of his Way to *Houlsworth*, where he knew was to be kept, in a few Days, an appointed Mendicant Feast: This is a Feast of Brotherly Love, among the different Orders of Mendicants, kept at certain Places and Times, to which the Brethren and Sisters of the Order resort from all Parts, as well to pay their Respect to the Sovereign, (which Honour we need not tell the Reader our Hero has now long held) as to confer together for mutual Improvement; here the Young are instructed by the useful Lessons of the Grave and Old, new Schemes proposed and debated on, the Ingenious rewarded, and the useless expelled their Order, and the whole is
con-

concluded with great Feasting and Rejoicing. Our Hero found a great Number of the Order assembled at the Feast, and received their Respects and Congratulations with all proper Majesty of Behaviour, and having transacted the Business of the Meeting, they all sat down to be merry together. In the midst of their Mirth in comes one Mr. Grimes, a Scotchman, saying, Buy any good Cloth; any old Lace to be sold. And seeing Mr. Carew, said to him, Do you know your Cousin Sir Thomas Carew is dead? Ay, ay, replies, he, I hear he is gone to see Mary Magdalen; but come in, Mr. Grimes, and let's be merry together. Come, come, dismount your Wallet, and let's see what you have. Which being done, each Man made a Present of something to his Beloved. This induced the Scotchman to sit down amongst them, and they passed the Glass about very merrily, the poor Scotchman dreaming no Harm; but Mr. Carew had taken the Opportunity of dropping a few Drops of his Dog-stealing Liquor upon his Clothes. This has the Property of making any Dog follow and jump upon the Person whom they smell it upon. Mr. Grimes had not sat a great while before he rose up to be gone, wishing them very merry; they in return wishing Mr. Grimes a very good Walk; and aways goes he along the Town, crying, "Buy my Cloth, any old Lace to be sold." This gave the first Alarm to the Dogs, who
coming

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. 215
coming out and smelling the Liquor, presently
gathered about the *Scotchman*; that before
he had got many Yards he had a Score of
Dogs upon him; the *little ones* embraced his
Legs, the *large* his Thighs, and the *largest*
fairly rid upon his Back. Mr. *Grimes* amazed
at these unusual Salutations and Caresses, em-
ployed his Staff and Tongue to drive them
away; this enraged the Owners of the Dogs,
who presently rattled about the Ears of the
Scotchman, crying out, "You damn'd Rogue,
" what have you got in your Pack?" Mr.
Grimes thus set upon on every Side, rid by
the Dogs, cursed by the Men, and scolded by
the Women, the whole Town in an Uproar,
and finding neither his Staff nor Words would
drive away the Dogs, thought himself verily
bewitched, and ran into the first Publick-
House he came to. Mr. *Carew* having thus
diverted himself and Company, was not wil-
ling to punish Mr. *Grimes* any longer: He
therefore persuaded his Landlord to go to
him, and tell him, "He found his Bottle of
" Liquor had broke in his Pocket, and sup-
" posed some must have run upon his Clothes,
" and that he must get them well washed be-
" fore he would get rid of the Dogs." Away
goes the Landlord, and coming to the House
asked Mr. *Grimes*, "What was the Matter
" with him?"—"O! says the poor *Scotchman*,
" very sorrowfully, I am certainly bewitched
" by some old Hag or another."—"Be-
" witched,

“witched, damn you, replied the Landlord,
 “why it is Mr. Carew’s Bottle has broke in his
 “Pocket, and you must get your Clothes
 “well washed.” This put Mr. Grimes in a
 very great Rage, and he cursed himself for
 coming among them; however, he was
 obliged to be pacified, get his Clothes all
 washed, and set out very peaceably before it
 was light the next Day.

Not long after this, Mr. Carew comes to
Bideford again (where he had been some Time
 before, and delivered the Compass to Captain
Harvey’s Wife, who immediately burst into
 Tears upon seeing it, supposing her Husband
 was dead) and goes to the *Dolphin*, where, as
 he was drinking, he sees some Gentlemen in
 the *Butcher-Row*, and asks the Landlord who
 they were; being told they were the Captains
Harvey, Hopkins, and Bird, “Go, says he,
 “and give my Duty, and tell them Mr.
 “*Bampfylde-Moore Carew* is at your House.”
 The Landlord goes accordingly, and soon re-
 turned with the Captains, who were very glad
 to see our Hero, who returned them many
 Thanks for the Favours he had received
 from them in *America*. The Captains
 asked him a great many Questions about his
 Travels through the *Indians* Country, &c.
 and told him, “They never thought he would
 “have gone through that dangerous Under-
 “taking, but expected to have seen him re-
 “turn back again.” He then gave them

an Account of every Thing to their Satisfaction, telling them, "He had followed their Directions in every Point." They afterwards treated him very handsomely, and made a Collection for him. The Captains then going out, and reporting that he was in Town, drew a great Concourse of People to see him, to the no little Profit of the Landlord; for our Hero had ordered no one should be admitted in to see him, till they had first drank a Quart of Ale in the House.

Some Time after this, he disguised himself like a poor miserable decrepid old Man, and falls to selling of Matches, and gathering of Rags; and happening to meet with a Brother Ragman at *Wiveliscombe*, they joined Company, and agreed to travel to *Porlock* together: Just as they came to *Gutter-Hall*, Night coming on apace, they proposed taking up their Quarters there; but the Landlord told them, "He had not Lodging to spare, but
" if they would go half a Mile farther, and
" lie in a haunted House, they should have
" their Lodging free Cost, and good Bread,
" Cheese, and Cyder, with a Rather of Ba-
" con into the Bargain." The Ragmen very readily accepted of this Offer, and away go they, accompanied by the Landlord, to Farmer *Liddan's* House: When they came there, the Landlord told the Farmer, "He had brought
" two Men who would lie in the haunted
" House." The Farmer received them very
T gladly,

gladly, and asked them, "If they were fure
" they had Courage enough to do it? adding,
" He would give them twenty Shillings if
" they could lay the old Woman."—"Never
" fear, Farmer, replies Mr. *Carew*, we have
" not only Courage to speak to, but Learn-
" ing enough to lay the old Woman, so that
" you shall never hear of her more." Things
being thus agreed on, the Farmer's Son, a
great stout Fellow, willing to shew his Cou-
rage, in a very bold Manner offered to keep
them Company; having provided themselves
with Firing, Cyder, Bread, Cheese, and Ba-
con, away they adjourn to the haunted House,
but not before Mr. *Carew* had taken an Oppor-
tunity of going out into the Yard, and fill-
ing his Pockets with large Stones: When
they came to the haunted House, they made
a good Fire, and he and his Companion
sat down eating and drinking very merrily;
but the Farmer's Son beginning to have some
Terrors upon him, had but little Stomach to
eat. About the Middle of the Night, when
every Thing is most silent and solemn, at
that Time when almost every Whisper of the
Wind is apt to create a Fear, Mr. *Carew*
took an Opportunity of throwing a Stone,
unseen, up the Stairs, which coming rum-
bling down again with a frightful Noise,
might have, at that Time, struck a Pannic
into the most courageous Heart. The Far-
mer's Son turned pale, and leaped from his
Chair

Chair in a great Fright, believing no less than the old Woman was making her Entrance; but nothing appearing, the same awful Silence and Stillness as before took Place, only Fear staid behind in the Farmer's Breast, and Mr. Carew and his Companion kept mute, as though in Expectation of what would follow; but soon this solemn Silence was disturbed by a loud Thump at the Door; again the Farmer leaps from his Seat, crying out, "O Lord! save and deliver us." At the same Time, unable to command those Passages at which Fear is apt to issue out, he caused a Smell, almost as bad as Satan himself is said to bring along with him: Mr. Carew caught him in his Arms, and holding his Head close to his Breast, cries, "Don't be afraid, Mr. Liddon, for I will make the old Woman to fly;" at the same Time pretending to conjure her, he repeated three Times very solemnly *Hight Spirito Diabolico rubro Oceano*, whilst his Companion goes a little on one Side, and answers in a squeaking Tone, like Joan Liddon, "Unless my Will is fulfilled, I will tear them in Pieces." Soon after the Cock crowing, there was another huge Blow at the Door; and then they bid the Farmer look up, telling him, "The old Woman was gone;" however, he would not let go of Mr. Carew. Just as Day-light appeared, his Companion goes forth, and picks up the Stones from the

Stairs, Entry, &c. He had scarce done this before the old Farmer came down to see if his Son was alive, and if they had spoke to old *Joan*: He accosted them with, "How do you do? how have you spent the Night?" "O! Father! replied the Son, most terribly indeed; you can't conceive what Rattlings and Noises we have heard, but this good Man secured me in his Arms:"—"But what Stink is this, replied the Father, sure old *Joan* stinks of Brimstone, or something worse, if she brought this along with her?" "Ah, Father! Father! says the Son, I believe you would have raised as bad a Stink as I have done, if you had been here. — "Well, well, says the Father, perhaps I might; but have you spoke to old *Joan*?" "Yes indeed, replied Mr. *Carew*." — And "what does the old Woman say?" — She "says, if her Will is not exactly fulfilled, as she desired, she will never leave haunting you; but, if it is, all shall be well and quiet." Away then they all go to the Farmer's House, where they were made very welcome, and received the twenty Shillings according to Promise, the Farmer requesting they would stay the next Night by themselves, (for he believed his Son would have no Stomach to go with them) and tell the old Woman every Thing should be fulfilled according to her Will; and they should be satisfied to their Content. They accordingly passed the

the next Night there very merrily, and received another twenty Shillings in the Morning; which was well bestowed too by the Farmer, for ever after the House had the Reputation of being very quiet.

Mr. Carew and his Companion then set forward for Porlock, where they parted Company; and Mr. Carew coming into Porlock, met Dr. Tanner, a Relation of old Joan Liddon's, and his Brother, Parson Tanner, along with him: After the usual Salutations, he very composedly asked, "If they had heard the News of the Conjuraton of old Joan?" The Doctor replied, "they had heard something of it, and that he was resolved either to send or take a Ride over himself, to enquire into the Truth of it." He confirmed it to them, which occasioned a great deal of Discourse about it, and who these two Conjurers should be...

We should, perhaps, have passed over in Silence this Adventure of our Hero's; but that, an Author of the first Rate has taken a great deal of Pains to frighten a poor Soldier, and entertain his Readers by dressing up his Hero in a white coloured Coat, covered with Streams of Blood, tho' we cannot well conceive how those Streams of Blood, which ran down the Coat in the Morning, should appear so very visibly twenty Hours afterwards.

* *Full History of Tom Jones, Vol. 2d, Page 150.*

in the Middle of the Night, and at a Distance, by the Light of a single Candle, notwithstanding that this great Author has very judiciously acquainted us, it was a *light-colour'd Coat*: But however this may be, we are of Opinion, that the Farmer's Son, in the above Adventure, is a much more entertaining Character than the Soldier, in the renowned History we are speaking of; and that our Hero, whenever it was needful, could make a much more tremendous Figure than Mr. Jones, in his white coloured Coat covered with Streams of Blood, the following is a sufficient Instance.

Mr. Carew being in the Town of *South-Moulton*, in *Devon*, and having been ill used by a great Officer there, vulgarly called the *Bellman*, was resolved to take a comical Revenge. It was about that Time reported, and generally believed, that a Gentleman of the Town, lately buried, walked by Night in the Church-yard; and as the Bellman was obliged, by his nightly Duty, to go through it just at the Hour of One, that well known accustomed Time of *Spectres* issuing from their Graves, Mr. Carew repaired thither a little before the Time, and stripping into his Shirt, lay down upon the Gentleman's Grave: Soon after, hearing the Bellman approach, he raised himself up with a solemn Slowness; which the Bellman beholding by the glimmering Light of the Moon through some thick Clouds, was harrowed (as *Shakespear* expresses it) with Fear
and

and Wonder, a cold Horror shot through every Part of his Body, and an universal Palsy seized every Limb; but as Nature most commonly dictates Flight in all such Cases, he retreated with as much Haste as his shaking Limbs would allow; but as Fear naturally inclines us to look back upon the Object we are flying from, he several Times cast his Eye behind him, and beheld the Ghost following him with a solemn March: This added fresh Vigour to his Flight, so that he stumbled over Graves and Stones, not without many Bruises, and at length dropped his Bell, which the Ghost seizing upon as a Trophy, forbore any further Pursuit; but the Bellman did not stop till he reached Home, where he obstinately affirmed he had seen the Gentleman's Ghost, who had taken away his Bell, which greatly alarmed the whole Town, and there were not wanting many who afterwards frequently heard the Ghost ringing the Bell in the Church-yard.

It was some Time before the Bellman had the Courage to re-assume his usual nightly Round through the Church-yard; but after a while his Fear abating, he ventured upon it again, and met with no Interruption: But Mr. Carew happening about a Year after to be in South-Moulton again, was afresh insulted by the Bellman, which made him resolve to give him a second Meeting in the Church-yard: Taking therefore the Opportunity of a very dark Night,

Night, he dressed himself in a black Gown, put on a great Fur Cap on his Head, and at the usual Time of the Bellman's coming, repaired to the Church-yard, holding in his Mouth, by the Middle, a Stick lighted at both Ends, at the same Time rattling a large heavy Iron Chain. If the Bellman's Terror before was great, it was now much greater; and indeed the Appearance, joined to the rattling of the Chain, was so hideous, that the boldest Soldier might have been terrify'd by it, without any Imputation of Cowardice. The Bellman fled away with all the Wings of Fear, the Spectre following him at a Distance, rattling the Chain with a most hideous Noise; so that the Bellman concluded himself to be haunted by the Devil, and declined ever after his nocturnal Employment.





C H A P. XVII.

Mr. Carew appears in new Characters with great Success; takes Shipping for Ireland; his Reception there by Lord Annesly.

ABOUT this Time Mr. Carew met Mr. Philipps, a celebrated Limner in Porlock, who shewed him a great many Pictures, and asked him, "If he knew any of them?" He pointed out his old School-fellow, *Edward Dyke's, Esq;* and *Sir Thomas Carew's*. * Mr. Philipps then asked him, "If he would sit for his Picture; as he had been desired to draw it by Mr. *Copplestone Bampfylde*." Which our Hero agreeing to, he went the next Day and the following to sit for his Picture undisguised: When it was finished, Mr. Philipps desired him to come again another Time, in his mumping Dress, which he accordingly promised to do, and intends to perform his Promise.

* It is from this Picture that the Print of Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, lately published, Price Six-pence, was engraved.

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From hence he goes to *Minehead*, and calls upon several of his old Acquaintance, viz. *Dr. Ball*, *Parson Beer*, and the Collector, who all treated him very kindly. Having raised Contributions from these Gentlemen, he goes to his Quarters, and desires them to lend him a Pair of Trousers, having a Mind to try some of the neighbouring Country Parishes; which having put on, he goes into the Parishes, pretending to be a poor cast-away Seaman, 3500 Miles from Home, and picks up a great deal of Money, and seven or eight Pounds of Bacon, which he brought to his Quarters, and gave for the Loan of his Trousers.

Some Days after he met with an old Female Acquaintance, who had a young Child with her, at a Place called *Embercome*, with whom joining Company, they came into *Dunster*, and lay at private Lodgings. The next Day, being willing to indulge his Companion, he borrowed her Child, a Gown, and one of her Petticoats; and being thus accoutred with the Child in his Arms, returns to *Minehead*, amongst the Gentlemen he had so lately received Contributions from; and here pretending to be an unfortunate Woman, whose House had been burnt at *Cadleigh*, and giving a good Account of the Place and the Inhabitants, to those who ask'd any Questions, coughing very violently, and making the Child to cry, he got a great deal of Money, Clothes

Clothes for the Child, and Victuals; with which returning to *Dunster*, he gave the Mother of the Child the Clothes, and the greatest Part of the Money he had got in this Trip: Neither was this Method new to him, for he had long before this taught his own Daughter, a little Infant, to say, "drowned in a Boat," so often as himself or any other Person asked her, "what was become of her Mother or Mammy?" Having made her perfect in this Lesson, he set out with her upon his Back, and pretended to have been a Sailor on board a Vessel which had been lately lost on the Coast of *Wales*, and most of the Ship's Crew and Passengers drowned, amongst which, he said, was the Mother of the tender Infant at his Back, and that he had saved himself and the Infant by swimming; and by this Story he got a great deal of Money every where, especially as by Way of Confirmation, when he was telling of it, he would turn and ask the Babe, "Where's your Mammy, my dear, my Jewel?" To which the Babe would reply, "drowned in the Boat;" which so affected all that heard it, that it not only drew their Purses, but their Tears too.

From *Dunster* he went thro' the Country to *Ilfracombe*, where he enquired for a Passage to *Ireland*; he was told there was no Vessel going for *Ireland*, but that he might have a Passage for *Wales*, which he soon resolved

solved upon, and after waiting upon the Collector and some other Friends in *Ilfracombe*, set sail for *Swansey*. He had no sooner landed there, but he goes to the Rev. Mr. Griffy of that Place, in the Character of a cast-away Seaman, a Native of *Devonshire*; and as he gave a particular Account of Mr. Griffy's Son, the Minister of *Bishop's Nympton*, he was made very welcome and handsomely relieved, and by Mr. Griffy's Recommendation got a great deal of Money in the Town.

From hence he goes in the same Character to Lord Mansel's at *Cowbridge*, and other Places, and returns again to *Swansey*; and thence sets out again, travelling thro' all the Country to *Tenby*, where hearing of one Captain Lott *, he waits upon him with the same Story, but with the Addition of his Name being *John Lott*, whereby he got half a Crown, and a good Welcome. He next sets out for *Garmarthen*, and gets a great deal of Money from the *Welsh* Gentry, pretending now to be an unfortunate Sailor belonging to *Ireland*, who had been cast away by *Portland Race*, coming from *Bilboa*. He proceeded upon the same Story to *Aberystwyth* and *Port Elly*, where he chanced to meet with a Brother of the mendicant Order, to whom he was known; they enquired of each other's Success, and

* Mr. Capes had, some Time before this, enlisted himself to this same Captain Lott, and left him the next Day, taking with him an extraordinary fine Spaniel of the Captain's.

many other Particulars, and agreed to join Company for some Time: Mr. Carew now got a Scar-Cloth of Pitch, which he laid to his Arm with a raw Beef-Stake at Top, covered with white Bread, and Tar, which has the exact Appearance of a green Wound; they still continued in the same Story of being cast away, but added to it, that he had fell off the Rigging, and wounded his Arm in that Manner: They travelled together with good Success as far as *Shadwell*, where they parted Company.

Our Hero made the best of his Way to *Holyhead*, and begging a Passage on board the Packet to *Dublin*, after a fine Passage lands at *Ring's End*, near that City: His first Enquiry here was for his old Acquaintance, and in particular for one Mr. Crab, and my Lord *Annesly*, who had been School-fellows with him at *Tiverton*; he found my Lord *Annesly* lived about a Mile from the Town, but did not see him the first Day, he being gone to *Blessing-Town*, as the Servants told him; accordingly he set out for that Town the next Day, where he found my Lord at a Tavern, with several Officers; he goes in and tells the Tavern-keeper, he wanted to speak with my Lord; but as his Appearance was none of the best, the Tavern-keeper did not care to carry his Message to my Lord, but asked, "What his Business was?" "Tell him (says he) that I am an old School-fellow of his, and
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“want to see him.” My Lord being told this, came out with two Gentlemen, and enquired who he was? which our Hero telling him, “Ha! Mr. Carew, (said my Lord) is it you Mon? walk in, walk in.” What, (says one of the Captains) is this old “Carew?” The very same (replies my Lord). After he had sat down some Time, and talked over several old Affairs with my Lord, one of the Captains asked him, “If he could get him a good Pointer?” Ay, ay, that he can (replies my Lord) for by my Saoul Mon, he and I have stole many a Dog, & lay in many a Hay-Tallet, in our youthful Days.” Then turning to Mr. Carew, told him, “His Fame was spread as much in Ireland as England. It is so indeed, replied one of the Captains.” My Lord then asked him, “how he found him out there?” He replied, “he had been directed by their old School-fellow Crab.” “Well (says my Lord) you shall go home along with me.” He desired to be excused, as he designed going to see Lord St. Leiger, who was another of his School-fellows; but my Lord swore by his Soul he should go home along with him, and visit Lord St. Leiger another Time; Accordingly a Horse was provided for him, and they all set out for *Dublin*.

The next Day my Lord *Armesly* took him to his own House; during his Abode here, which was about a Fortnight, our Hero received great

great Civilities from the Irish Gentry; Lord Annesly introducing him to all the chief Company in the City, as the Man they had heard so much talk of. One Day Mr. Obrien, a Gentleman of great Fortune, being in Company, asked Mr. Carew, "If ever he had been on board the *Tarmouth* Man of War?" He replying, that "he had been in her up the *Baltick*." The Gentleman asked, "If he remembered a young Gentleman in her, about fourteen Years of Age, who was very fat, and had a Livery Servant to wait upon him?" He replying, that "he remembered him very well, and that he was blest with as beautiful a Face as any Youth he ever saw." The Gentleman ask'd him if he recollected what became of him? Which he answer'd by saying, "he died at *Gosport* a Day or two after they landed there, and that Mr. Price of *Pool* composed a *Latin* Epitaph for him." At which the Gentleman could not refrain letting fall some Tears, it being his own Brother he was speaking of. He then ask'd what Men of War were with them at that Time? All which he gave a very good Account of, saying, "Sir *Charles Wager* and Rear Admiral *Walton* commanded; Sir *Charles* carrying a red Flag at the Fore-top-mast Head of the *Forbay*; and the latter the blue at the Mizzen of the *Cumberland*, both 80 Gun Ships." The Gentleman replied, "he was satisfied, for

for he had given a very faithful Account of every Thing, then made him a Present to drink his Health when he came to England. For Lord Annesly said he would supply him whilst he was in Ireland. A great hunting Match being proposed, Lord Annesly told them Mr. Garw could make one with the best of them at that Diverſion, upon which he was desired to make one of the Party; accordingly they set out very early next Morning, and had fine Sport, he exerting all his Abilities, though he was afraid of riding into some Bog, of which the Country is very full; when the Chase was ended, they all went to Lord Annesly's to Dinner, and the Company allowed him to be an excellent Sportsman.

Lord Annesly afterwards took him to Newry, and many other Places, introducing him to all Company. At length he desired Liberty to go to see his old School-fellow Lord St. Ledger, at *Donnerail*, which Lord Annesly would not consent to, unless he promised to call upon him again in his Return, which he promising to do, he sent his Servant with him as far as *Blessing-Town*; parting with the Servant here, he travelled to *Kilkenny*; from hence to *Cashill*, (where is a fine Seat belonging to Lord Mar-Ker) *Clonmel*, and *Cahir*, where our Hero was taken dangerously ill. It would be unpardonable not to mention the Hospitality he was treated with here; his good Landlady finding him so ill, sent for the Minister of the Place

to come and pray by him, which he accordingly did, and at going away clapped Half a Crown into his Hand, and soon after sent an Apothecary to him, who administered what Medicines were proper for him, which had so good an Effect as to enable him to get upon his Legs; however, they would not let him proceed forwards for several Days, lest he should relapse; and before he set out, the Minister of the Parish sent his Clerk round the Place, to make a Collection for the Stranger. Being at last perfectly recovered, he set out for Lord St. Leiger's; when he came there and was introduced, my Lord presently recollected him, and cried, "Why sure, and double sure, it is Carew!" then asked, how long he had been in Ireland? adding, he hoped he would stay with him some Time. My Lord made him very welcome, and they talked over some of the merry Pranks they had played together. "Mr. Carew enquired if Sir Matthew Day, another of their old School-fellows, was alive?" My Lord told him, "he was dead; but that there was a young Gentleman would be very glad to see any old Friend of his Father's." He abode with Lord St. Leiger about a Fortnight, being treated in the kindest Manner possible, and at his Departure my Lord made him a handsome Present, and gave him a very good Suit of Clothes, with a recommendatory Letter to young Mr. Day.

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Here.

Here he was received with great Civility, as well upon the Account of Lord St. Leiger's Letter, as being an old School-fellow of Mr. Day's Father; the Conversation happening to fall upon Dogs, Mr. Day told him, "he had heard he was very famous for enticing Dogs away; and that Sir William Courtenay's Steward had told him there was no Dog could resist his Enticements; however, he believed he had one that would." He then ordered a surly morose Dog to be brought out, and offered to lay a Wager he could not entice him away, which he readily accepted of, and began to whistle to the Dog, but found him very surly; upon which he took out a little Bottle, and dropping a few Drops upon a Bit of Paper, held it, unseen, to the Dog, and then told Mr. Day the Dog would follow him to England. Away then goes he, and the Dog after him, Mr. Day and his Servants all followed, calling Roger, Roger, which was the Name of the Dog, but Roger turned a deaf Ear to all they could say, not thinking proper to turn about once. Mr. Carew having diverted himself sufficiently, by leading Mr. Day and his Servants above half a Mile, turned back again, with the Dog following him. Having abode here some Days, he took his Leave, receiving a handsome Present from Mr. Day, and then returned back to Lord St. Leiger; and from thence to Kinsale, where he took the first Opportunity of a Vessel,

a Vessel, and landed at *Padstow* in *Cornwall*. From hence he goes to *Camelford*, thence to *Great Tarrington*, where he met with his Wife, and thence proceeded to *Bideford*; and on the next Day, being *Sunday*, strolled down to one *Holmes's*, who kept a Public-House between *Bideford* and *Appledore*, where he past great Part of the Day, drinking pretty freely; and Money being at a low Ebb with him, he desired Landlord *Holmes* to lend him a good Suit of Clothes, which he accordingly did; being thus gallantly equipped, he goes and plants himself at the Church Door in *Bideford*, & pretending to be the unfortunate Supercargo of a Vessel which had been, a few Days before, cast away near the *Lizard*, he gets a very handsome Contribution. From hence he goes to *Barnstaple*, where he had great Success, none suspecting him in this Dress, as it was certainly known such a Ship had been cast away near the *Lizard* a few Days before. Returning back he calls upon 'Squire *Ackland* at *Tremington*, where he got half a Crown of the Lady upon the same Story; then steering to *Appledore*, meets with his Landlord *Holmes*, who had been in no little Fear about his Clothes; however, he would not disrobe till he had been into *Appledore*, where he added to his Store, and then returning to *Holmes's*, restored him his Clothes, and gave him some Part of the Profit of the Excursion.



C H A P. XVIII.

Mr. Carew's first Acquaintance with Sir William W—d—m; pays him a second Visit: The Stratagem he executed upon the Custom-house Officers in all the Sea-Ports of the West of England: The Discovery he made at Sir Thomas Hobby's, in Hampshire, &c.

IT was about this Time Mr. Carew became acquainted with the Hon. Sir William W—d—m, in the following Manner: Being at *Watchet* in *Somersetshire*, near the Seat of this Gentleman, he was resolved to pay him a Visit; putting on therefore a Jacket and a Pair of Trousers, he makes the best of his Way to *Orchard Wyndham*, Sir William's Seat; and luckily met Sir William, Lord *Bolingbroke*, and several other Gentlemen and Clergy, with some Commanders of Vessels, walking in the Park; Mr. Carew approached Sir William with a great deal of seeming Fearfulness and Respect; and with much Modesty acquainted him he was a *Silferton* Man, (which Parish chiefly belongs to Sir William) and that he was the Son of one of his

his Tenants nam'd *Moore*; had been to *New-
foundland*, and in his Passage homeward the
Vessel was overtaken by a violent Fog, and only him and two more saved, and
being put on board an *Irish Vessel*, was carried
into *Ireland*, and from thence landed at *Wat-
shead*; Sir *William* hearing this, asked him a
great many Questions concerning the Inhabi-
tants of *Silferton*, who were most of them his
own Tenants, and of the principal Gentlemen
in the Neighbourhood, all which Mr. *Carew*
was perfectly acquainted with, and therefore
gave satisfactory Answers; Sir *William* at last
asked him if he knew *Bickleigh*, (which is but
a small Distance from *Silferton*) and if he knew
the Parson thereof, Mr. *Carew* replied he knew
him very well, and indeed so he might, as he
was no other than his own Father; Sir *William*
then enquired what Family he had, or whether
he had not a Son named *Bampfylde*, and what
was become of him? Your Honour, replies
“ he, means the Mumper and Dog-Dealer: I
“ don't know what is become of him, but it
“ is a Wonder if he is not hanged by this
“ Time.” — “ No, I hope not, replied Sir
“ *William*, I should be very glad, for his Fa-
“ mily's Sake, to see him at my House.” Hav-
ing satisfactorily answer'd many other Que-
stions, Sir *William* generously relieved him with
a Guinea, and Lord *Bolingbroke* followed his
Example, the other Gentlemen and the Clergy
contributed according to their different Rank,
which

which they were the more inclined to do, as the Captains found he could give a very exact Account of all the Settlements, Harbours, and most noted Inhabitants in *Newfoundland*; Sir *William* then ordered him to go to his House and tell the Butler to see him well entertain'd, which accordingly he did; & set himself down with great Content and Satisfaction; but our Enjoyments are often so suddenly dashed, that it has become a Proverb, "Many Things happen between the Cup and the Lip;" and so Mr. *Carew* now found it; for while he was in the midst of his Regale, he saw enter, not the Ghost of bloody *Banquo* to take his Seat from him, nor yet the much more tremendous Figure of Mr. *Thomas Jones* "in a light colour'd Coat, cover'd with Streams of Blood," no, but the Foot-Post from *Silferton*, with Letters to Sir *William*. ——— *Horace* has rightly observed,

Diffictus Ensis, cui super impia,

Cervice pendet, non Sicula Dapes

Dulcem elaborabunt saporem:

Non avium, citharæque cantus

Somnum reducent.

Or to speak to our *English* Readers: "a Man
" who has a drawn Sword hanging over his
" Head by a Hair, has but little Stomach to eat,
" however sumptuous the Treat." The Foot-Post that we just now mentioned was little less than a Sword hanging by a Hair over Mr. *Carew's* Head, for he thought it natural Sir

William

William would ask him some Questions about *Mr. Moore*; and as he did not chuse (tho' he had past *Sir William's* Examination) to undergo a fresh one, he made great Haste to rise from Table, and set out without using much Ceremony; a few Miles distant from *Sir William's*, he met *Dr. Poole* going from *Dulverton* to *Sir William's*, who knowing *Mr. Carew*, stopped his Horse to talk to him. Amongst other Conversation at *Sir William's*, the Doctor happening to mention whom he had met that Day, (not knowing that he had been at *Sir William's*) it was soon known by the Description he gave of his Person and Habit, to be no other than the unfortunate *Silferton* Man, to whom *Sir William* and his Friends had been so generous, which occasioned a great deal of Mirth. About two Months after, *Mr. Carew* ventured to pay *Sir William* a second Visit, in the Habit and Character of an unfortunate Grazer; he met the worthy Baronet and his Lady taking the Air in a Chaise, in a Meadow where some Hay-makers were at Work; he approached them with a great deal of modest Simplicity, and began a very moving Tale of the Misfortunes he had met with in Life: In the midst of his Oration, *Sir William* called to the Hay-makers to secure him; which struck his Eloquence dumb, or at least changed it from the Pathetic to the Tragic Style, for he could not conceive what might be the End of this; however, *Sir William* soon gave him the Choice of
either

either a true Confession of his Name and Profession, or a Commitment to Prison; he made Choice of the former, and confess'd himself to be Mr. *Bampfylde-Moone Green*, Sovereign of the whole Community of Mendicants; Sir *William* with a great deal of Humour and Good nature treated him with all that Respect which is due to Royalty; entertained him generously at his House, and made him a very handsome Present at his Departure, desiring him to call upon him as often as he came that Way; and he was even after a constant Friend and Benefactor to him.

Soon after this he plann'd a new Design, and put it in Execution with great Success; dressing himself in a chequed Shirt, a Jacket, and Trousers, he goes upon *Exeter Key*; and with the rough but artless Air and Behaviour of a Sailor, enquir'd for some of the King's Officers, whom he informed, "that he belonged to a
 " Vessel lately come from *France*, which had
 " landed a large Quantity of run Goods, but
 " the Captain was a Rascal, and had used him
 " ill, and d--n his Blood, if he would not."
 —He was about to proceed, but the Officers, who with greedy Ears swallowed all he said, interrupted him by taking him into the Custom-House, and filling him a Bumper of Cherry Brandy, which when he had drank, they forced another upon him, persuading him to wet the other Eye, rightly judging that the old Proverb, "in Wine there is Truth," might
 with

with equal Propriety be applied to Brandy, & that they should have the fuller Discovery, the more the honest Sailor's Heart was cheered: But that no Provocation should be wanting to engage him to speak the Truth, they ask'd him, "If he wanted any Money?" He with as much Art, answer'd very indifferently, "No; adding, "He scorned to make such a Discovery out of "a mercenary View, but that he was resolved "to be revenged on his Captain." They then ordered him to go to the Sign of the *Boot* in *St. Thomas's*, in *Exeter*, whither they soon followed him, having first sent Mr. *Eastchurch*, an Exciseman, to ask what he would have for Dinner, and what Liquor he would have to drink. A Fire was lighted up Stairs in a private Room, a Couple of Ducks roasted, and full Glasses of Wine and Punch went chearfully round; they then thrust four Guineas into his Hand, which at first he seemed unwilling to accept of, which made them the more pressing. He now began to open his Mind with great Freedom, gave a particular Account of the Vessel, where they had taken in their Cargo at *France*, what it consisted of, the Day they sailed, & the Time they were in the Passage, & at last concluded with acquainting them, They had landed and concealed Part of this valuable Cargo in the Out-Houses of 'Squire *Mollock*, of *Cockington*, and the Remainder in those of 'Squire *Cary*, of *Tor-Abbey* (both which Houses, upon Account of their Situation on the Sea-side, were

very noted for such Concealments.) The Officers having now got the Scent, were like sagacious Hounds for pursuing it forthwith, and thought it proper the Sailor should accompany them; but to prevent all Suspicion, resolved he should change his Habit: They therefore dressed him in a ruffled Shirt, a fine Suit of Broad Cloth belonging to the Collector, & put a Gold-laced Hat on his Head; then mounting him on a very fine black Mare, away they rode together, being in all seven or eight of them; they that Night reached *Newton-Bushell*, where they lay at the *Bull*: Nothing was wanting to make the Night jovial; the greatest Delicacies the Town afforded were served up at their Table, the best Liquors broached for them, and Music with its enlivening Charms crown'd the Banquet; the Officers Hearts being quite open & chearful, as they already enjoyed, in Imagination, all the Booty they were to seize on the Morrow: Thinking they could not do enough for the honest Sailor, they enquired, If he knew any Thing of Accompts? promising if he did, to get him a Place in the Customs. In the Morning, after a good hearty Breakfast, they set forwards for *Tor-Abbey*, and being arrived in *Tor Town*, they demanded the Constable's Assistance, who was with the utmost Reluctance prevailed upon to accompany them in making this Search, Squire Cary being a Gentleman so universally beloved by the whole Parish, (to whom he always behaved as a Father) that

that every one was very backward in doing any Thing to give him the least Uneasiness: Did Gentlemen of large Estates in the Country but once taste the exalted Pleasure of making a whole Neighbourhood happy, and consider how much honest Industry they might support, how much Misery they might alleviate, and how many daily Blessings they might have poured forth upon their Heads, from Hearts overflowing with Love, Respect, and Gratitude, almost to Adoration; we should not so often see them leave their noble Country Mansions, to repair to Noise and Folly; nor exchange the Heart-enlivening Pleasure of making Numbers happy, for the beguiling Smiles and unmeaning Professions of a Prime Minister: Neither should we hear such frequent Complaints of the Behaviour of their poor Neighbours; for Goodness & Beneficence are such irresistible Ties, that few have Hearts bad enough to attempt breaking thro' them.

Being come to the House, they all dismounted, and the Collector desired the Sailor to hold his Horse, but he replied, "He would go round the Garden, and meet them on the other Side of the House, to prevent any Thing being conveyed away, and that it would be proper he should be present to shew the particular Place in which every Thing was deposited." This appeared quite right to the Collector; he therefore contented himself with fastening his Horse to the

Garden-Pails, and proceeded with the rest of the Officers in great Form to search the Dog-Kennel, the Coal-house, Dove-house, Stables, & all other suspicious Places, expecting every Minute to see the informing Sailor, who by this Time had nearly got back to *Newton-Bushell*, having turned his Horse's Head that Way as soon as he got out of Sight of the Collector; he stopped at the *Bull*, where they had been the preceeding Night, and drank a Bottle of Wine; then ordering a handsome Dinner to be got ready for his Company, whom he said he had left behind, because his Business call'd him with urgent Haste to *Exeter*, claps Spurs to his Horse, and did not stop till he reached that City, where he put up at the *Oxford Inn*, then kept by Mr. *Buckstone*, to whom both himself and Friends were well known: He acquainted Mr. *Buckstone* that he was now reformed, and lived at home with his Friends, and spent the Night very jovially, calling for the best of every Thing; in the Morning he desired Mr. *Buckstone* to do him the Favour of lending him a Couple of Guineas, till he could receive some of a Merchant in the City, upon whom he had a Bill, for the Merchant was gone out of Town: As Mr. *Buckstone* had a Mare in his Custody worth ten or twelve Pounds, he made no Scruple of doing it; and soon after Mr. *Carew* thought proper to change his Quarters, without bidding the Landlord good-by, leaving the Mare to discharge his Reckoning, and the

Loan

Loan he had borrowed: He repaired immediately to a House of usual Resort for his Community, where he pulls off the fine Clothes the Collector had lent him, and rigs himself in a Jacket and Trousers; then setting out for *Topsham*, about three Miles from the City of *Exeter*, he there again executes the same Stratagem upon Mr. *Carter*, and the other Officers there, informing them of great Concealments at Sir *Coppleston Bampfylde's* House at *Poltimore*, for which they rewarded him with a good Treat and a Couple of Guineas. The *Exeter* Officers (whom, as we have before said, he left without any Ceremony at 'Squire *Cary's*) having searched all the Out-Houses, and even the Dwelling-House very narrowly, without finding any prohibited Goods, began to suspect the Sailor had out-witted them, therefore returned in a great Hurry to *Newton-Bushell*, all their Mirth being turned into Vexation, and their great Expectations vanished into Smoke. Soon after they had dismounted from their Horses, the Landlord brought in the Dinner, which he said their Companion had ordered to be got ready for them; but though it was a very elegant one, (the Landlord having exerted all his Abilities about it) yet they found abundance of Fault with it; for it is common with most People, when they are chagrined with one Thing, to find Fault with every Thing; however, as it was too late to reach *Exeter* that Night, they were oblig'd to take up

in their Quarters there. But instead of the Jollity and good Humour that reigned among them the Night before, there now succeeded a full Silence, only interrupted now and then by some Exclamations of Revenge, and Expressions of Dislike of every Thing that was brought them: When they came into Exeter the next Day, they had Intelligence brought them of the *Marce*, which was safe enough at the *Oxford Inn*; but they were obliged to disburse the Money Mr. *Carew* had made her his Surety for.

From *Topsham* Mr. *Carew* proceeded to *Exmouth*, where he likewise succeeded, and from thence to *Squire Stucky's*, a Justice of the Peace, at *Brandcombe*, about four Miles from *Sidmouth*, and being introduc'd, acquaints his Worship with what Discoveries he could make; the Justice thereupon immediately dispatches a Messenger for Mr. *Duke*, an Officer in *Sidmouth*; in the mean Time entertains him very handsomely, and presses him to accept of two Guineas, as a small Token of Kindness, often shaking him by the Hand, and saying, "He thought himself very much oblig'd to him, for making this Discovery to him; & that, as a Reward for his Loyalty to the King, he would engage to get him a Place, having many Friends at *London*." About two o'Clock the next Morning Mr. *Duke*, the Sailor, and a Servant of the *Squire's*, set forward towards *Honiton*; it being at *Squire*

Blagden's,

Blagden's, near that Town, they were to find the hidden Treasure; Mr. Carew was mounted on a good Horse of Justice *Stucky's*, and while the Officer and Servant were very busy in searching the Out-house and Stables, Mr. Carew gives them the Slip, and posts away to *Honiton*, where he took some Refreshment at the Three Lions; and leaving the Justice's Horse to answer for it, hastes away to *Lyme* in *Dorsetshire*, where he applies to Mr. *Jordan*, the Collector of the Place, whom he sends upon the same Errand some Miles off, to Col. *Brown's* at *Frampton*; and the Collector judging it not proper for him to accompany him, for Fear of creating Suspicion, left him at his own House, till his Return, giving his Servants Orders to let him want for nothing; at the same Time making him a handsome Present, as an Earnest of a greater Reward when he returned; Mr. Carew enjoy'd himself very contentedly at the Collector's House for several Hours, eating and drinking of the best, as he knew *Frampton* was too great a Distance for him to return presently; but he prudently weigh'd his Anchor when he thought the Collector might be on his Return, and steers his Course towards *Weymouth*, where he makes his Application to the Collector, and after being handsomely treated, and a Present given him, sends the Officers to *Squire Groves* near *White-sheet*, and *Squire Barber's* on the *Chace*, both in *Wiltshire*; and as soon as they

they were gone, he sets out for *Poole*, and sends the Collector and Officers of that Place to *Sir Edward Booby's*, who lived in the Road between *Salisbury* and *Hendon*; they gave him two Guineas in Hand, and a Promise of more upon their Return with the Booty; in the mean Time recommended him to an Inn, and gave Orders he should have any Thing the House afforded, and they would make Satisfaction for it: But this Adventure had like not to have ended so well for him as the former, for being laid down upon a Bed to take a Nap, having drank a little too freely, he hears some People drinking & talking in the next Room of the great Confusion there was in all the Sea Ports in the West of *England*, occasion'd by a Trick put on the King's Officers by one *Bampfylde Carew*, and that this News was brought to *Poole* by a *Devonshire* Gentleman, who accidentally came that Way; Mr. *Carew* hearing this, rightly judged *Poole* was no proper Place to make longer Stay in; he therefore instantly arose, & by the Help of a back Door gets into a Garden, and with much Difficulty climbed over the Wall thereto belonging, and makes the best of his Way to *Christ Church* in *Hampshire*; here he assumed the Character of a shipwreck'd Seaman, and raised considerable Contributions; coming to *Ringwood*, he enquir'd of the Health of *Sir Thomas Hobby*, a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who was a Person of great Hospitality; he was told
that

that some of the Mendicant Order having abus'd his Benevolence in taking away a Pair of Boots after they had receiv'd a handsome Present from him, it had so far prejudic'd Sir Thomas, that he did not exercise the same Hospitality as formerly; this greatly surpriz'd & concerned Mr. Carew, that any of his Subjects should be guilty of so ungrateful an Action; he was resolv'd therefore to enquire strictly into it, that if he could find out the Offender, he might inflict a deserved Punishment upon him. He therefore resolv'd to pay a Visit to Sir Thomas the next Morning, hoping he should get some Light into the Affair; when he came to the House it was pretty early in the Day, and Sir Thomas was not come out of his Chamber; however, he sent up his Pass, as a shipwrecked Seaman, by one of the Servants, who presently returned with half a Crown: As he had always been wont to receive a larger Present from Sir Thomas, whenever he had applied to him, he thought there was some unfair Practice at Bottom; he therefore asked the Footman for a Copper of Ale to drink the Family's Health, hoping Sir Thomas might come down by that Time; the Servant pretended to be in so great a Hurry that he could not attend to draw any, but as he was of too humane a Nature to permit the poor Sailor to suffer by his Hurry, he gave him a Shilling out of his own Pocket, to drink at

the next Publick-House; this extraordinary Generosity of the Footman encreased Mr. Carew's Suspicion; he therefore kept loitering about the Door, and often looking up at the Window, in Hopes of seeing Sir Thomas; which accordingly happened, for at length Sir Thomas flung up the Sash, and accosts him in a free familiar Manner, calling him Brother Tar, and telling him he was sorry for his Misfortunes, and that he had sent him a Piece of Money to assist him in his Road to *Bristol*: "Heavens bless your Honour, replies he, for the Half Crown your Honour sent me." Upon which Sir Thomas immediately run down in his Morning Gown, and with great Passion seized the Footman by the Throat, and asked him what he had given the Sailor; the Fellow was struck dumb with this, and indeed there was no Need for his Tongue on the present Occasion, for his Looks and the trembling of his Limbs sufficiently declared his Guilt; however, he at last owned it with his Tongue; excusing it, by saying, he knew there was an ill Use made of the large Bounties his Honour gave: Sir Thomas, enraged at the Insolence of his Servant, bestowed upon him the Discipline of the Horse-whip for his great Care and Integrity in not seeing his Bounty abused, adding, he now saw by whose Villainy he was deprived of his Boots: He then made the Footman return the whole Guinea to the Sailor, and discharged

discharged him from any further Service in his Family; upon which Mr. Carew took his Leave with great Thankfulness, and went his Way, highly pleased with his good Success in this Adventure. " Here we cannot
 " forbear wishing that there was no higher
 " Character in Life than Sir Thomas's Foot-
 " man, to whose Hands Gold is apt to cling
 " in passing through them; that there was
 " no Steward who keeps back Part of his
 " Master's Rents, because he thinks he has
 " more than he knows what to do with; no
 " Managers of Charities, who retain Part of
 " the Donor's Benefaction in their own Hands,
 " because it is too much for the Poor; nor
 " Officers of the Public, who think they
 " may squander the Public Treasure without
 " Account, because what is every Body's is
 " no Body's."





C H A P. XIX.

Mr. Carew appears in a new Character ; his Voyage up the Baltick, and his Travels by Land through Russia, Sweden, and Denmark ; his Return to England ; History of a Gipsy Infant, now an accomplished Lady ; Mr. Carew visits Paris, and several other Places in France ; meets with Mrs. Horner ; the Character of that Lady.



R. Carew having laid aside his Sailor's Habit, puts on a long loose Vest, places a Turban on his Head, and dignifies his Chin with a venerable long Beard : He was now no other than a poor unfortunate *Grecian*, whom Misfortunes had overtaken in a strange Country ; he could not utter his sorrowful Tale, being unacquainted with the *Language* of the *Country* ; but his mute Silence, his dejected Countenance, a sudden Tear that now and then flowed down his Cheek, accompanied with a noble Air of Distress, all pleaded for him with

with a more persuasive Eloquence, than perhaps the softest Language could have done, and raised him considerable Gains; and indeed Benevolence can never be better exerted than towards unfortunate *Strangers*, for no Distress can be so forlorn as that of a Man in Necessity in a Foreign Country; he has no Friends to apply to, no Laws to shelter him under, no Means of providing for his Subsistence, and therefore can have no Resource but in those benevolent Minds who look upon the whole world as their Brethren. We have already mentioned Mr. Carew's being on board the *Tarmouth*, up the *Baltick*, it will not be therefore improper here to relate the Occasion of that Voyage, which was as follows: He and his beloved Friend *Coleman* being at *Plymouth*, and appearing to be able-bodied Men, some Officers who chanced to see them there, thought them extremely fit to serve his Majesty, therefore obliged them to go on board the *Dunkirk* Man of War; but they not liking of this, *Coleman* prick'd himself upon the Wrist, between his Fingers, and other Joints, and enflaming it with Gunpowder, every one thought it to be the Itch; he was therefore carried ashore, and put into the Hospital, from whence he soon made his Escape: Mr. Carew tried the same Stratagem, but too late; for the *Lively* and *Success* Men of War now arriving from *Ireland* with impress'd Men, they were all of them carried

Y

immediately

immediately (together with the impress'd Men lying at *Plymouth*) to the grand Fleet, then lying at *Spithead*; they were first put on board the *Breda*, Admiral *Hofier*, to chuse whom he liked of them; and their Names being call'd over, the *Irishmen* were all refused, which Mr. *Carew* seeing, declared himself in the *Irish* Brogue to be a poor *Irish* Weaver, and disabled in one Arm; whereupon he was also refused: The *Irish*, among whom he was now rank'd, were carried from Ship to Ship, and none would accept of them, which made them all expect to be discharged; but they were disappointed in their Hopes, for they were put on board the *Tarmouth*, Captain *O'Brien*, being one of the Squadron destin'd for the *Baltick*; Mr. *Carew* finding Captain *O'Brien* refused no *Irishmen*, when he came to be examined changed his Note, and declared himself to be an *Englishman*, but crippled in one Arm; however, the Captain accepted of him, and putting a Sword in his Hand, made him stand Centry at the Bitts; which easy Post he liked very well; and during all the Time he was on board, every one thought him really disabled in his Arm.

The Fleet sailing from *Spithead* with a fair Wind, anchored safe at *Copenhagen*, and the King of *Denmark* came on board Sir *Charles Wager*; the Moment he set his Foot on board, both the Flag Ships were covered with

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew. 255

with an infinite Number of Colours of every Hue, which waving in the Wind, made a most gallant Sight; upon his Departure, the Colours were all taken down in an Instant, and every Ship fired 18 or 20 Guns. Sailing from Copenhagen, they anchored next in *Elson Nape*, in Sweden; from hence sailed to *Revel*, in a Line of Battle, in form of a Rainbow, and anchored there; the sick Men were carried ashore to *Argan Island*, which Mr. Carew observing, and burning with Love to revisit his Native Country, counterfeited Sickness, and was accordingly carried ashore to this Island, which lies near *Revel*, belonging to the *Muscovites*, from whence Boats come every Day to fetch Wood: He prevailed upon an *Englishman*, who was a Boatswain of one of the Czarina's Men of War, to give him a Passage in his Boat from that Island to *Revel Town*: When he came there, the Boatswain used great Endeavours to persuade him to enter into the Czarina's Service, but it was all in vain, being resolved to return to his beloved Country; the Boatswain therefore having entertained him a Day and a Night at his House, gave him at his Departure a Piece of Money, and engaged several *Englishmen* of his Acquaintance to do the same; he likewise furnished him with a Bag of Provisions, a Bottle of excellent Brandy, a Tinder-Box, and a few Lines wrote in that Country Language, which was to show to those

those he met, to inform him of the Road he was to go; and then conducted him out of Town: He that Night took up his Lodging in the Woods, and by the Help of his Tinder-Box, made a large Fire all round him, to secure himself from any Visits from the wild Beasts, then broiled a Piece of Flesh, drank a Dram, and rested very quietly till Morning, it being the Middle of Summer. The whole Country here is wild, full of vast Woods, and large uninhabited Desarts, the Towns and Villages lying very thin. In the Morning, finding his Way out of the Woods, he spies a lonely Hutt, to which he made up, and making Signs of Hunger and Thirst, they gave him some Rusk-Bread and Cabereta, or Goat's Flesh, to eat, and some Goat's Milk to drink, which is the usual Fare amongst those People, who are most of them *Lutherans* by Religion, and lead very sober Lives: Of some of them he got small Bits of Money, which they call *Campekes*, and are of Silver, something larger than a Barley Corn, being of a Penny Value; he likewise frequently got Drams of excellent Brandy amongst them, and his Shoes being worn out by travelling, they gave him a Pair of wooden ones, which sat very awkward upon his *English* Feet: After six or seven Days Travel through this wild Country, he came to *Riga*, a large Town and famous Sea Port:

Port. Here he met with many *English* Merchants and Commanders of Vessels, who were very kind to him; he tarried two Days in *Riga*, to rest and refresh himself; during which the *English* Merchants and Commanders provided Lodgings and other Accommodations for him, collecting upwards of fifty Shillings for him: Having expressed his utmost Gratitude towards his good Benefactors, he again pursued his Journey, subsisting himself sometimes on the Charity of the Inhabitants of the Country, and at other Times milking the Cows that he found upon the Mountains, or in the Woods: The next Place of Note he arrived at was the City of *Dantzick*, the Metropolis of *Poland*; here he found a great Number of *English* Merchants, who traded to *Bristol* and *Exeter*, and had many Correspondents living in those Places, several of whom Mr. Carew being acquainted with, he gave a particular Account of; having been entertained here very hospitably for several Days, he set out again, having first received some handsome Presents from the *English* Merchants. From *Dantzick* he got a Passage on board an *English* Brigantine, bound for *Copenhagen*, but through Stress of Weather obliged to put into *Elson Nap*, where he went on Shore, and travelled by Land to *Stockholm*, the Capital of *Sweden*; but in his Road thither he lost his Way in this wild and desert Country, and for the Space of three

Days and Nights saw neither House, Hutt, or human Creature, the Weather being very thick and foggy: Nothing could be more melancholy and dreadful than these three Days Travel; his Provisions were exhausted, and every Step he took he was uncertain whether it might not lead him farther into the Woods, as he could make no Observation how the Country lay, the Fog intercepting the Sight of every Thing: Sometimes Fancy would paint to him a Hutt through the Fog, at a little Distance, to which he would direct his Steps with eager Haste, but when he came nearer found it nothing but an Illusion of Sight, which almost drove him to Despair: The fourth Day he was exceeding hungry, when to his great Joy he espied two She-goats fastened together by Ropes of Straw; he ran to them with great Eagerness, and drank very heartily of their Milk; after this he began to consider that there must be some Hutt at least, hard by, as the Goats could not have stray'd in that Manner any great Distance; he therefore resolved to stay upon the Spot some Time, and soon after the Fog clearing up, he espied a Hutt just before him, to which he presently repaired, and there got a Belly-full of their homely Fare, and Directions to find his Way to *Stockholm*. The Religion of this Country being chiefly *Lutherans*, he passed for the Son of a *Presbyterian* Parson, and his Name *Slowly* pretending to have been cast away in a Vessel bound

bound for *Revel*. The *Lutherans* at *Stockholm* were exceeding kind to him, and raised a handsome Contribution for him; he likewise chanced to meet at *Stockholm* with a Relation of *Dr. Bredaw*, a *Swiss Gentleman*, residing at *Dartmouth* in *Devonshire*, who asked several Questions about him; and as *Mr. Carew* was very well acquainted with him, he gave very satisfactory Answers, upon which Account the Gentleman gave him a Guinea, a great Fur-cap, a Coat, and a fine Dog, with a Letter to carry to his Relation at *Dartmouth*.

From *Stockholm* he went to *Charles-Town*, and after a short Stay there continued his Journey to *Copenhagen*, the Metropolis of *Denmark*: Here he met with one Captain *Thomas Giles*, of *Minehead* in *Somersetshire*, who knew him, and was surprized to see him in that Part of the World, and not only liberally relieved him himself, but recommended him to several *English* Commanders there, and several Inhabitants of the City. From *Copenhagen* he went to *Elsenberg*, thence to *Elfinore*, where he got Passage for *England*, and arrived safe in his Native Country, landing at *Newcastle upon Tyne*; where having visited his Wife's Relations, he set forward for *Devonshire*, travelling all the Way in the Character of a ship-wreck'd Seaman. Meeting at *Exeter* with his beloved Wife, and likewise his Friend *Coleman* with his Wife; they travelled together for some Time, during

ring which Coleman's Wife was delivered of a Daughter, and as they found so helpless an Infant a great Hindrance to their Travelling, Mr. Canew contrived a Stratagem to get rid of it, and at the same Time advance the Fortune of the Child.

There was in the Town where they then were, a gay Batchelor, who lived with his Mother and Sisters, and was a great Admirer of that Order of Female Travellers called Cousin Betties: Coleman's Wife had been with him some Months before in that Character, was very well entertained, and amongst other Favours received a Present of a Silk Handkerchief. They therefore dress'd up the Babe very neatly, wrapp'd it exceeding warm, and put it into a Hand-Basket, taking Care to put in the Handkerchief Coleman's Wife had received from this gay Batchelor: then getting a large Boar-Cat, in the Dusk of the Evening, they tied it to the Knocker of the Door, setting down before it the Basket with the helpless Infant; the Cat not liking this Treatment, made a hideous Squalling, and with his Struggling, rap rap rap goes the Knocker of the Door; out runs the Gentleman with his Mother, Sisters, and Servants, and the Neighbourhood gathers about the Door to see what this Noise should mean; Mr. Canew and Coleman mingled among them, to see what would be the Event of their Stratagem: The Cat by long Struggling gets free
from

from the Knecker, and runs away, only leaving Part of her Tail behind: The Basket alone now engages the Attention of every one, and being delivered to the Gentleman to open, the feeble Cry of an Infant soon reaches their Ears; the Mother and Sisters, alarmed at this unexpected Salutation, snatch'd the Basket from him, and upon the Child's Breast found a Note in these Words,

Remember, Sir, where you met me; you have not been so kind as you so often promised and swore you would: However, as it justly belongs to you, I have made bold to send the Fruit of our Meetings, and this Handkerchief which you gave me for a Token. Be kind to your Infant Daughter, and the unfortunate Mother on her Part will forgive you.

Your's, &c.

The horrid Squalling of the Cat did not grate so disagreeably upon the Gentleman's Ears, as the reading of these Words; so that his Hat and Wig were flung off, and he ran about stamping and swearing that the Child was none of his; neither did he know any Thing of the Mother: On the other Hand, his Mother and Sisters flew into a violent Rage, assailing his Ears on every Side with Reproaches; so that he would at that Time have thought Deafness preferable to any one of the Senses, "Do'st thou deny the Child to

" be

“be thine! cries the Mother, Has it not thy
 “very Eyes, Nose, and Mouth, and is not this
 “thy Handkerchief? thou can’st not deny
 “that, for I can safely swear it was thine.” The
 poor Gentleman, thus beset on all Sides, was
 obliged to quit the Field; the Child was
 taken into the House, brought up and edu-
 cated there, and is at this Day a very ac-
 complished fine Lady.

Some Time after this Adventure, he took
 Passage at *Folkstone*, a noted Sea-Port in *Kent*,
 to *Boulogne* in *France*, where he arrived safe,
 and proceeded to *Paris*, and other noted Cities
 of that Kingdom: His Habit was now tole-
 rably good, his Countenance grave, his Be-
 haviour sober and decent, pretending himself
 to be a *Roman Catholick*, who had left *Eng-
 land*, his Native Country, out of an ardent
 Zeal of spending his Days in the Bosom of
 the *Catholick Church*. This Story readily
 gained Belief; his Zeal was universally ap-
 plauded, and handsome Contributions made
 for him; but at the same Time he was so
 zealous a *Roman Catholick*, with a little
 Change of Habit, he used to address those
English he heard of in any Place, as a *Pro-
 testant*, and ship-wreck’d Seaman: He had
 the good Fortune in this Character, to meet
 an *English* Physician at *Paris*, to whom he
 told his deplorable Tale, who was so much
 affected by it, that he not only reliev’d him
 very handsomely, but what was more, recom-
 mended

mended him to that noble Pattern of unexhausted Benevolence, Mrs. Horner, who was then on her Travels, from whom he received ten Guineas, and from some other Company with her, five more. — Here Reader, if thou hast a good Heart, we cannot entertain thee better than by drawing a true, though faint Picture, of this generous Lady; for were Benevolence and Generosity real Beings, we are persuaded they would act just like her; with such an unsparing Hand would they bestow their Bounties, with such Magnificence reward Desert, with such god-like Compassion cheer the Afflicted, and just so make happy all around them: But thou can'st form no adequate Idea, unless thou hast been in the Neighbourhood of that noble Mansion, * where Beneficence has fixed her Seat; permit me therefore to transport thee thither, to bless thy Sight with the delightful Scene; see already a neat and decent Temple † strikes thy Eye: It is she has erected it to the Honour of her God. Thou art surpriz'd, I see, to behold the grave Doctor ‡ coming out of his gilded Chariot to enter the fordid Huts of Poverty; but know, she has already paid his Fees: See here, another compounding the choicest Drugs and

* The Seat of Mrs. Horner, at *Milbury* in *Dorsetshire*.

† The Parish Church, rebuilt at her Expence.

‡ An eminent Physician, who is allowed a constant Salary by her to visit the Poor Sick in her Neighbourhood.

Medicines for a whole Neighbourhood; it is her Bounty has supplied them. Cast your Eye the other Way, and behold that Company of aged and decrepid Poor; they are going to receive their daily Bread at her Tables. But let us enter this poor Cottage: See here are the holy Scriptures, and other Books of pious Instruction; and hark, the tender Child is reading distinctly in one of them: Her Munificence has bestowed these useful Gifts, and instilled Instruction into that tender Mind. Behold with how dejected a Look, and grief-swoln Heart, with what a Load of Care, yon Person enters the Mansion; but see, he returns, how chang'd his Aspect! Joy sparkles in his Eye, and tumultuous swells his exulting Heart; Content sits chearful upon his Brow, and he no longer bends under his Care: What wonderful Magick has wrought this sudden Change? The Opening only of her beneficent Hand has done it.



C H A P. XX.

Mr. Carew is seized upon by his Enemies on Topsham-Key, and forced on board a Vessel bound with Convicts to Maryland; the Character of the Captain; Confusion occasioned in the Vessel by his Death; they are in great Danger of being lost; their Arrival in Maryland: Mr. Carew escapes from the Vessel, and flies into the Woods; his bold Exploit in passing the River Delaware; a Description of the City of Boston, in New-England, &c.

WHAT we are now going to relate will raise an honest Indignation in the Breast of every true Lover of Liberty; for all such know, that the beauteous Flower of Liberty sickens to the very Root (like the sensitive Plant) at the slightest Touch of the Iron Hand of Power upon any of its most distant Branches.

Mr. Carew being in the City of Exeter with his Wife, and having visited his old Friends there, takes a Walk to Topsham; about three Miles distant; leaving his Wife in Exeter,

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Alas!

Alas ! little did he think this Walk would end in a long and cruel Separation from his Friends and Country; little did he imagine that in the Land of Freedom and Justice he should be seized upon by the cruel Grasp of lawless Power; tho' poor he thought himself under the Protection of the Laws, and as such, liable to no Punishment till they inflicted it. How far he thought right in this let the Sequel tell: Going down to *Topsam*, and walking upon the Key there, enjoying the Beauties of a fine Evening, meditating no Harm, and unsuspecting Danger, he was accosted by Merchant *D—y*, accompanied with several Captains of Vessels, in some such Words as these, "Ha! Mr. *Garew*, you are
 " come in a right Time; as you came Home
 " for your own Pleasure, you shall now go
 " over for mine." They then laid Hands on him, who found it in vain to resist, as he was over-powered by Numbers; he therefore desired to be carried before some Magistrate; but this was not hearkened to, for they forced him aboard a Boat without the Presence or Authority of any Officer of Justice; not so much as suffering him to take Leave of his Wife, or acquaint her with his Misfortune, tho' he begg'd the Favour almost with Tears. The Boat carried him on board the *Phillyroy*, Capt. *Simmons* bound for *America* with Convicts, which then lay off *Powderham* Castle, waiting only for a fair Wind.

Here,

Here, had my Pen Gall enough, I would put a Blot of eternal Infamy on that Citizen of Liberty, who usurped so much Power over a fellow-Denizon, and those who suffered a Brother of Liberty, however undeserving, to be dragged to Slavery by the lawless Hand of Power, without the Mandate of sovereign Justice. Foolish Wretch! dost thou not know that thou ought'st to be more careful of keeping all usurping Power within its Bounds, than thou would'st the raging Sea ready to overflow and overwhelm thy All; for thou who hast once consented to see Power oppress a Fellow-Heir of glorious Liberty, how can'st thou complain if its all-grasping Iron Hand should seize upon thyself, or whatever thou hold'st most dear? Then would'st thou too late, bewail that thou had'st ever suffered Power wantonly to set its Foot on the Neck of Liberty.

But to return, Mr. Carew was no sooner put on board, than he was strictly searched, and then taken between Decks, where he was ironed down with the Convicts: There was at the same Time, a violent Fever raging among them, and Mr. Carew, by being chained with them Night and Day, was soon infected, and taken very ill; however, he had not the Liberty of sending to his Wife nor any of his Friends, though they lay three Weeks in the Road for a fair Wind. In the mean Time his Wife not hearing any Thing

from him, and uncertain of what was become of him, or whether he was alive or dead, abandoned herself to an Excess of Grief; for he had been always a kind and affectionate Husband to her; she therefore sought him up and down at all the Houses of his usual Resort, but all in vain, for no News could she gain of her beloved Husband.

The Wind coming fair, they hoisted Sail, and soon bid Adieu to the *English Coasts*.—

We need not describe what passed in Mr. Carew's Breast at this Time: Anger and Grief prevailed by Turns: Sometimes Repentment; for being thus treated, fired his Bosom, and he vowed Revenge: At other Times the Thoughts of his being thus unexpectedly separated from his Country and Friends, and doomed to ignominious Slavery, filled him with Sadness, and melancholy Reflections: However he had the Pleasure, before it was long, of knowing he was not entirely deserted; for Captain Simmons, the Commander of the *Phillero*, a humane, compassionate Man, came down to him between Decks soon after they were under Sail, and bid him be of good Cheer, for he should want for nothing; and though he had strict Orders from Merchant *D—y* never to let him return, yet he would be a Friend to him, and provide for him in the best Manner he could. Mr. Carew returned his Thanks to this gene-

generous and unexpected Benefactor in as handsome a Manner as he was able.

Soon after this, he had Liberty allowed him of coming upon Deck, where the Captain entered into Conversation with him, and jocosely ask'd, "if he thought he should be at Home before him?" He generously replied, "he thought he should, at least he would endeavour to be so;" which the Captain took all in good Part.

Thus did Mr. Carew spend his Time, in as agreeable a Manner as could be expected under his present Circumstances, but alas! all our Happiness is too fleeting, and we scarcely taste the Pleasure, before it is ravished from us: And thus it happened to our Hero; for they had scarcely been under Sail five Weeks, before the good Captain Simmons was taken ill, which encreased every Day with too many fatal Symptoms; till at last Death, who has no Regard to the Good and virtuous, struck the deadly Blow: But the Approaches of the grisly Tyrant were not so dreadful to this good Man, as the Thoughts of the Distress it would occasion to his Wife and Family, whom he continually cry'd out upon, during his whole Illness. Mr. Carew bewailed the Loss of his generous Benefactor, with more than outward Sorrow: Every Thing in the Vessel was now in Confusion, by the Death of the Captain: At length the Mate, one Harrison of Newcastle, took

Charge of the Vessel, and the Captain's Effects, but had not long enjoyed his new Honour, before he was taken dangerously ill, so that the Vessel was obliged to be left to the Care of the common Sailors, and was several Times In great Danger of being lost. At last, after sixteen Weeks Passage, in the Grey of the Morning, they made *Cape Charles* and then bore away for *Cape Henry*: At *Hampton* they took in a Pilot, the Vessel having several Times before run upon the Sands, and was not got off again without great Difficulty: the Pilot brought them to *Kent Island*, where they fired a Gun, and *Harrison*, who was now recovered, went ashore at *Annapolis*, and made a Bargain with one *Mr. Delany* of that Place, for *Mr. Carew*, as an expert Gardener. He was then sent for on Shore, and *Mr. Delany* ask'd him, "If he understood Gardening?" Being willing to get out of *Harrison's* Hands, he replied in the Affirmative; but *Mr. Delany* asking, "If he could mow?" and he answering in the Negative, then you are no Gardener, replied *Mr. Delany* and so refused to buy him. Then one *Hilldrop*, who had been transported about three Years before, from *Exeter*, for Horse-stealing, and had married a Carrier's Widow in *Annapolis*, had a Mind to purchase him, but they could not agree upon the Price; whereupon he was put on board again, and they sail'd for *Miles's River*. Here they fired a Gun, and the Captain went on

on Shore: In the mean Time the Men Prisoners were ordered to be close shaved, and the Women to have clean Caps on: This was scarcely done before an Overseer belonging to one Mr. Bennet, in *Way River*, and several Planters, came off to buy: The Prisoners were all ordered upon Deck, and Mr. Carew among them: Some of the Planters knew him again, and cry'd out, "Is not this the Man Captain *Froade* brought over, and put a Pot-Hook upon?" Yes, reply'd *Harrison*, "the very same:" At which they were much surpriz'd, making Account he had been either killed by the Wild Beasts, or drowned in some River. "Ay, ay replied *Harrison*, with a great Oath, I'll take Care he shall not be at Home before me." By this Time several of the Prisoners were sold, the Bowl went merrily round, and many of the Planters gave Mr. Carew a Glass, but none chose to buy him.

During this, Mr. Carew observing a great many Canoes and Boats lying along-side the Vessel, thought it not impossible to make himself Master of one of them, and by that Means reach the Shore, where he thought he might conceal himself, till he found an Opportunity of getting off: Though this was a very hazardous Attempt, and if he was unsuccessful would expose him to a great deal of hard Usage, and probably put it out of his Power of ever regaining his Liberty, yet he

he was resolved to venture. He recollected the common Maxim, *That Fortune favours the Bold*; and therefore took an Opportunity just as it grew dark, of slipping nimbly down the Ship's Side into one of the Canoes, which he paddled with as much Silence and Expedition as possible, towards the Shore; but he had not gone far, before the Noise he made gave the Alarm, that one of the Prisoners was escaped: *Harrison* immediately called out to enquire which of them, and where *Carew* was; and being told that he was gone off, swore, "He had rather have lost Half the Prisoners than him." All Hands were then called upon to pursue; the Captain and Planters left their Bowl; the River was soon covered with Canoes, and every thing was in Confusion. Mr *Carew* was within Hearing of this, but by plying his Canoe well, had the good Fortune to get to Shore before any of them; he immediately betook himself to the Woods as soon as he landed, and climbed up into a great Tree; where he had not been many Minutes, before he heard the Captain, Sailors, and Planters, all in Pursuit of him: The Captain fretted and stormed, the Sailors damned their Blood, and the Planters endeavoured to pacify every thing, by telling the Captain, "Not to fear, for they would have him in the Morning, as it was impossible for him to get off." He heard all this, though not unmoved, yet without taking

ing Notice of it : At last, finding their Search fruitless, the Captain, Sailors, and Planters returned ; the Planters still assuring the Captain, " They would have him in the Morning."

As soon as they were gone, he began to reflect upon his present Situation, which indeed was melancholy enough ; for he had no Provisions, was beset on every Side, quite incapable of judging what to undertake, or which Course to steer ; however, he at last resolved to retire further into the Woods, which he accordingly did, and got up into another Tree : Here he sat all the succeeding Day, without a Morfel of Food ; but was diverted with a great Multitude of Squirrels he saw skipping from Tree to Tree ; and had he had a Gun, could have shot hundreds of Pidgeons, there was so great a Plenty of them. The next Day, towards Night, Hunger became too powerful, and he was almost spent for Want of Food : In this Necessity he knew not what to do ; at last, happening to espy a Planter's House at some Distance, he was resolved to venture down in the Night, thinking he might chance to find Food of some Sort or other in or about the House : Agreeable to this Resolution, he came down the Tree, in the Middle of the Night, and going into the Planter's Yard, to his great Joy found there a Parcel of milking Cows penn'd in, which he soon milked into the Crown

Crown of his Hat, making a most delicious Feast, and then retired to the Woods again, climbing up into a Tree, where he passed the Day much more easy than he had the preceding one. Having found out this Method of subsisting, he proceeded forwards in the same Manner, concealing himself in a Tree, in the Day time, and travelling all the Night, milking the Cows as often as he had Opportunity, and steering his Course, as near as he could guess, towards *Duck's Creek*.

On the fifth Night he heard the Voices of several People near him, in the Woods, upon which he stepped on one Side, and concealed himself behind a Tree, till they should pass by; when they came near enough to distinguish their Words, he heard them say "We will make the best of our Way to *Duck's Creek*, and there we shall certainly have him." He judged that these were some in Pursuit of him, therefore thought himself very happy in having so narrowly escaped them.

Upon the Eighth Day he being upon a Tree, discovered a lone House, near the Skirts of the Woods, and saw all the Family (as he supposed) going out to hoe Tobacco, and the Dog following them: This was a joyful Sight to him, for he had not the two preceeding Nights met with any Cows, and consequently had been without Food. As soon, therefore, as he saw the Family were out of Sight, he came down from the Tree,
and

and ventured into the House, where he found not only to satisfy his Hunger, but what might be deemed Luxury in his present Condition; for there was jolly Cake, Powell, a Sort of Indian Corn Bread, and good Omani, which is Kidney Beans grinded with Indian Corn sifted, then put into a great Pot to boil, and eat with Molasses. Seeing so many Dainties he did not hesitate long; but Hunger pressing, sat down and eat the Omani with as much Composure as if he had been invited thereto by the Owner of it; and knowing that Hunger and Necessity are bound by no Laws of Honour, he took the Liberty of borrowing the jolly Cake, Powell, and a Leg of fine Pork, then hastes back to the Tree with his Booty. What the People thought when they returned at Night with good Appetites, and found their dainty Omani, and jolly Cake, and their Pork, all vanished, we know not, but suppose they were not a little surprized.

Being thus stocked with Provisions he made the best of his Way to Ogle Town that Night, and so to Old Town. In the Dawn of the Morning, of the Eleventh Day, he came in Sight of Duck's Creek, but being afraid he might fall into the Hands of his Pursuers, he strikes a great Way into the Woods towards Turk Hoe, where staying all the Day in a Tree, he came back again in the middle of the Night to Duck's Creek; as soon as he came

came here he runs to the Water-side to see for a Canoe, but found them all chained: He immediately set himself about breaking the Chain, but found it too strong, and all his Endeavours to break it in vain. Never was Man more thunderstruck, than he was now, just at the Time when he expected to to be out of Danger to meet with so unforeseen and unsurmountable an Obstacle; He knew there was no Way of escaping but by passing the River *Delaware*, but could think of no Method of effecting it. Several Hours did he pass in this Agitation of Mind, sometimes he had a Mind to try his Strength in swimming, but the River being so wide he thought he should not reach the Shore; at last reflecting what one of his Ancestors had done in swimming a Horse over *Teignmouth* Bar, and seeing some Horses grazing thereabout, he resolved to attempt passing the *Delaware*, in that Manner, for let the worst happen, he thought Death preferable to Slavery: Being thus resolved, he soon catches one of the Horses, and making a Sort of a Bridle of his Handkerchief, brings the Horse to the Water-side: He walked for some Time on the Banks, looking for a proper Place to enter the Horse, at last espying a little Stream, which run into the great River *Delaware*, he fell down on his Knees, and prayed very earnestly to God to assist him in the dangerous Attempt, that he might once more see his
dear

dear Wife and Country; then stripped himself, and tying his Frock and Trousers about his Shoulders, mounted the Horse; and putting him forward a little, the Horse lost his Footing, and the Water came up to Mr. Carew's Middle, who kept his Legs as close as possible to the Horse, and in this Manner he launched out into the great River Delaware: The Horse snorted and neighed to his Companions, but made to the opposite Shore with all the Strength he could, Mr. Carew did not imagine the Horse would be able to reach it, but purposed to save himself by swimming when the Horse failed, for the River was three Miles over; however, contrary to his Expectations, the Horse reached the Shore; but finding no Place to land, it being a sandy Mud, was obliged to swim him some Time along the Shore, till he came to a little Creek, which the Horse swimming into, soon got sure Footing, to the great Joy of Mr. Carew. Our Hero then dismounting fell upon his Knees, saying, *O my heavenly God, I thank thee for preserving me in so great Danger, in bringing me safe over the River Delaware*, then turning to the Horse, kissed him, telling him, *He must now turn Quaker as well as himself*, and so let him go into the Woods.

His Clothes were not very wet, however, he staid on the Banks some Time to dry them in the Morning Sun, then went up into the Country:

Country: The first House he came to was a Miller's, whose Wife came out, and asked whence he came? He told her he had been Prisoner some Time in the *Havannah*, from whence he had been released by an Exchange of Prisoners, and was now going Home. The good Woman pitied him much, and told him he looked very melancholy; but the Husband coming in, said, he believed he was an *Irishman*: This he denied, averring he was of the West of *England*; so they gave him a Piece of that Country Money, and a Mug of Rum, which he drinking greedily, being very thirsty, it threw him into a violent Fever, that he was oblig'd to stop at a neighbouring House, where he lay sick for three or four Days. From hence he goes to *Newcastle*, where he raised Contributions from several Gentlemen, as he had done before, but not under the same Name. From hence to *Castile*, *Brandywine Ferry*, *Chester*, and *Derby*, where he got Relief from the same Miller, where Mr. *Whitfield* was, when he was there before, and lodg'd at the same House, but took Care to disguise himself so as not to be known: Here he got a Pass from the Justice, as a sick Man bound to *Boston*. From hence proceeds to *Philadelphia*, to *Buck's County*, and over a Ferry into the *New Jerseys*, and away to *Burlington*, and *Amboyne*, so to *Trent Town* in *Staten Island*; hence to *Brunswick*, where he got Relief from Mr. *Matthews*, the Miller, who

who treated him so hospitably the first Time he was there, but who did not know him again now. From hence he proceeded to *Elizabeth Town, Long Island, and New York*; and from thence to *New London*, where he chanc'd to see the Captain who had taken him Home before, but he avoided him. From *New-London* he proceeds to *Groten*, where he got a Twenty Shilling Bill from one Mr. *Goyf*, and several Half Crown Bills from other People. He then enquir'd his Way to *Rhode-Island*, and his Landlord where he quarter'd went with him about two Miles of the Way, where they chanc'd to fall into the Company of some Drovers, who were driving a Number of *Bullocks* for the Use of some Privateers who lay at *Rhode Island*, he therefore join'd them, and after about nine or ten Miles travelling, they came to a Ferry, where they stopt at a Publick-House for some Time, till the *Bullocks* were taken over, but neither the Tavern Man nor Drovers would suffer him to pay any Thing, they pitying his unfortunate Condition; passing over this Ferry, they came to *Rhode Island*.

Rhode Island, by the Natives called *Aquet-net*, near the *Narraganset Bay*, is 14 or 15 Miles long, and 4 or 5 Miles broad. It was first inhabited by the *English*, in the Year 1639. Those that withdrew to this Island were such as espoused the Covenant of Grace, and were under Persecution from those that sided with

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the Covenant of Works. There's a very considerable Trade driven from *Rhode Island* to the Sugar Colonies, for Butter and Cheese, (a sure Sign of the Fruitfulness and Beauty of the Place) Horses, Sheep, Beef, Pork, Tallow, and Timber, by which the Traders have been enriched. 'Tis deservedly called the Paradise of *New-England*, for the Fruitfulness of the Soil, and the Temperature of the Climate, which, tho' it be not above sixty five Miles from *Boston*, is a Coat warmer in Winter, and being surrounded by the Ocean, is not so much affected in Summer with the hot Land Breezes as the Towns on the Continent are. They live in great Amity with their Neighbours, and tho' every Man does what he thinks right in his own Eyes, it is rare that any notorious Crimes are committed by them, which may be attributed, in some Measure, to their great Veneration for the Holy Scriptures, which they all read, from the least to the greatest, though they have neither Ministers or Magistrates to recommend it to them.

Here Mr. *Carew* found many of his old Acquaintance, particularly one Mr. *Perkins*, a Stay-maker, and Mr. *Gidley* and his Mother, who kept several Negroes for distilling of Rum, and Mr. *Southcott Langworthy*, a Pewterer, all Natives of *Exeter*, and one Mr. *Martin* of *Honiton* in *Devon*; they were all very glad to see him, he telling them, *that*
he

he was taken by the Spaniards, and escaped from Prison. They treated him with great Kindness, and gave him Letters and Monies to carry to their Friends in England.

From hence he goes thro' *Piscataway* and *Marblehead* to *Boston*, the Capital of *New-England*, and the biggest City in *America*, except two or three on the *Spanish* Continent. 'Tis pleasantly situated on a Peninsula, about four Miles in Compass, at the Bottom of a fine Bay, the *Massachuset*, guarded from the Roughness of the Ocean by several Rocks appearing above Water, and by above a Dozen Islands, many of which are inhabited; and one, called *Nettle's Island*, within this few Years was esteemed worth 2 or 300*l.* a Year to the Owner, Colonel *Shrimpton*. There is but one common and safe Passage into the Bay, and that not very broad, there being hardly Room for three Ships to come in abreast; but being once in, there is Room for the Anchorage of 500 Sail. The most remarkable of these Islands is called *Castle Island*, from the Castle there built: It stands about a League from the Town, upon the main Channel leading to it, and is so conveniently situated, that no Ship of Burthen can approach the Town without the Hazard of being torn in Pieces by its Cannon. It is now called *Fort William*, being mounted with 100 Pieces of Ordnance; 200 more, which were given to the Province by *Queen Anne*, are placed

placed on a Platform near Highwater Mark, for as to take a Ship Fore and Aft, before she can bring her Broadfides to bear against the Castle. Some of these Cannon are 42 Pounders, five hundred able Men are exempted from all military Duty in Times of War, to be ready to attend the Service of the Castle at an Hour's Warning, upon any Signal of the Approach of an Enemy, which there seems to be no great Danger of at *Boston*; where in 24 Hours Time, 10,000 effective Men, well armed, might be ready for their Defence. To prevent all possible Surprise, there is a Light-house built on a Rock, appearing above Water, about a League from the Town; which in Time of War, makes a Signal to the Castle, and the Castle to the Town, by hoisting and lowering the Union Flag so many Times as there are Ships approaching; which, if they exceed a certain Number, the Castle fires three Guns to alarm the Town of *Boston*; and the Governor, if Need be, orders a Beacon to be fix'd, which alarms all the adjacent Country; so that unless an Enemy can be supposed to sail by so many Islands and Rocks in a Fog, the Town of *Boston* must have fix or more Hours to prepare for their Reception: But supposing they might pass the Castle, there are two Batteries at the North and South End of the Town, which command the whole Bay, and make it impossible for an Enemy's Ship

Ship of Burthen to ride there in Safety, while the Merchantmen and small Craft may retire up into *Charles River*, out of Reach of the Cannon.

It is equally impossible for any Ship to be run away with out of this Harbour by a Pirate; for the Castle suffers no Ships outward-bound to pass without a Permit from the Governor, which is not granted without a Clearing at the Custom-House, and the usual Notice of Sailing, by loosening the Fore-top Sail.

The Bay of *Boston* is spacious enough to contain in a Manner the Royal Navy of *England*. The Masts of Ships here at the proper Season of the Year, make a Kind of a Wood of Trees, like that which we see upon the River *Thames*, about *Wapping* and *Limehouse*, which may be easily imagined, when we consider that by the Computation given in by the Collectors of his Majesty's Light House, it appeared that there were twenty-four thousand Tons of Shipping cleared annually.

There is a large Pier at the Bottom of the Bay 1800 or 2000 Feet long, with a Row of Ware-Houses on the North Side. The Pier runs so far into the Bay, that Ships of the greatest Burthen may unload without the Help of Boats and Lighters. The chief Street of the Town comes down to the Head of the Pier; at the upper End of it is the
Town-

Town-House or Exchange, a fine Building, containing, besides the Walk for Merchants, the Council Chamber, the House of Commons, and a spacious Room for the Courts of Justice. The Exchange is surrounded with Booksellers Shops, which have a good Trade. There are five Printing Houses, at one of which the *Boston Gazette* is printed, and comes out twice a Week. The Presses here are generally full of Work, which is in a great Measure owing to the Colleges and Schools for useful Learning in *New-England*; whereas at *New-York* there is but one little Bookseller's Shop, and none at all in *Virginia*, *Maryland*, *Carolina*, *Barbadoes*, and the Sugar-Islands.

The Town of *Boston* lies in the Form of a Half-Moon, round the Harbour, and consisting of between 3 and 4000 Houses, must make an agreeable Prospect, the surrounding Shore being high, the Streets long, and the Buildings beautiful. The Goodness of the Pavement may compare with most in *London*; to gallop a Horse on it is 3s. 4d. Forfeit.

It is computed the Number of Inhabitants is not less than 24,000, which is one third more than the Computation of the City of *Exeter*, and consequently *Boston* is one third bigger than that City, which is pretty near the Matter.

There are ten Churches in *Boston*, which are, Old Church, North Church, South Church, New

New Church, New North Church, New South Church, the Church of *England* Church, the *French* Church, the *Baptist* Meeting, and the *Quakers* Meeting.

The Conversation in this Town is as polite as in most of the Cities and Towns of *England*; many of their Merchants having traded in *Europe*, and those that stay at Home having the Advantage of Society with Travellers; so that a Gentleman from *London* would think himself at Home at *Boston*, when he observes the Number of People, their Furniture, their Tables, their Dress, and Conversation, which perhaps is as splendid and showy as that of the most considerable Tradesmen in *London*. Upon the whole, *Boston* is the most flourishing Town for Trade and Commerce in the *English America*. Near 600 Sail of Ships have been laden here in a Year for *Europe*, and the *British* Plantations. Here the Governor commonly resides, the General Court and Assembly meet, the Courts of Judicature sit, and the Affairs of the whole Province are transacted.

The Streets are broad and regular; some of the richest Merchants have very stately well-built convenient Houses. The Ground on which the Town stands is wonderful high, and very good Water is found all over it. There are several Wharfs built, which jet into the Harbour; one of which is eight hundred Feet in Length, where large Ships with

with great Ease may lade and unlade. On one Side are Ware-houses almost the whole Length of the Wharf, where the Merchants stow their Goods; and more than fifty Ships may lade and unlade there at the same Time.

Coming into the City Mr. *Carew* was surprized at the Grandeur of it; and seeing a green Hill at the End of the great Street, much like *Glastonbury-Torr*, he goes up it, and had a most beautiful Prospect of the City from the Top of it, where was placed the Mast of a Ship, with Pullies to draw up a lighted Barrel of Tar to alarm the Country, in Case of an Invasion. Going down the Hill again, he met two Drums, a Serjeant, and several Soldiers and Marines, who were, by Beat of Drum, proclaiming, that all the Taverns and Shopkeepers might safely credit the Soldiers and Marines to a certain Value. Some of the Soldiers presently knew him, and accosting him, persuaded him to go along with them to one Mother *Passmore's*, a House of Rendezvous, where they were very merry together; while they were drinking, in came Captain *Sharp*, who commanded them, and was an old Friend of our Hero's: "What Mr. *Carew*!" cries the Captain in a Surprize, who could think of seeing you here? When did you see my Brother?" I saw him replied he, about six Months ago, but his Lady is dead "Is she so?" said the Captain, I have heard nothing
" of

“ of it.” The Captain having asked him several other Questions, treated him very handsomely, and kept him some Time at his own Charge; but his Heart glowing to see his Native Country, he once more resolved to ship himself for *Old England*; accordingly he determined to go on board the *London*, a new Ship, commanded by Captain *Bowling*, but Captain *Sharp* perswaded him to go with Capt. *Ball*, in the Ship *Mary*; he accordingly agreed to take the Run with him for 15 l. fifteen Gallons of Rum, 10 Pounds of Sugar and Tobacco, and 10 Pipes: They were two Months in their Voyage before they made *Lundy*, nothing material happening in their Passage worthy being recorded in this true History. The Captain would not stop at *Lundy* for a Pilot, but made for *Goombe*, and there took one in, who brought the Ship safe into *King - Road*, and having moor'd the Vessel, the Crew spent the Night on Shore with their Jolly Landladies.

The next Morning early they all got on board, and soon after came the Captain with some *Bristol* Merchants: The Captain gave Mr. *Carew* a Bill on his Brother, who lived at *Topsham*: which having received he soon urne'd his Back on *Bristol*.



C H A P. XXI.

Mr. Carew's Progress after his Arrival in England; meets with his Wife; visits the University of Oxford; appears in a new Character; his Adventure with Lady Tynte; the Stratagem he made Use of with Mr. Marks a Dissenting Teacher, at Thorn, in Somersetshire; his triumphant Entry into Bickleigh, his native Place.



R. Carew having left *Bristol* made the best of his Way to *Bridgewater*, and from thence to *Taunton*, and so to *Exeter*, supporting his travelling Expences by his Ingenuity, as a Mendicant. As soon as he arrived at *Exeter* he made the best of his way to the House of an old Acquaintance, where he expected to hear some News of his beloved Wife; but going through *East-Gate*, he was met by two Gentlemen, who immediately cried out, Here's our old Friend *Carew*! They then laid hold of him, and took him back to the *Oxford-Inn*; where they enquired, Where he had been this long

long Time? He acquainted them in what Manner he had been seized upon *Topsham Key*, and that he had been carried to *Maryland*; he likewise informed them of Captain *Simmonds*'s Death, (which they were very sorry to hear of) and that the Vessel had been taken into Port by *Harrison*, the Mate, who was afterwards drown'd, in Company with some Planters, in *Talbot River*.

Fame having soon founded the Arrival of our Hero through every Street in *Exeter*, several Gentlemen flock'd to the *Oxford Inn* to visit him, and amongst the rest Merchant *Davey*; "What, have you found your Way home again? says the Merchant." "Yes, yes, replied he, as you sent me over for your Pleasure, I am come Home for my own: which made the Gentlemen laugh very heartily. The Merchant then ask'd him several Questions about Captain *Simmonds* and *Harrison*, where he left the Vessel, and if he had been sold; "No, no, replies he, I took Care to get out of the Way, before they had struck a Bargain for me; and as to the Vessel, I left her in *Miles's River*." The Gentlemen could not help being surpriz'd at his Ingenuity and Expedition in thus getting Home twice before the Vessel which carried him out; and Merchant *Davey* propos'd making a Collection for him, and begun it himself with Half a Crown: Having received a handsome Contribution, he returned the Gen-

clesmen Thanks, and took his Leave, being impatient to hear some News about his Wife; he therefore goes directly to his usual Quarters, *Kitty Finnimore's*, in *Castle-lane*, where he occasioned no little Terror to his Landlady, she verily believing it to be his Ghost, as she heard he was certainly dead; however, our Hero soon convinced her he was real Flesh and Blood: He then enquired when she heard from his Wife, who inform'd him, to his great Joy, that both his Wife and Daughter were there a few Days before, and were gone towards *Newton-Bushel*; but they had given over all Thoughts of seeing him again, as they thought him dead. He sets forward immediately for *Newton-Bushel*; calling at *Lord Clifford's* in his Way, he was told by *Mrs. Ratcliffe*, the Housekeeper, and *Mr. Kilsha*, the Steward, (who were quite surprized to see him) that his Wife had been there just before, in Mourning, believing him to be dead; and that he would find her at *Newton-Bushel*. Though it was then Night, our Hero, impatient of seeing his Wife and Daughter, set forward for *Newton-Bushel*, where he arrived late in the Night; going directly to his usual Quarters, he found them all in Bed, and calling out to the Woman of the House, his Wife hearing his Voice, immediately leap'd out of Bed, crying out, It was her poor *Bampfylde*; a Light was then struck with as much Expedition as possible, and

and his Wife, Daughter, and Landlady, all came down to open the Door to him. Here, how shall I find Words to express the Transports of our Hero, the tender Embraces of his Wife, the endearing Words of his Daughter, and the hearty Congratulations of the Landlady: Unable to the Task, most gentle Reader, I must imitate that celebrated Painter who painted *Agamemnon* with a Covering over his Face, at the Sacrifice of his Daughter, and draw a Veil over this Scene of Tenderness: Let it suffice to say, that their Joy was too full to be contained, and not finding any other Passage, gush'd out in Tears.

The next Morning, accompanied by his Wife and Daughter, he went and paid his Respects to Sir Thomas Carew, at Hackum, where they were received with great Kindness, and Sir Thomas told him if he would forsake the Mendicant Order, he would take Care to provide for him and his Family: He returned Sir Thomas a great many Thanks, but declar'd, that as he had entered himself into the Mendicant Order, he was resolv'd to continue therein as long as he liv'd; but hop'd if any Accident happen'd to him, he would extend his Goodness to his dear Wife and Daughter.

It was about this Time, that one of the greatest Personages in the Kingdom being at Bath, Mr. Carew was drawn thither with the rest of the World to see her, but to more

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Advantage indeed to himself, than most others
reap'd from it; for making himself as much
an *Hanoverian* as he could in Dress, &c. he
presented a Petition to her as an unfortunate
Person of that Country, and (as every one is in-
clin'd to be kind to their own Country Folks)
he had from her a very princely Benefaction.
Some Time after this, *Squire Morice*, who
succeeded to the fine Seat and Estate of *Sir*
William Morice, near *Launceston* in *Cornwall*,
coming to reside there, and hearing much
Talk of *Mr. Carew*, was very desirous of see-
ing him, and he happening to come soon
after into that Neighbourhood, some of the
Servants, who knew their Master's Inclina-
tions, chancing to see him, conducted him
to the House, and shew'd him into the Par-
lour, where *Mr. Morice* was with a good deal
of Company; *Mr. Carew* was made very
welcome, and the Company had a great deal
of Conversation with him, during which *Mr.*
Morice very nicely examin'd every Feature in
his Countenance, and at last declar'd, that
he would lay any Wager that he should know
him again, come in what Shape he would,
so as not to be impos'd upon by him; one of
the Company took *Mr. Morice* up, and a Wa-
ger was laid, that *Mr. Carew* should do it
within such a limited Time; this being agreed
upon, *Mr. Carew* took his Leave. He begun
immediately to meditate in what Shape he
should be able to deceive the Circumspection
of

of Mr. *Morice*; and within a few Days came to the House, and endeavour'd in two or three different Shapes, and with as many different Tales, to obtain Charity from Mr. *Morice*, but he remembering his Wager would hearken to none; at last, understanding that Mr. *Morice* was to go out a Hunting one Morning, with several of the Company who were present when the Wager was laid, he dress'd himself like a neat old Woman, and placing himself in the Road Mr. *Morice* was riding along, all of a sudden he fell down, and counterfeited all the Distortions of the most violent Fits in such a terrible Manner, that Mr. *Morice* was greatly affected with the poor Creature's Condition, ordering his Servants to get down and assist her, staying himself till she was brought a little to herself, then gave her a Piece of Money, and order'd one of his Servants to shew her to his House, that she might have some Refreshment there; but Mr. *Carew* having obtained what he desir'd, flung off the old Woman, and discovers himself to Mr. *Morice* and the rest of the Company, wishing them all a Good-morrow; upon which Mr. *Morice* own'd he had fairly lost his Wager.

Mr. *Carew* some Time after this steer'd his Course for Oxford, where he visited Mr. *Treby*, Mr. *Sanford*, Mr. *Cooke*, and several Collegians his particular Friends, of whom he got a Trencher-Cap; and having staid in Oxford as long as was agreeable to his Inclinations,

he set out for *Abingdon*, and from thence to *Marlborough*, having put on a Pair of white Stockings, a grey Waistcoat, and the Trencher-Cap; being thus equipp'd, he acted as an Oxford Scholar, disordered in his Mind, by which Disguise he deceived the Ministers of *Marlborough* and *Market-Lavington*, Dr. Squire, and his Brother the Archdeacon of *Bath*, Mrs. Grove of *Wincanton*, the Rev. Mr. Birt at *Sutton*, at which Places he was much pitied, and handsomely reliev'd: He then fleers for *Somerton*, and goes to the Rev. Mr. Dickerson there; but this Mask would not avail him here, for the Parson discovered him through it; but he desired him to keep it secret till he was gone out of the Town, which he accordingly did: He therefore went boldly to the Rev. Mr. Keat, and pretended to be a Scholar of *Bahol College*, which Mr. Keat believing, and pitying his Condition, generously gave him a Crown. The next Day he goes to *Bridgwater* in the same Habit, and from thence to Sir Charles Tynte's at *Hafwell*; being into the Court he was met by the Rev. Mr. Sanford, who immediately knew him, and accosted him with how do you do, Friend Carew? Soon after which out came Sir Charles, who accosted him in the same Manner; and Mr. Sanford and he made themselves very merry at the Character he had assumed; Well, says Sir Charles, we will make you drink, but unless you can deceive my Bess (so he

was

was pleas'd to call his Lady) you shall have nothing of me; but whatever she gives, I'll double it: He was then order'd into the Hall, and exchange'd his Cap for a Hat, with one of the Servants: After waiting some Time, Lady Tynte came down. It will be proper to observe that this Lady, tho' of a very charitable Disposition to her poor Neighbours, having been often deceived by Mendicants, and finding few of them deserving of her Charity, had resolv'd to relieve no unknown Object of Charity, however plausible their Tale; but our Hero, depending upon his Art, was not afraid to accept of Sir Charles's Challenge: From the Servants Hall he watch'd a proper Opportunity of accosting the Lady, and she pass'd and repass'd several Times before he could speak to her; at last, seeing her standing in the Hall, talking with Sir Charles, he came behind her, and accosted her with God bless you, most glorious Lady: The Lady turning about, ask'd him pretty hastily, From whence he came? I am a poor unfortunate Man, replied he, who was taken by two French Privateers, coming from Boston, and carry'd into Boulogne, where we were ten a Day and Night to enter into the French Service, but refused to do it. And how got you from thence? ask'd the Lady. We took an Opportunity of breaking out of the Prison, and seized upon a Fishing-Boat in the Harbour, with which we got safe to Lymington,

ton, being in all 25 of us, where we sold our Boat. What do you beg for then? If you sold your Boat you must have Money. Several of us were sick, reply'd he, which was very expensive. But what Countryman are you? I am an Old *England* Man, please you my Lady, but I marry'd my Wife in *Wales*. From what Part? says my Lady, who was a Native of *Wales* herself. I marry'd, replied he, one *Betty Larkey*, who liv'd with Sir *John Morgan*, and afterwards with Parson *Griffy*, at *Swansey*. Ay, did you marry *Betty Larkey*? How many Children have you by her? Only one Daughter, reply'd he. In the mean Time Sir *Charles* and the Parson were ready to burst with containing their Laughter, to see how he manag'd my Lady to bring her to; for his Assertion of having marry'd *Betty Larkey*, who was a Country Woman of my Lady's, and formerly known to her, was a Loadstone which presently drew my Lady's Hand to her Purse, and then turning to Sir *Charles*, ask'd, If he had any small Money about him? I have none, replied Sir *Charles*, pretty bluntly, being scarce able to contain himself from bursting out into Laughter; so she went up Stairs, and coming down again, gave him two half Crowns, and ask'd him to eat and drink, going out herself to call the Butler: In the mean Time Sir *Charles* stepp'd nimbly into the Servants Hall, and fetch'd the *Oxford Cap*, which he put on Mr. *Carew's* Head; my

Mr. Bampfylde-Moore-Carew.

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my Lady and the Butler came in immediately after, and the seeing the Cap upon his Head, cries out, God bless me, what did you bring that from *France*? It is just like one of our *Oxford* Scholar's Caps. Ay, so it is indeed my Lady reply'd Sir Charles, why don't you know who it is? It is Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore-Carew*. Ay, ay, this is your doing, Sir Charles, said the Lady, and went away something disgusted at the Trick which had been put upon her. Sir Charles was as good as his Word, in doubling the Money my Lady gave, and Parson *Sauford* gave him half a Crown.

Some Time after this, he called upon the *Miss Hawkers*, of *Thorn*, near *Yeovil*, who treated him very hospitably, and enquired what News he heard, it being in the Time of the late Rebellion. Whilst he was talking with them, he observed a new House, almost opposite, and enquiring who liv'd there, they told him one Parson *Marks*, a Dissenting Teacher; upon which, taking Leave of the Ladies, he steps over the Way, & knocks boldly at the Door, which was soon opened by Parson *Marks* himself: Sir, says Mr. *Carew*, pulling off his Hat, and addressing him with a demure Countenance, I came two Miles out of my Road on purpose to wait upon you; I believe, Sir, you are acquainted with my Brother, Mr. *John Pike*, of *Triverton*, Teacher of a Dissenting Congregation in that Place;

Place, and you have undoubtedly heard something of his Brother *Roger Pike*, which unfortunate Man I am, having been taken Prisoner coming from *Boston* in *New England*, by two *French Privateers*, and carried into *Boulogne*, where we were cruelly treated. Alack, alack, says the Parson, pray walk in good *Mr. Roger*: I am indeed very well acquainted with that worthy Servant of God your Brother, *Mr. John Pike*, and a gracious Man he is: I have likewise heard him mention his Brother *Roger*. He then ordered some Victuals and Drink to be brought out for good *Mr. Roger Pike*: While he was eating, he enquired, How he got from *Boulogne*? He reply'd, that Twenty-five of them had broke Prison, & seiz'd upon a Vessel in the Harbour, by which they had got safe to the *English Coast*. Well, *Mr. Roger*, says the Parson, what News did you hear in *France*? It is reported there, replies he, that the Rebels are very powerful in *Scotland*, and that great Numbers are gone over to them safe from *France*. Stop a little, cries the Parson, *Mr. Roger*, and running up Stairs, soon after comes down with a Letter in his Hand, which he read to *Mr. Pike*, wherein it was said, the Rebels were wonderfully powerful. Then shaking his Head very sorrowfully, cried, indeed *Mr. Pike*, I can't be at Ease, for they say, they will make us Examples on Account of the 30th of *January*. Never fear them,

them, Sir, said Mr. Carew, we shall be a Match for them in Devonshire and Cornwall. I am afraid not, cries the Parson, shaking his Head again, I have had no Rest for thinking of them for several Nights past. After some further Discourse, he fetch'd Mr. Pike a good Holland-Shirt, and clap'd half a Guinea into his Hand, entreating him to take a Bed with him that Night, for that he should be heartily welcome; but he desir'd to be excus'd, and took his Leave with many Thanks, returning to the Mills *Hawkers* again. Well, Mr. Carew, cried the Ladies, you have had a long Conference with the Parson. Ay, ay, replies he, and to good Purpose too, for this Shirt and half a Guinea are the Fruits of it; and then told them in what Manner he had deceiv'd the Parson, which made them laugh very heartily; they then gave him a Crown, and promis'd to keep Mr. Pike's Secrets for a Day or two.

A few Days after, the Parson going over to see the Ladies, they ask'd him, if a poor Seaman had been at his House? "Yes, replied the Parson, it was one Roger Pike, whose Brother has a Congregation in *Tiverton*, and whom I am very well acquainted with." "And did you give him any Thing?" — "Yes, I gave him a Shirt and half a Guinea." — "And we gave him a Crown," said the Ladies, not as being Roger Pike, but as Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew." At which

which the Parson was in a very great Hurry, and would scarce be convinc'd but that it was old *Roger Pike*. Thus had *Mrs. Garraw* the happy Art of suiting his Eloquence to every Temper, and every Circumstance, for his being Brother to the good *Mr. Pike* of *Ziverton*, was as powerful a Loadstone to attract Parson *Marks*, as his marrying *Betty Larkey* had been to *Lady Tynte*. From hence he goes to Parson *White's* at *Coken*, where he found Justice *Proctor*; here he pass'd for an unfortunate Sailor, who had been cast away coming from the *Ballick*, and was now travelling to his native Place, *Tintagel* in *Cornwall*; Parson *White* ask'd who was Minister there; he replied one *Atkins* was Curate, and that there was no other there at that Time. The Justice ask'd him but few Questions, but told him he ought to have a Pass, and ask'd where he landed; and he replying at *Dover*; "Had you no Pass then from the Mayor there?" — "We had one, said he, very readily, but some of our Company being sick, and myself healthy, I let them have the Pass, and came forwards by myself, they not being able to travel so fast." Why then says the Justice, you are liable to be taken up as a Vagrant, for begging without a Pass; however, we will relieve you, and if you call upon Gentlemen only, they will scarcely molest you." He return'd them

them a great many Thanks for this Civility, and then went to a Tanner's, hard by, where he chang'd his Story, and pass'd for a Bankrupt Tanner; here he was likewise reliev'd, as he touch'd upon the right String, for had he pass'd here for an unfortunate Sailor, probably his Eloquence would have had no Effect. From hence he goes to the Parson of *East-Chincock*, whom he told, that he belonged to a Man of War, in which his Brother was Lieutenant. It being then about Dinner Time, the Parson ask'd him if he could eat Sea Provisions, such as Pork and Pease, which he accepting, they sat down to Dinner, and had a great deal of Discourse about the Lieutenant. Next he goes to Madam *Philips's* of *Montacute*, where happen'd to be Parson *Bower* of *Martock*, who ask'd him, if he knew one *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*? Sir, replies he, I am one of *Tintagel* in *Cornwall*, and know the *Carews* there very well, and have heard of the Wanderer you speak of, who I'm told is a great Dog-stealer, but know not what is become of him; for some say he is hang'd, and others that he is drowned. God forbid he should be hang'd, cries the Parson, upon Account of his Family; and after some other Questions, he was reliev'd with Six-pence. Leaving *Montacute*, he goes forward to *Teovil*, having appointed to meet his Wife and Daughter at the Sign of the Boot in *Sherborne*. And from *Teovil*, to Squire *Helliar's* at *Lew-
C c erton*,

302. *An Apology for the Life of*
John, who treated him very handsomely,
 and would have had him staid there all Night,
 but he excus'd himself, being impatient to
 see his Wife and Daughter.

As soon as he came to *Sherborne*, he goes
 to his usual Quarters, the Sign of the *Boat*,
 where he enquir'd for his Wife and Daughter;
 but how was he thunder-struck when he was
 told they were in Hold at *Webb's* the Bailiff:
 He enquir'd for what Reason, and was in-
 form'd that four Officers had been walking
 all thro' the Town, to take up all Strangers,
 such as Chimney-Sweepers, Tinkers, Ped-
 lars, and the like. What could our Hero
 now do, he resolv'd it over and over in his
 Mind, and at length determin'd to go to
Webb's, resolving either to free his Wife and
 Daughter, or else to share their Fate; when he
 came there, he ask'd to see the Prisoners, and
 demanded upon what Account they had ap-
 prehended his Wife, as she had neither stolen
 nor begg'd in the Town; this occasioned
 high Words, and ended in Blows: Long did
 our Hero maintain an unequal Fight with
 great Valour; at length, being overpowered
 with Numbers, he fell, but not till his Assail-
 ants had felt the Force of his Arm. He was
 kept in safe Custody that Night, and the next
 Morning taken with the rest of the Prisoners
 before *Thomas Medlycott, Esq;* at *Milborne-
 Port*, here they were all examined, and all
 maintained their Professions to be extremely
 useful:

useful: The Chimney-Sweeper alledged, he preserved Houses from taking Fire, whereby he saved whole Towns, and consequently was an useful Member to his Country; the Tinker harangu'd on the Usefulness of Kettles, Brass-Pans, Frying-Pans, &c. and of Consequence what Use he was of to the Public; and our Hero declared he was the famous Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew, and had served his King and Country both by Sea and Land.

The Justice thought proper to send these useful Men to their respective Parishes, at the Public Charge; accordingly Mr. Carew, his Wife, and Daughter, were ordered to be conducted to Bickleigh in Devonshire. The Sherborne People waited on them to Keavik, where they were delivered to the Care of the chief Magistrate. The next Day, Horses being provided, they set out for Thomas Proctor's, Esq; at Coker, but he refusing to sign the Pass, they proceeded, without its being sign'd, to Axminster, where the Magistrate refused to receive them, on Account of the Pass not being signed; upon which they would have left Mr. Carew, but he insisted upon being attended to the End of his Journey; they therefore adjourned to Mr. Lucker's, about two Miles from Axminster, who ask'd him if he had a Mind to have his Attendants dismiss'd, or chuse to have their Company to Bickleigh; and he replying, that

he did not chuse to have them dismiss'd, Mr. Tuckers sign'd the Warrant, and our Hero, with his Wife and Daughter, rode very triumphantly into *Bickleigh*; where, as soon as they arriv'd, the Bells were set a ringing, and great Joy spread through all the Place.

Mr. Carew's Curiosity prompted him to go and meet the Rebels at Edinburgh; on his Way thither, entertain the famous Mr. Thomas Jones; his Indication of himself and suggestions from the malicious Aspersions of that Gentleman; he quits the Rebels, and arrives at the City of Bristol; appears in different Characters there; sets out on a Foot through Europe, but returns; in the Bishop of Bath and Wells; new Character.



R. Carew remained some Time at Bickleigh, but fresh News arriving every Day of the Progress of the Rebels, that insatiable Curiosity which had always actuated his breast, prompted him to go & see the Army of the Rebels; he therefore taking his Leave of his Wife and Daughter, who they entreated him with Tears not to go to the North, made the best of his Way towards Edinburgh.



C H A P. XXII.

Mr. Carew's Curiosity prompts him to go and meet the Rebels at Edinburgh; on his Way thither entertains the famous Mr. Thomas Jones; his Vindication of himself and Subjects from the malicious Aspersions of that Gentleman; he quits the Rebels, and arrives at the City of Bristol; appears in different Characters there; sets out on a Tour through Europe, but is taken ill in France, and obliged to return; his Adventure with the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Appearance in several new Characters.

MR. Carew remained some Time at Bickleigh, but fresh News arriving every Day of the Progress of the Rebels, that insatiable Curiosity which had always actuated his Breast, prompted him to go & see the Army of the Rebels; he therefore taking his Leave of his Wife and Daughter, tho' they entreated him with Tears not to go to the North, made the best of his Way towards *Edinburgh*.

And it was on his Journey to this Place, that being feasting one Night with several of his Subjects, he receiv'd and hospitably entertain'd the famous Mr. Thomas Jones, tho' a natural Enemy to their Community; for he was of Opinion, that Beneficence and Hospitality ought to reach out our Hands to an Enemy in Distress, when it does not immediately injure or interfere with the Public Good of that particular Community to which we belong; and when the contrary, can only serve to shew the Savageness of the human Heart; and at this Time Mr. Jones was in what might be well called, a sad Plight, having lost his Way in a very dark and tempestuous Night;

*Such a Night in which the Cub-drawn Bear would couch,
The Lion and the belly-pinched Wolf keep their Furr dry.*

Mr. Carew therefore receiv'd him & his Companions under Cover, entertained them very hospitably, and at their Departure sent one of his Subjects to conduct them to Coventry, which was six Miles distant, lest they should again mistake the Road. After such a Behaviour, (though he claims no Merit from it, as his own Honour required it of him) he cannot but be surprized at the base Return Mr. Jones or his Historiographer has made to it, in scandalously aspersing both himself and Subjects; for notwithstanding he seems to intend some Honour to Mr. Carew, yet it is attended with

so many Shameful Circumstances and Con-
 ditions, that he must needs reject it with Scorn
 and Indignation; for though in some other
 Communities it may be honourable to enter
 upon Honours through the Gate of Shame, yet
 amongst the People of the *Gipsies*, Shame and
 Honour are two such opposite Principles, that
 they can never join Hands, and kiss each
 other; for they have no other Idea of Shame,
 than a Consciousness of having acted unwor-
 thy of themselves; nor no other Notion of
 Honour, but the self-felt Applause arising from
 a worthy Action; it is therefore accounted an
 absurd and unintelligible *Paradox* with them,
 that Shame can ever be the Road which leads
 to Honour: Mr. Carew therefore cannot submit
 (for all the Honour Mr. Jones is pleased to
 give him) to be accounted the Author of that
 illiterate Nonsense & barbarous Language Mr.
 Jones or his Historiographer has been pleased
 to put in his Mouth, viz. "About a thou-
 sand or two thousand Years ago, we cannot
 tell to a Year or two, there was a great *Vo-
 lution*." He therefore takes this Opportu-
 nity of acquainting that Gentleman, lest Igno-
 rance is his Error, that no one in the Com-
 munity of the *Gipsies* arises to the great Ho-
 nour of being their King, but whose *Abilities*
 and Knowledge give him a just Title to that
 Preheminence; and who is perfectly well ac-
 quainted with the History of the first Rise,
 and the different Changes the Community has
 gone

gone through, as well as the State of it, at the Time he enters upon this Office; and they cannot be ignorant of any Thing of this Sort afterwards, as those faithful Registers kept by the Kings themselves, through a long Succession, are then delivered to their Care. As to their Language, that which is peculiar to themselves is very expressive, tho' hieroglyphical, containing great Mysteries under it, which they have continued down pure and uncorrupted from their first Founders, the *Egyptians*; but it is well known they speak the *English*, as well as other modern Languages, with great Fluency. As these are Matters of Fact, which cannot be contradicted, both the childish stupid Language which Mr. Carew is made to make Use of, and the little Knowledge he is made to have of the State of the *Gipsies*, must be attributed either to the Ingratitude of Mr. Jones, or the Ignorance of his Historiographer: But he can bear these Reflections upon himself, however unjust, with much more Patience than the scandalous Aspersions thrown upon his Subjects; for it ought to be the highest *Pride* of every King to reign over a virtuous People: All the Readers of the History of Mr. Thomas Jones will, without mentioning it, know he means that false, malicious, improbable Story, which the Writer has related of one of the Community of the *Gipsies*, suffering Partridge, a Friend of Mr. Jones's, to lie with his Wife, for the Sake of extorting *Hush-Money* from him:

This

This Story is quite improbable, both from the Condition *Partridge* was in, (who, poor Wretch, was in too great a Fright to have amorous Thoughts in his Pate) and likewise from the Circumstances of Time and Place, which were no Ways suitable to such an Action; but it is still more so, if we consider the Temper and Principles of the *Gipsies*; for Money holds but a very low Place in their Esteem, and is made no private Use of, but always brought into one common Stock, to promote their Mirth and Gaiety; but Shame, or a Consciousness of acting unworthily, is look'd upon by them (which Mr. *Jones* himself acknowledges) as the most grievous Punishment in the World; the *Gipsy* therefore, who, according to Mr. *Jones*, was guilty of this infamous Crime, must have acted violently against that common Principle which biases all Mankind, *viz.* That of chusing what appears the greatest Good; for it was impossible the *Gipsy* should think the Hush-Money he should gain was the greatest Good; because, he could not but know its Worth to be but of little Value, and indeed to be of no Use at all, unless brought into the Public Stock; but Shame he knew was the greatest Evil, and what he must suffer himself alone; now as the Good and Evil were both alike present, it is plain from this common Principle of Action, that he could not avoid chusing that which appear'd the greatest Good,

Good, and consequently preserving the Honour of his Wife. Add to this, that it appears, from the faithful Register which they have kept of their Actions through a long Course of Years, that it never entered into the Mind of a Gipsy, that Gold, which had in its Nature no Affinity with them, could weigh with Honour, which makes so principal a Part of the Man. Thus much Mr. Carew thought he was obliged to say in Defence of himself and Subjects. We shall now return to our History.

After some Days travel, Mr. Carew arrived at the City of Edinburgh, which lies in a Sort of a Valley, between two Hills, one of which is called *Sandbury Crags*, the other makes the Foundation of the Castle. It is strongly walled, and adorned with public and private Buildings. At the Extremity of the East End of the City, stands the Palace of *Holyrood House*, leaving which a little to the Left, you come thro' a populous Suburb, to the Entrance, called the *Water-Port*. From hence, turning West, the Street goes on in a straight Line, through the whole City, to the Castle, which is above a Mile in Length, and said by the Scots to be the largest, and finest Street, for Buildings, and Number of Inhabitants, in Europe. From the Palace-Door, which stands on a Level with the lowest of the plain Country, this Street begins to ascend very gradually, being

the Council-chamber, the Exchequer, the Public Registers, the Lawyers Library, the

no where steep, but this Ascent being con-
 tinued for so long a Way, it is easy to under-
 stand, that the furthest Part must necessarily
 be very high; for the Castle, which stands,
 as it were, at the Extremity West, as
 the Palace does East, makes on all Sides
 (that only excepted which joins it to the
 City) a frightful and inaccessible Precipice.
 The Castle is situated on a high Rock, and
 strongly fortified with a great Number of
 Towers, so that it is look'd upon as impregna-
 ble. In the great Church they have a Set of
 Bells, which are not rung out as in *England*?
 (for that Way of Ringing is not known in this
 Country) but are played on by the Hand,
 with Keys, like a Harpsichord, the Person
 playing having great Leather Covers to his
 Fists, by which he is able to strike with the
 more Force; and, for the larger Bells, there
 are Breddles, which he strikes with his Feet.
 They play all Manner of Tunes very musi-
 cally; and the Town gives a Man a yearly
 Salary for playing upon them, from Half an
 Hour after Eleven, till Half an Hour after
 Twelve, every Day, *Sundays* and *Holy-days*
 excepted. On the South Side of this Church
 is a Square, of very fine Buildings, called the
Parliament-Close, the West and South Sides
 of which are mostly taken up with the *Par-*
liament-House, the several Courts of Justice,
 the Council-chamber, the Exchequer, the
 Public Registers, the Lawyers Library, the
 Post-

Post-Office, &c. The great Church makes up the North Side of the Square, and the East, and Part of the South Side, is built into private Dwellings, very stately, lofty, and strong, being seven Stories high, to the Front of the Square, and the Hill they stand on having a very deep Descent, some of them are no less than fourteen Stories high, backwards. *Holyrood-House* is a very handsome Building, rather convenient than large; it was formerly a Royal Palace, and an Abbey, founded by King *David* the First, for the Canons Regular of *St. Austin*, who named it *Holyrood-House*, or the House of the Holy Cross, which was burnt by *Oliver Cromwell*, but nobly re-edified by King *Charles* the Second, and of which his Grace the Duke of *Hamilton* is hereditary Keeper; it is now almost neglected. The Entrance, from the great outer Court, is adorned with Pillars of hewn Stone, under a Cupola, in Form of an Imperial Crown, ballustraded on each Side at the Top. The Fore-Part has two Wings, on each Side of which are two Turrets; that towards the North was built by King *James* V. whose Name it bears in Letters of Gold; and that towards the South (as well as the rest) by King *Charles* II. whereof Sir *William Bruce* was Architect. The inner Court is very stately, all of Free-stone well hewed, with a Colonnade round it, from whence are Entries into the several Apartments; but
above

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above all, the long Gallery is very remarkable, being adorned with the Pictures of all the Scots Kings, from *Fergus* 1. done by masterly Hands.

Here Mr. Carew met the Rebels, but having no Mind to join them, he pretended to be very sick and lame; however he accosted them with, "God bless you noble Gentlemen!" And the Rebels moving on to *Carlisle*, he hopp'd after them, and from thence to *Manchester*, and here had a Sight of the Pretender's Son, and other Commanders. He afterwards accompanied them to *Derby*, where a Report was spread that the Duke of *Cumberland* was coming to fight them, upon which, their Courage failing, tho' the Pretender's Son was for fighting, they retreated back to *Carlisle*, upon which he thought it Time to leave them, and hopp'd homewards on his Crutches, taking Care to change his Note to, "God bless King George, and the brave Duke *William*!" Coming into *Bristol*, he accidentally met one Mr. P—, an Apothecary, who had formerly known him at *St. Mary Ottery*, in *Devon*; Mr. P— was very glad to see him, and took him to the Tavern, where he treated him very handsomely, and then sent for his Wife, Sister, and other Friends, to come and see him: They were all highly pleas'd to see a Man they had heard so much Talk of; and after spending some Time very merrily with him, they told him, they would have him

try

try his Fortune in that City, but to take Care
of the Ming. Accordingly he goes away to
a Place of Rendezvous of the Brothers of
the Mendicant Order, in Temple-Street, and
there equips himself in a very good Suit of
Clothes, then goes upon the Exchange, as the
Supercargo of a Ship, called the Dragon,
which had been burnt by Lightening off the
Lizard Point: By this Story he raised a very
handsome Contribution of the Merchants and
Captains of Vessels, it being well known
that such a Ship had been burnt in the Man-
ner he described. He then returned to his
Friend Mr. P—, the Apothecary, & knock-
ing at the Door, asked, If he was at Home;
upon which Mr. P— comes forth, and not
knowing him again in his Supercargo's Dress,
made him a very low Bow, and desired him
to walk in. Mr. Carew ask'd, if he had
any fine Salve, for that he had met with an
Accident, and burnt his Elbow, upon which
Mr. P— runs behind his Counter, and
reaches down a Pot of Salve, desiring with a
great deal of Complaisance the Favour of
looking at his Elbow; he then discovered
himself, which occasioned no little Diversion
to Mr. P— and his Family, who made him
very welcome. Going back to his Quarters, he lays aside
his Finery, and dresses himself more meanly,
like a labouring Mechanic; and then going
out into the Streets, acts the Madman, talk-
ing

ing in a raving Manner, about Mr. *Whitfield* and Mr. *Wesley*, as though he was disorder'd in his Mind by their Preaching; calling in a furious Manner, every Step, upon the Virgin *Mary*, *Pontius Pilate*, and *Mary Magdalen*, and acting every Part of a Man religiously mad: Sometimes walking with his Eyes fixed upon the Ground, and then, of a sudden, breaking out into some passionate Expressions about Religion: This Behaviour greatly excited the Curiosity and Compassion of the People, some of whom talked to him, but he answered every Thing they said, in a wild and incoherent Manner; and as Compassion is generally the Forerunner of Charity, he was relieved by most of them.

The next Morning he appeared in a Morning Gown, still acting the Madman, and carried in so far now, as to address himself to all the Posts in the Street, as if they were Saints, lifting up his Hands and Eyes in a fervent tho' distracted Manner to Heaven, and made Use of so many extravagant Gestures, that he astonished the whole City. Going through *Cable-Street*, he met the Rev. Mr. *B.* a Minister in that Place, whom he accosted with his Arms thrown round him, and insisted, in a raving Manner, he should tell him, who was the Father of the Morning Star? Which frightened the Parson so much, that he took to his Heels and run for it, he running after him, till he took Shelter in a House. Having

Having well recruited his Pocket by this Stratagem, he left the City next Day, and travelled towards Bath, acting all the Way the Madman, till he came to Bath; as soon as he came there, he enquired for Dr. Coney's, and being directed to his House, found two Brother Mendicants at the Door; after they had waited some Time, the Servant brought out each of them a Halfpenny, for which his Brother Mendicants were very thankful, but Mr. Carew gave his Halfpenny to one of them, then knocking at the Door, and the Maid coming out again, "Tell your Master," says he, "I am not a Halfpenny Man, but that my Name is *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*, King of the Mendicants," which being told, the Doctor came out with one of his Daughters, and gave him Six-pence, and a Mug of Drink, for which he return'd them Thanks.

The next Day he went to Mr. Allen's Seat, near Bath, and sent in a Petition as from a poor Lunatic, by which he got half a Crown. From hence he makes the best of his Way to *Shepton-Mallet*, and calling at Mrs. Hooper's, and telling the Servant who he was, Mrs. Hooper sent for him in, and enquir'd if he was really the famous Mr. *Bampfylde-Moore Carew*; then gave him half a Crown, and ordered him to be well entertained. At *Shepton-Mallet* our Hero had the Pleasure of meeting with his beloved Wife, to their mutual Joy and Satisfaction; and finding several Brethren

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Brethren of the Order there, they pass'd some Days together with much Mirth and Harmony.

The Mortality among the Cattle raging at this Time in several Counties, Mr. Carew assumed the Character of an unfortunate Farmer, who had three Times lost all his Stock by this fatal Distemper; and in this Character he pass'd through the Counties of Surrey, Kent, and Sussex. Coming to Chichester, he was informed the Mayor of that Place had us'd great Severity towards several of his Mendicant Subjects, and pretended to be a Man of such Sagacity and Knowledge, as not to be deceived by any of that Community: This made Mr. Carew resolve to try his Ingenuity on this quick-sighted Magistrate: For this Purpose he procures a Soldier's old Coat, and puts on a Sear Cloth of Pitch on his Knee, and a Beef Steak well powdered and salted, with white Bread and Tar, which made the Appearance of a very bad Wound*. He now applied to the Mayor as a poor disabled Soldier, wounded in the Battle of Fontenoy, fighting for his King and Country, but who had not Friends to get him

* There is another Method besides the above of raising these Sores, viz. by bruising Crewsfoot, Spearwort, and Salt together, and clapping them on the Place, which frets the Skin; then with a Linen Rag, which sticks close to it, they tear off the Skin, and throw on it a little powdered Asterick, which makes it look angrily or ill favouredly, as if it was a real Sore.

lany Pension, or admitted into *Chelsea* Hospital. The Mayor, who was a very loyal Person, thought one who had been wounded in his Majesty's Service, deserved his Favour; he therefore relieved him, and gave him Liberty to ask Relief through the Town, and at the Fair, which was to be held the next Day; *Mr. Carew* made Use of this, to his no little Advantage, for taking Care to expose his ghastly Wound to all Passers by, and making a most lamentable Moan, he was looked upon by every one as a most deplorable Object, and raised very considerable Contributions. He passed through several other Towns in the same Character, and with great Success. Being in the Road between *Chichester* and *Arundel*, he bethought himself of paying a Visit to *Lady Danby*, (who lived in that Neighbourhood, and was a Lady of a most charitable Disposition) who had several Relations living in the Neighbourhood of *Oakhampton*, with whom *Mr. Carew* was acquainted; he therefore laid aside his military Dress and Wound, shaved his Beard very smooth, puts on a long Dowd, and instead of the poor disabled Soldier, is now a decrepid old Woman, whose House had been consumed by Fire at *Zell*, near *Oakhampton*, in *Devon*: *Lady Danby*, hearing this, asked a great many Questions about the Gentlemen in that Neighbourhood, to all of which the

old

old Woman gave satisfactory Answers, and at last mentioned her knowing his Honour Sir Thomas Ackland, who was a near Relation of Lady Darby's; there happened at that Time to be in the House Mr. Hugh Ackland, Brother to Sir Thomas, who upon this came out, and questioned the old Woman, asking, who was the Parson of Zell? and many other Questions; all which she answered so satisfactorily, as proved she was no Impostor; upon which Mr. Ackland gave her half a Guinea, not distinguishing Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew in the old Woman, though he was perfectly well acquainted with him. The good Lady Darby likewise gave the poor unfortunate old Woman a Couple of Guineas. He next call'd at the Duke of Norfolk's, in the same Habit and Story, only changing his Religion, and becoming a Roman Catholic. His Grace was not at Home, but having applied to the Steward, he questioned her very particularly what Gentlemen of their Religion lived in Devonshire; and she giving a particular Account of those, and by farther catechizing, he finding she was no Heretick, relieved her with a Guinea, and recommended her to call upon some other Gentlemen of their Persuasion in that Neighbourhood. Coming near the Town of Rye in Sussex, (where, upon Account of their extraordinary Merit, the two Brothers, L—b, are
perpetual

perpetual Mayors) he met two of his Mendicant Subjects, who acquainted him, there was no entering Rye, but with extreme Hazard to his Person, upon Account of the Severity which Mr. Mayor exercised towards all of their Community; Mr. Carew's Wife hearing this, entreated him in the most tender Manner, not to venture into the Town; but as his great Heart always swelled when any Thing hazardous presented, and as he was willing to shew his Subjects by Example, that nothing was too difficult for Industry and Ingenuity to overcome, he was resolv'd to enter Rye: He therefore laid aside his Woman's Habit, and putting on a tatter'd Coat, began his Entrance into Rye, with a very slow, feeble, and tottering Pace, which was stopp'd every Minute by the most violent Fits of Coughing, whilst every Limb shook with an universal Palsy, his Countenance appearing rather to be the Property of some one among the Dead, than to belong to any living Body: In this Manner he creep'd along to the Mayor's House, and in a most lamentable Moan begg'd some Relief, Mr. Mayor seeing so deplorable a Figure, said, he was indeed a real Object of Pity, and therefore gave him a Shilling, and Liberty to go thro' the Town, which he did with no little Profit, and with great Applause from the Mendicants, when they heard of his Success.

Steering

Steering from hence to *Danvers*, he found a Vessel ready to sail for *Boulogne*, on board of which he embarked, and landed safe at *Boulogne*, which he found so throng'd with English Soldiers, (it being soon after the reducing of the Army) that had he not known to the contrary, he should have thought himself in some Town in *England*; some of the Soldiers knowing him, cry'd out, *Here's Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew*; upon which they took him along with them to their Quarters, and they passed the Day very merrily. The Soldiers express'd great Discontent at their being discharged, swearing, they would never come to *England* any more; saying, *If they had not come over there, they should have been either starv'd or hang'd*: He enquired how they liv'd in *France*; they replied, *Never better in their Lives*. From *Boulogne* he sets out for *Calais*; where he likewise found a great Multitude of English Soldiers, and more were daily coming in; whilst he was here, the Duke of *Richmond* arrived in his Way to *Paris*, who seeing so many English Soldiers, asked some of them, *Why they came there?* To which they reply'd, *They should have either been starv'd or hang'd if they had staid in England*. Mr. Carew intended to have paid his Respects to his Grace, but had no Opportunity: Soon after Mr. Carew being taken ill, was oblig'd to desist from his intended Design of making a Tour thro' *France*, *Germany*, &c. He therefore

fore took a Passage in the Packer-Boat from Calais, and landed at Dover; from thence went to *Falkstone*, where he got a Pass and Relief from the Mayor, under the Name of *John Moore*, a Native of *St. Ives*, in *Cornwall*, who had been cast away on the Coast of *France*, in a Vessel coming from *Ireland*. Having bore this Character as long as it suited his Inclinations, he metamorphoses himself again, and appears in a quite different Shape: He now wore a full handsome Tie Wig, but a little chang'd by Age; a good Beaver Hat, but somewhat rusty; a fine Broad Cloth Coat, but not quite of the newest Fashion, and not a little faded in its Colour. He was now a Gentleman of an antient Family, and good Estate, but reduced by a Train of uncommon Misfortunes. His venerable Looks, his dejected Countenance, the visible Struggles between his Shame of asking, and his Necessity which forced him to it, all operated to move the Pity of those he apply'd to, which was generally shewn by handsome Contributions; for few could think of offering Mites to a Gentleman of so antient a Family, and who had formerly lived so well; and indeed how much soever we may envy the Great in their Prosperity, we are as ready to relieve them in their Misfortunes; so that notwithstanding all that some great Authors have asserted, "Compassion and Feeling of another's Woe, seem to have the strongest Root of any of the Passions

Passions in the Human Heart; for though we are, perhaps, apt to look upon our Superiors with something of a contrary Nature, yet it seems plainly to arise from no other Cause, but their not standing in Need of our Compassions; for the Moment they do so, this Passion exerts itself with a redoubled Force upon an Object, which before it had been prevented from exerting its kindly Influences upon: As to those who deviate from this general Rule, we have already accounted for them, by supposing either Nature in a Hurry made them up without a Heart, or some accidental Cause has chang'd it into Stone."

Mr. Carew now, in Conjunction with five or six of his Subjects, assum'd a new Character: Being all dressed in tatter'd Habits, with Chains about their Middle, they appeared as unfortunate Sailors, who had been taken and made Slaves of by the *Sallee Rovers*; in Confirmation of this, they shew'd the *Turkish* Arms mark'd on their Bodies by a hot Iron; and as an Instance of their barbarous Cruelty, they expos'd the Mouth of one of the Company to all Beholders, wherein appeared no more than the Stump of a Tongue, which

This is performed by turning the Tip of the Tongue into the Throat, and with a little Suck making it bleed, which much resembles a Stump of the Tongue; and here, in imitation of an Author of the last Age, we cannot help recording a Bull of one of these People, who pretended to be deaf and dumb; but being ask'd hastily,

had been cut out by the barbarous *Saller Ravers*: Nothing could be more shocking than the Account they gave of the Cruelty of those People, and the intolerable Hardships they had undergone; and as there is a great Propensity in every Nation to think all other People barbarous but themselves, these Relations of unheard of Cruelties were swallowed with a greedy Belief by all who heard them, and they rais'd very considerable Contributions among their Auditors.

Here it will not be improper to mention one Character, which, though Mr. *Carew* never appear'd in himself, has been used by some of his Subjects, and we make no Doubt has astonish'd all who ever beheld so sad an Object: We mean that of an unfortunate Sailor, burnt by Lightning on the Coast of *Guinea*. It is almost impossible to conceive a more dismal Spectacle than this poor Wretch made; he was always led by some of his Brother Sailors, who pleaded his Cause, and told his moving Story; for the poor Wretch himself could only utter *O—O!* in the most dismal Tone that ever was heard;

How long he had been dumb, answered unawares, But three Weeks; which we think a better Bull, and more likely to promote Laughter in our Readers, than any of the following ones of the ingenious Mr. Fitzpatrick, which are recorded in a great Author, viz. "Upon my Shoul, cries he (being in Pursuit of his Wife) I have been near catching her already in two or three Places, if I had not found her gone just as I came up with her; If she be in the House, do carry me up in the dark, and show her to me; If she be gone away before me, do tell me which Way I shall go after her, to meet her. And upon my Shoul I will make you the richest poor Woman in the Nation."
Hist. of Tom Jones, Vol. 3. p. 6.

heard; he bore no Resemblance of the Human Shape, * for he had neither Eyes nor Nose, and a very small round Hole serv'd him for a Mouth; the whole Skin of his Face, such as it was, appeared burnt black; all which moved the Compassion of every one who had not a Heart of Stone.

Mr. Carew, happening to be in the City of Wells in Somersetshire on a Sunday, was told the Bishop was to preach that Morning; upon which he slips on a black Waistcoat and Morning Gown, and runs out to meet the Bishop, as he was walking in Procession, addressing himself to his Lordship as a poor unhappy Man, whose Misfortunes had turn'd his Brain; which the Bishop hearing, gave him Half a Crown. From Wells he steer'd to Bridgwater, where he did not appear in the Day Time, but went only in the Evenings, upon his Crutches as a poor lame Man, not being known by any one till he discovered himself. Hearing here that young Lord Clifford, his first Cousin, (who was just returned from his Travels Abroad) was at his Seat at Callington, about four Miles from Bridgwater, he resolv'd to pay him a Visit. In his Way thither liv'd on Parson C--, who being one of those Nature made up in a Hurry without a Heart, Mr. Carew had never

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been

* This was performed by clapping a dead Man's Skin all over the Face, and filling up the Cavities of the Nose, Eyes, &c. with Wool or soft Rags, which made the whole Face a perfect Level; a small Hole being made through the Skin to draw in Breath.

been able to obtain any Thing of him, even under the most moving Appearance of Distress, but a Cup of small Drink. Calling now in his Way, he found the Parson was gone to Lord Clifford's, and being saluted at the Door by a fine black Spaniel, with almost as much Cruelty as he would have been, had his Master been at Home, he thought himself under no stronger Obligation of observing the strict Laws of Honour, than the Parson did of Hospitality; therefore he soon charmed the Cruelty of the Spaniel, and made him follow him to *Bridgwater*; for it is pretty remarkable, That the Art has been found of taming the most savage and ill-natur'd Brutes, which is generally attended with Success; but it requires a much higher Skill, & is but seldom successful, to soften the Ill-Nature & Inhumanity of Man; whether it is that the Brutes are more capable of receiving Instruction, or whether the Ill-Nature of Man exceeds that of the Brutes, we cannot well determine. Having secur'd the Spaniel, and pass'd the Night merrily in *Bridgwater*, he set out again the next Morning for Lord Clifford's, and in his Way call'd upon the Parson again, who very cruelly told him, He had lost his Dog, and supposed some of his Gang had stolen him; to which Mr. Carew very calmly reply'd, What was he to his Dog, or what was his Dog to him; if he would make him drink, it was well, for he was very dry. At last with
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the Use of much Rhetoric, he got a Cup of small Drink; then taking Leave of him, he goes to the *Red Lion* in the same Parish, where he staid some Time. In the mean Time down runs the Parson to my Lord Clifford's, to acquaint him, Mr. Carew was in the Parish, and to advise him to take Care of his Dogs; so that Mr. Carew coming down immediately after, found one Servant with one Dog in his Arms, and another with another; here one stood whistling, and another calling, and both my Lord and his Brother were running about to seek after their Favourites: Mr. Carew ask'd my Lord, "What was the Meaning of this Hurry, and if his Dogs were Cripples, because he saw several carried in the Servants Arms; adding, he hop'd his Lordship did not imagine he was come to steal any of them." Upon which my Lord told him, "Parson C--- had advis'd him to be careful, as he had lost his Spaniel but the Day before," It may be so, replies he, but the Parson knows but little of me, or the Laws of our Community, if he is ignorant that with us Ingratitude is unknown, and the Property of our Friends always sacred." My Lord hearing this, entertain'd him very handsomely, and both himself and Brother made him a Present.

There being about this Time a great Fair at *Bridgwater*, in the County of *Somerset*, Mr. Carew appeared there upon Crutches, as a poor miserable

miserable Cripple, in Company with many of his Subjects that were full as, unfortunate as himself, some blind, some deaf, some dumb, &c. among whom were his old Friends and Schoolfellows *Martin Escott* and *Coleman*; the Mayor of that Corporation, a bitter Enemy to their Community, jocosely said, *He would make the Blind see, the Deaf hear, and the Lame walk*, and by Way of Preparation or Beginning to this intended Cure, he had them all apprehended and confined in the Darkhouse, greatly terrifying them with the Apprehension of severe Punishment. After one Night's Repose in Limbo he sends a Physician or Surgeon of a most profound Skill and Judgment to them, who brought the Keys of their melancholy Apartment, and pretending greatly to befriend them, advised them, if there were any of them Counterfeits, forthwith to make haste out of Town, or otherwise they must expect no Mercy from the Mayor, unknown to whom he had privately stolen away the Keys; then unlocking the Door, forth issue the disabled and infirm Prisoners, the Lame throw aside their Crutches and artificial Legs, & make an exceeding good Use of their natural ones; the Blind make shift to see the Way out of Town; and the Deaf themselves with great Attention hearken to this their Friend, and follow his Advice with all possible Speed; the Mayor with several Aldermen & Gentlemen planted themselves opposite the Prison, and were Spectators

tators of this diverting Scence, calling out to stop them, not with an Intention to do them any Prejudice, but only of adding a Spur to their Speed; however, there were some who were ready enough to lay hold of them, and Mr. Carew in a Struggle of this Nature left a Skirt of his Garment behind him, which might be done without much Violence, for we may reasonably conclude it to have been none of the foundest; and Coleman was so closely pursued, that he plunged into the River and swam to the opposite Shore; in short, so well did these Cripples ply their Limbs that not one of them could be taken, excepting a real Object a lame Man, who, in Spight of the Fear and Consternation he was in, could not mend his decrepid Pace; he therefore was brought before the Mayor, who, after slightly rebuking him for his vagrant Course of Life, ordered him to be relieved in a very plentiful and generous Manner, and the whole Corporation was exceeding kind to him.

One Method of gaining his Ends Mr. Carew had peculiar to himself; he used with great Attention to read the Inscriptions on Tombs and Monuments in Church-yards, and when the deceased Person had a Character of great Piety and Charity, he would, with the greatest Importunity, apply to his or her surviving Relations, and if they refused an Alms, he would, in the most moving Terms imaginable, implore their Charity for the Sake of

their deceased Relation, Hoping they would follow the laudable and virtuous Example of their dead Husband, Wife, Father, Mother or the like; hoping there was the same God, the same Spirit of Piety, Religion, and Charity, still dwelling in the House as before the Death of the Person deceased; these and the like Expressions, utter'd in a most suppliant & pathetic Voice, used to extort not only handsome Contributions, but Tears from the Persons to whom he applied.

Some Time after this he engag'd at Bruton in *Somersetshire*, in the Character and Habit of a Seamen, cast away homeward bound from *Newfoundland*, a Captain, who, by his great Severity, had render'd himself the Terror of all the Mendicant Order; but he relying upon his perfect Acquaintance with the Country, boldly ventures up to him, gets the best Entertainment his House affordeth, and was honourably dismissed with a considerable Piece of Money; Captain *H-ds-h* and *N-n*, with both of whom Mr. Carew had sailed, were intimate Acquaintance of this Captain of whom he asked many Questions, as also of *Newfoundland*, which Country Trade he had used the most Part of his Time; to all which Questions he gave very satisfactory Answers. This Captain had detected so many Impostors that he concluded they were all so; but not being able to find Mr. Carew in any one Error, he was very proud of it, pity'd and relieved him in
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an extraordinary Manner, went with him himself to the principal People in the Town, wrote him Letters of Recommendation to his distant Relations and Friends that lay in his Road, and acted with such extraordinary Kindness as if he thought he ne'er could do enough: 'Tis to be remark'd, that he pass'd rather for a Passenger than Seaman. In the same Town lived Lord B--y, who had a Son Captain of the *Antelope* Man of War, who was stationed in the *West-Indies*, who died in the Passage; Mr. Carew inform'd himself of every Circumstance relating thereto, and making it his Business to meet Lord B--y as he came out of church; after his first Application he gave his Lordship to understand, that he was a Spectator of the Burial of his Son on board the *Antelope*; at the same Time came up this critical Captain, who gave him the character of a Man of great Veracity, and his Lordship gave him a Guinea, his eldest Son Half a Crown, and good Entertainment from the House. This happened to be a Market or Fair-Day, he thereupon going into the Town, an Apothecary whispered him in the Ear, saying that he knew him to be the famous Mr. Bampfylde-Moore Carew, and that he had most grossly imposed upon the Captain and the Town, but at the same Time assured him, that he would not prejudice him, but faithfully keep the Secret: Mean while there was an *Irish* Quack-Doctor in View that had gathered the whole Market round him, who

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with more Strength of Lungs than Sense or Argument most loudly harangued, entertaining them in a most florid Manner with the sovereign Virtues of his Pills, Plaisters, and Self; and so far did he impose upon them, as to vend his Packets pretty plentifully, which the Apothecary could not forbear beholding with an envious Eye, & jocularly ask'd Mr. *Carew* if he could not help him to some Revenge upon this dangerous Rival and Antagonist of his, which he promised him to do; accordingly he got a little Vial, and fill'd it with Spirits of Turpentine, then mixing himself promiscuously with the gaping Auditory of this *Irish* itinerant Physician, who was in the midst of them, mounted on his Steed, adorned with a pompous Curb Bridle, with a large Parcel of all-curing Medicines in his Bags behind him, and was with a great deal of Confidence and Success, *Esculapius* like, distributing Health around him (we must observe that our Physician had taken his Stand among the Stalls of Orange and Gingerbread Merchants, Shoemakers, Glovers, and other such Retailers) Mr. *Carew* therefore approaching him, plants himself close by the Horse, and wetting his Fingers with the Spirits, rests his Hand upon the Rump of the Steed, as any unconcerned Person might have done; at the same Time, putting aside the Hair, he rubbed the Turpentine upon his bare Flesh, which insensibly beginning to burn & smart, the afflicted Quadrupede began to express his
Sense

Sense of Pain, by flinging his hinder Legs gently shaking himself, and other restless Motions, which made the poor Mountebank wonder what was befallen his Horse; but the Pain increasing, the disorderly Behaviour of the Steed increased proportionably, who now began to kick, prance, stand an End, neigh, immoderately shake himself, utterly disregarding both his Bridle and Rider, and running a-tilt against the Stalls of Oranges, Gingerbread, Shoes, Gloves, Breeches, &c. which he overthrew and trampled under Foot: This occasioned a Scramble among the Boys for the Eatables; and there were some who were but too unmerciful to the scattered Goods of the poor Shoemakers and Glovers, who, enraged by their several Losses, began to curse the Doctor and his Rosinante, who was all this while, in a very irregular Manner, capering, roaring, & dancing among the Oranges, Panniers of Eggs, &c. &c. to the entire Ruin of the Hucksters, who now began to deal with very heavy Blows, both on the unfortunate Horse, & his distressed Master. This happen'd to be on a Fair-day, & therefore we may be sure that this odd Spectacle & Adventure attracted the Eyes and Attention of the whole Fair, who were all in an Uproar, some Laughing, some Crying (particularly the poor suffering Pedlars) some Fighting, and others most unmercifully Cursing and Swearing: To make short of the Story, the Doctor rode about the Fair without
either

either Hat or Wig, at the Pleasure and Discretion of his Horse, among the ruined and overturn'd Stalls, and the dissipated Mob, who concluded both the Quack and his Steed to be either mad or bewitch'd. The Quack being no longer able to keep his Seat, falls headlong (*Phaeton* like) in the mirey Street, the Horse ran into a River, and rolled himself over several Times, to the entire Confusion & Ruin of the inestimable Pills and Plaisters. The Doctor employed a Farrier, and after some Time the Horse came to himself again. The Reader may easily judge what glorious Diversion this was for the Apothecary and Mr. *Carew*, who were Spectators of the whole Scene. And he was treated very handsomely upon the Account, not only by the Apothecary, but all others of the same Profession in the Town, and several other Gentlemen.

Upon Mr. *Carew's* Departure from *Bruton*, the generous Captain befriended him with many Recommendatory Letters to his Friends and Acquaintance that lay in his Road, as he pretended; nay indeed he was never out of it: Thence he proceeded to *Bristol*, and all other Places where the Letters were directed, and received considerable Pieces of Money from many, on Account of these Letters, which were mostly to Captains of Vessels, and Gentlemen that had been at Sea, with whom he several Times pass'd Muster very

well; it being by Desire of the Captain, as was mention'd in the Letter, that they examin'd him. Sometimes he and his Wife, in Conjunction with Coleman and his Wife, being all dressed very genteelly, pass'd for Gipsies of extraordinary Knowledge and Reputation; many a poor credulous unsuspecting Person became their Prey, and many a good Booty they got in most Parts of the Counties of Cornwall and Devon. Once in particular himself, Coleman, and their Spouses, being in Buckfordleigh near Exeter, one Collard, a wealthy but simple Shoemaker, comes to their Quarters, to consult them in an intricate and important Affair; he told them, "That it was the Opinion of all the Country that his Grandmother had somewhere conceal'd very large Sums of Money before her Death, and that himself, by several Dreams and Visions, was confirm'd in the same Opinion, and that he thought proper to advise with them upon the Affair, not doubting but they, by the Help of their profound Learning and Knowledge, for which they were so famous thro' the West, were capable of informing him in what particular Place he might find this conceal'd Treasure, which if they would discover to him, he would give them thirty Guineas." Our Magicians, after long Deliberation and Consultation with their Books told him, "That if he would that Night take a Walk with
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“ one of them, he should see the Spirit of his
 “ Grandmother; that he must not be afraid
 “ of the Apparition, but follow it ’till it va-
 “ nished away, and in that individual Spot
 “ of Ground from which the Ghost vanished,
 “ there he would find the hidden Treasure.”
 In order for the Execution of this Scheme,
 Coleman put a Woman’s Cap on his Head,
 wash’d his Face, and sprinkled Meal upon it
 while wet, stuck the broken Pieces of a To-
 bacco-pipe between his Teeth, and wrapping
 his Body up in a white Sheet, plants himself in
 the Road that *Collard* and Mr. *Carew* were to
 come; the Moon at this Time shone very
 bright, which gave an additional Horror to the
 Spectre; Mr. *Carew*, by Virtue of his profound
 Learning and mysterious Science, spoke to it
 in an unknown Language, crying, *Hike Mort,*
brash runley to the Foggy Cull, and ogle him in
the Muns; at which Command the Hobgoblin
 fiercely advances up to *Collard*, and with a
 most ghastly Look stares him in the Face; The
 poor Shoemaker was greatly terrified hereat,
 trembled and shook as if a Fit of the Ague had
 been upon him, and creeping close to Mr. *Carew*,
 laid fast hold of his Clothe, imagining
 him of sufficient Power to protect him from
 this insolent Apparition, hereupon he bid the
 Ghost *hike to the Vile*, and would have per-
 suaded *Collard* to follow his departing Grand-
 mother, in order to observe the particular
 Place from which she vanished; but no Per-
 suasions

situations could induce him to move from his Side; so back they return'd to the Ale-House, and Mr. *Carew* (this Method of Conjurati^on miscarrying through the Shoemaker's Fear) casts a Figure, and informs *Crispin* that if he took up too or three Planks of the Floor of his little Parlour he should there find the concealed Treasure, at the Depth of about four Feet: Upon hearing this joyful News the Shoemaker instantly disbursed the thirty Guineas, highly extolling them as People of the profoundest Skill that he had ever heard of or conversed with; but whether he was of the same Opinion when he came to dig for the Treasure, we will not take upon us to say.

Happening to be in *Bracknesh* near *Limington*, in the Character of a cast-away Seaman, he went to the House of Mr. *Haze*, an eminent and wealthy Presbyterian Parson; of whom he begged in the most earnest Manner he was able, for God's Sake, with uplifted Eyes and Hands, and upon his bended Knee, but could not with all his Importunity and Eloquence obtain a Crust of Bread, or a Draught of small Beer: Mr. *Carew* not us'd to be unsuccessful could by no Means brook this Churlishness of the Parson's, and thought it highly necessary, for the Benefit of his Community, that it should not go unpunish'd. The Parson was a great Sportsman, had two fine Greyhounds, the one named *Hector* and the other *Fly*; two excellent Spaniels, *Cupid* and *Dido*, and an ad-

mirable Setting-Dog, called *Sancho*; Mr. *Carew*, therefore, about twelve o'Clock at Night, pays a second Visit to the Parson's House, and brings away all these five Dogs with him. After which he sent a Letter to the Parson to this Purpose.

" *Rev'd Sir,*

" **Y**OU err, if you suspect yourself to have been wronged of your Dogs by any of your Neighbours: the cast-away Seaman, who begged so earnestly of you, to whom you would not vouchsafe a Crust of Bread or a Draught of Beer, took them away, to teach you another Time to behave to unfortunate Strangers; more as becomes your Profession, and your plentiful Circumstances."

The Mayor of *Weymouth*, in *Dorsetshire*, far'd little better in his Hands. This Gentleman was an implacable Enemy to all Mr. *Carew*'s Subjects; he therefore happening to be in that Town, & over-hearing the Mayor talking with a Gentleman in the Street, that he was going to dine with Captain *Galloway* of *Up-away*, he thought this a proper Opportunity for taking some Revenge of the Mayor for the many Indignities he had put on his Subjects: Having therefore got Intelligence what Suits of Clothes the Mayor had, and understanding he had a good Snuff-coloured Suit, he goes to his

his House, and informs the Mayoreſs that he was a Seaman under Misfortunes, had met with the Mayor as he was going to Dinner with Captain Calloway of Upway, and his Worſhip had ſent him to her, giving him Orders to receive his Snuff-coloured Suit; which the good-natured Gentlewoman hearing, without any Scruple brought him the Coat, Waitcoat, and Breeches.

Mr. Carew being in the City of *Bristol* at a Time when there was a hot Preſs, wherein they not only impreſſed Seamen, but all able-bodied Landmen that they could any where meet with, which made one fly one Way and another another, putting the City into a great Rout and Conſternation; among the Reſt, knowing himſelf to have a Body of a dangerous Bigneſs, was willing to ſecure himſelf as effectually as he poſſibly could, greatly preferring his own Eaſe and Pleaſure to the Inter-eſt and Honour of his King; he therefore ſets his Wife and Landlady to Work, who with all Speed and Cleanlineſs make a great Number of ſmall Mutton-pies, Plumb-puddings, Cheeſe-cakes, and Cuſtards, which Mr. Carew, in an ordinary Female Habit, hawks about the City, crying Plumb-pudding, Plumb-pudding, Plumb-pudding; hot Plumb-pudding, piping-hot, ſmoking-hot, hot Plumb-pudding: Plumb-pudding, Plumb-pudding, echo'd in every Street and Corner, even in the miſt of the ſavage Preſs-Gang, ſome of whom ſpent their Penny

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Penny with this masculine Pye Woman, and
seldom failed to serenade her with many accom-
plimental Title of Bitch and Whore.

Thus did Mr. Carew keep himself out of the
Clutches of this dangerous Set of People, with
whom he feared to hold any Conversation in
his own Shape and Habit. Going once to the
Hot Wells, near that City, to vend this catable
Merchandize, in his Woman's Apparel, he
met a lusty young Sailor, whom the Press pur-
sued very closely: To assist his Speed, he
pulled off his Jacket, and called to our Hud-
ding-Merchant to take it, hailing him by the
respectful Title and Denomination of *Mother*:
He took it up, and (as soon as Opportunity
presented) over-haling it, found in the Pockets
a large Pair of Silver Buckles, between six
and seven Shillings in Silver, and a very good
Handkerchief.

Coming by *Squire Rhodes's* Seat near *Kings-*
bridge, in *Devonshire*, and knowing the *Squire*
had married a *Dorsetshire* Lady, he thought
proper to become a *Dorsetshire* Man, and one
of *Lyme*, (which was the Place of the Lady's
Nativity) and applies himself to the *Squire*
and his Lady, whom he met both together,
giving them to understand, That he was lost in
a Vessel belonging to *Lyme*, *Captain Courtenay*
Commander: The *Squire* and his Lady gave
him Half a Crown each, for Country sake,
and very well entertained him at the House.
This was in the Morning.

Going

Going from thence, he went to a Publick-House call'd *Malfon-Cross*, about a Quarter of a Mile from the 'Squire's: He there fell in Company with 'Squire *Reynolds*, 'Squire *Ford*, Dr. *Rhodes*, Brother to the 'Squire, and several other Gentlemen, who were met there to make merry after a Hunting-Match. In the Afternoon there was a prodigious Storm of Thunder, Lightening, & Rain, which continued for several Hours: In the midst of this violent Weather, he (being minded to clear his Afternoon's Expences) strips off all his Apparel, excepting a white Night-Cap, Shoes, and Breeches, and goes to 'Squire *Rhodes*'s. Nothing could look with a more deplorable Aspect than this naked Spectacle, in such tempestuous Weather: The Tenant with Pity regarding his wretched Appearance, fetch'd him a Shirt (as he thought) to cover his Nakedness; but upon his endeavouring to put it on, it prov'd to be a Smock belonging to the good Woman his Wife, which afforded sufficient Diversion to the 'Squire and his Lady, who were looking out of the Window; when calling to him, and enquiring from whence he came, he pretended to have been cast away at *Bigbury-Bay*, in the immediate violent Tempest, in a Vessel belonging to *Poole*: 'Squire *Rhodes* ordered a Holland Shirt, and a good Suit of Broad Cloth Clothes, to be given him, as also a hearty refreshing Dram; and then throwing him Half a Crown, dismissed him, not in the least suspecting him to be the poor *Lyme Man*, to whom himself and Lady were

so liberal in the Morning. Having got this Contribution, he returns to the Public-House, where the Gentlemen waited for him, (for they were the principal Occasion of this last Adventure) and being by him informed how he had fared, diverted themselves exceedingly with the Stratagem, and shortly after meeting with 'Squire Rhodes, they discover'd the Imposition, and very heartily bantered him thereupon.

Some Time after this, Mr. Carew exercising his Profession at *Modbury* (where 'Squire Rhodes's Father lived) among other Houses made his Application to 'Squire *Legassick's*, where he by Chance was visiting: Mr. Carew knock'd at the Kitchen Door, which being opened, he saw his old Friend the 'Squire who was then alone, & in a careless Manner swinging his Cane about: As soon as he began to tell his lamentable Tale, Mr. Rhodes said, "I was twice in one Day imposed on by that
"Rogue *Bampfylde Carew*, of whose Gang
"you may very likely be; furthermore, I do
"not live here, but am a Stranger:" Mean Time in comes 'Squire *Legassick* with a Bottle of Wine in his Hand, giving Mr. Carew a private Wink, to let him understand he knew him, and then very gravely enquir'd into the Circumstances of his Misfortune, as also of the Affairs and Inhabitants of *Dartmouth*, from whence he pretended to have sailed several Times: Of all which he gave a full and particular Account; whereupon Mr. *Legassick* gave him half a Crown, & recommended him

as a real Object to Mr. Rhodes, who then made him the same Present; upon which Mr. Leggaffick burst out a laughing, & being asked the Reason thereof, he could not forbear telling him, even in Mr. Carew's Presence; and Mr. Rhodes finding himself thus a third Time imposed on, with a great deal of good Nature made himself merry therewith.

Here we shall put an End, for the present, to this true History of our Hero, and, we hope, the gentle Reader is convinced, that he has as good, if not a better Claim to Fame and Immortality, than most of the present Heroes of the Age. We acknowledge he has his Faults, but every Body knows a perfect Character is quite out of Fashion, & that the present excellent Writers of the Age, hold it a Solecism and Absurdity to draw even a fictitious Hero without a Plenty of Faults: To draw after Nature is the Criterion, *that is*, an equal Quantity of Virtue & Vice; or if the latter preponderates a little, no Matter, so their Heroes do not fall without Temptation, and feel some Compunctions of Repentance when their Passions are cooled; this is Perfection enough, for this is pure Nature. Upon this Account, we acknowledge, we have been at no little Pains in writing this true History, to throw a Veil over some of the Virtues of our Hero, lest he should be found to exceed the present Standard of Heroism, and be thought a Character out of Nature.

As the Language of the Community of the Gippies is very expressive, and different from all others, we think we shall do a Pleasure to the Curious by annexing a short Specimen of it.

A B R A M, naked, without clothes, or scarce enough to cover the nakedness. *ambidexter*, one that goes snacks in gaming with both parties; also a lawyer that takes fees of a plaintiff and defendant at once. *autem*, a church; also married. *autem barwler*, a preacher, or parson, of any sect. *autem cacklers*, or *autem prichears*, dissenters of any denomination. *autem divers*, church pick-pockets; but often used for church-wardens, overseers of the poor, sides-men, and others, who have the management of the poor's money. *back'd*, dead. *balsom*, money. *bandog*, a bailiff or his follower; a serjeant or his yeoman; also a very fierce mastiff. *barker*, a salesman's servant that walks before the shop, and cries cloaks, coats, or gowns; what d'ye buy. *barnacle*, a good job, or a snack easily got. *barnacles*, the irons worn in goals by felons. *bastner*, an ox. *baubee*, an halfpenny. *beard-splitter*, a whore-master. *beck*, or *harmenbeck*, a beadle. a *ben*, a foolish fellow. *beue-darkmens*, a good night. *bing-a-wast*, get you hence, be gone. *bingo-mart*, a female drunkard, a she brandy drinker. *black-bon*, a lawyer. *black-indies*, Newcastle, from whence the coals are brought. *black spy*, the devil. *blind-cheets*, the breach. *blower*, a mistress; also a whore. *bluffer*, a host, inn-keeper, or victualler. *bone*, to apprehend, seize, take, or arrest. *bords*, a shilling. *bouncing cheat*, a bottle. *bracket-face*, ugly, homely, ill-favour'd. *buck's-face*, a cuckold. *buse*, a dog. *bull's-eye*, a crown, or five shilling piece. *burg*, a purse, pocket, or fob. *curr*, a hanger-on, or dependent.

calls

call, a cloak or gown. *cameſe*, a ſhirt or ſhiſt. *cank*, dumb.
canniken, the plague. *cap*, to ſwear. *captain-queernabs*, a
fellow in poor clothes, or ſhabby. *caravan*, a good round
ſum of money about a man. *caſe*, a houſe, ſhop, or ware-
houſe. *caſter*, a cloak. *cruw-handed*, awkward, not dex-
terous, ready, or nimble. *chantickers*, a cock. *chates*, the
gallows. *chatts*, lice. *chiſe*, a knife, file, or ſaw. *clank*, a
ſilver tankard. *coach-wheel*, as, a fore coach-wheel, half
a crown; a hind coach-wheel, a crown or five ſhilling
piece. *cobblecolter*, a turkey. *colquarron*, a man's neck.
commiſſion, a ſhirt. *comfortable importance*, a wife. *coſtard*,
the head. *cotes-baby*, a calf. *crackmans*, hedges. *crakers*, a
groat or four-pence. *croppen*, the tail of any thing. *cur-
cumbers*, tailors. *cuffin*, a man. *culp*, a kick or blow. *cup-
ſhot*, drunk. *dace*, two-pence. *dag*, a gun. *damber*, a
raſcal. *dancers*, flairs. *darkmans*, night. *daſh*, a tavern-
drawer. *darwob*, a bribe, or reward for ſecret ſervice. *de-
cuſ*, a crown or five ſhilling piece. *degen*, a ſword. *din-
ber-mort*, a pretty wench. *drumbelo*, a dull heavy fellow.
ſacer, a bumper without lip-room. *ſambles*, rings. *ſammis*,
hands. *ſaſtuer*, a warrant. *ſerret*, a pawnbroker, or trades-
man that ſells goods to young ſpendthrifts upon truſt at
exceſſive rates, and then hunts them without mercy, and
often throws them into a gaol, where they periſh, for his
debt. *ſlag*, a groat. *ſuſh*, a perrwig. *ſlicker*, a drinking
glafs. *ſlicking*, to cut, cutting, as *ſlick me ſome panam* and
caſſan, cut me ſome bread and cheeſe. *ſlute*, the recorder
of London, or of any other town. *ſyers*, ſhdes. *ſinglanders*,
Dutchmen. *ſrummagum'd*, choak'd; ſtrangled, or hang'd.
ſurmen, aldermen. *gam*, a mouth. *gamm*, the lips. *gualer*,
coach, a hurdle. *gentleman*, a gentleman. *guge*, a pot or
pipe. *george*, a half-crown piece. *gigger*, a foot. *glaxies*,
eyes. *glm*, a dark lanthorn. *glmſenatrs*, handſons. *glm*,
fire. *glmſtick*, a candleſtick. *grannam gold*, old hoarded
com. *green bag*, a lawyer. *grig*, a farthing. *grapers*, blind
men. *gutter-lane*, the throat. *half-nabs*, at a venture, un-
right uſeen, hit or miſs. *half-board*, fix-pence. *hans*,
breaches. *hanket*, a high conſtable. *hanketle*, a ſilly
fellow, a mere codſhead. *hansen-kelder*, jack in the box,
the child in the womb, or a health to it. *harman*, a
conſtable

constable. *hormans*, the stocks. *harmantuck*, a beadle.
hawk, a sharper. *hazle-geld*, to beat any one with a hazle
 stick or plant. *bearing-chaits*, ears. *beaver*, the breast.
bell, the place where the taylor lay up their cabbage, or
 remnants, which are sometimes very large. *bempen-widow*,
 one whose husband was hang'd. *benfricat*, whose com-
 manders and officers are absolutely sway'd by their wives.
high tide, when the pocket is full of money. *bocus*, dis-
 guised in liquor, drunk. *boymendods*, snails in their shells.
bag grubber, a close-fisted, narrow-soul'd, sneaking fellow.
bag-merchant, a dancing master. *bulwer head*, a silly foolish
 fellow. *banst box*, a pulpit. *bummer*, a great lye, a rapper.
brumpley dumpley, ale boil'd with brandy. *bums*, persons at
 church. *bushy-lair*, a jobe, or guinea. *jack-adams*, a fool.
jack-a-dandy, a little impertinent insignificant fellow.
jack in a box, a sharper, or cheat. *jack at a pinch*, a poor
 hackney parson. *jacobites*, sham or collar shirts. *jarke*, a
 seal. *jet*, a lawyer. *autem jet*, a parson. *iron doublet*, a pri-
 son. *scotland*, Scotland. *jukrum*, a licence. *keffal*, a horse.
kelter, as, out of kelter, out of sorts. *ken*, a house. *a bob ken*,
 or a *brumman ken*, a good or well furnished house. *kicks*,
 breeches. *kill devil*, rum. *kinchin*, a little child. *kings*
pictures, money. *lac'd mutton*, a woman. *lag*, water, also
 last. *lad a dudds*, a buck of clothes. *lamb-skin-men*, the
 judges of the several courts. *lanspresado*, he that comes
 into company with but two-pence in his pocket. *a dark*
lanthorn, the servant or agent that receives the bribe at
 court. *libben*, a private dwelling-house. *libbage*, a bed.
lifter, a crutch. *light-mans*, the day, or day break. *line of*
the old author, a dram of brandy. *little Barbary*, Wapping.
lump'd, ran away; *be lump'd up the dancers*, he whipt up the
~~stars~~ *logs*, a watch. *louse-trap*, a comb. *loose-side*, when
 there's no money in a man's pocket. *mannikin*, a dwarf,
 or diminutive fellow. *mawnders*, beggars. *mawndring*
broth, scolding. *megg*, guineas. *melt*, to spend money.
mill-clapper, a woman's tongue. *mist*, a contraction of
commission, signifying a shirt, smock, or sheet. *mist-rapper*,
 a coat or petticoat. *mobility*, serjeants, bailiffs, and their
 crew. *moan curser*, a link-boy. *mo-won*, a cow. *muck*,
 money, wealth. *mutton-monger*, a lover of women. *a leg*

of mutton in a silk stocking, a woman's legs *nab*, a hat, cap, or head; also a cockcomb *never a face but his own*, not a penny in his pocket. *nim-gimmer*, a doctor, surgeon, or apothecary. *nubbing chair*, the gallows. *nut-crackers*, a pillory. *oak*, a rich man, of good substance and credit. *ogles*, eyes. *rum-ogles*, fine, bright clear piercing eyes. *one in the*, a parson. *panam*, bread. *panter*, a heart. *panster*, a butler. *peeper*, a looking glass. *petter*, a portmanteau, or elbak-bag. *peg trantums*, as gone to *peg trantums*, dead. *penance board*, a pillory. *penthouse nab*, a very broad brimm'd hat. *periwinkle*, a peruke or perriwig. *philistines*, serjeants, bailiffs, and their crew. *porker*, a sword. *propery*, a meer tool or implement, to serve a turn. *a ear's foot*. *quail pipe*, a woman's tongue. *queer-bluffer*, a sneaking, sharpening, cut-throat alehouseman, or inn-keeper. *queer-cuffin*, a justice of peace; also a churl. *rabbit-suckers*, young spendthrifts, taking goods on tick of pawn-brokers, or tallymen, at excessive rates. *rattling cove*, a coachman. *red rag*, a tongue. *your red rag will never lie still*, your tongue will never be quiet. *regraters*, forestallers in markets. *ribbin*, money. *romboyled*, sought after with a warrant. *rotan*, a coach or waggon, any thing that runs upon wheels; but principally a cart. *royster*, rude, roaring rogues. *ruffin*, the devil. *ruffians*, the woods or bushes. *rumbeck*, any justice of the peace. *rumbo*, a prison or gaol. *rumboozing wets*, bunches of grapes. *rum-clank*, a large silver tankard. *rum-degen*, a silver hilted, or inlaid sword. *rum-dropper*, a vintner. *scboot-butter*, a whipping. *sconce*, to build a large sconce, to run deep upon tick or trust. *scully*, poor, moneyless, exhausted. *setters*, or *setting dogs*, they that draw in bubbles for old gamesters to rook; also a serjeant's yeoman, bailiff's follower, or second; also an excise officer. *sharpers tools*, false dice. *shot*, clapt or pox'd. *shove the tumbler*, whipt at the cart's tail. *skin flint*, a griping, sharpening, close-fisted fellow. *skipper*, a barn. *slar*, a sheet. *slate*, a half crown; also the same as *slat*. *smear*, a painter, or plasterer. *smeller*, a nose. *smelling chair*, a nosegay; also an orchard or garden. *smiter*, an arm. *smug*, a blacksmith; also neat and spruce. *snitch*, to eye or see any body.

cul snitches, the man eyes or sees you. *snite*, to wipe or slap. *snout*, a hoghead. *sock*, a pocket. *son of prattlement*, a lawyer. *soul-driver*, a parson. *south sea mountain*, geneva. *sowos-baby*, a pig. *Spanish money*, fair words and compliments. *spanks*, money, gold or silver. *specket wiper*, a coloured handkerchief. *spiritual flesh broker*, a parson. *splitfig*, a grocer. *splitter of causes*, a lawyer. *Squirish*, foolish. *stamps*, legs. *stamper*, shoes; also carriers. *stick flams*, a pair of gloves. *stoter*, a great blow. *strommel*, straw, or hair. *strum*, a perriwig. *rum strum*, a long wig. *stubble it*, hold your tongue. *suit and cloak*, good store of brandy, or any agreeable liquor. *supouch*, an hostess or landlady. *swag*, a shop. *rum swag*, full of rich goods. *tears of the tankard*, drops of the good liquor that fall beside. *thrums*, three-pence. *tip of the buttery*, a goose. *tib*, to give or lend. *togemans*, a gown or cloak. *top-diver*, a lover of women. *topping cheat*, the gallows. *topping cove*, the hangman. *tout*, to look out sharp, to be upon one's guard. *track*, to go. *tres wins*, three-pence. *trib*, a prison. *trine*, to hang; also *tyburn*. *trooper*, a half crown. *trundlers*, pease. *tumbler*, a cart. *turkey merchants*, drivers of turkeys. *to twig*, to disengage, to sunder, to snap, to break off. *to twig the darcies*, to knock off the irons. *vampers*, stockings. *velvet*, a tongue. *to tip the velvet*, to tongue a woman. *winegar*, a cloak. *wattles*, ears. *whids*, words. *whipsbire*, Yorkshire. *whomball*, a milkmaid. *whisker*, a great lye. *white wool*, silver. *wibble*, sad drink. *witcher*, silver. *witcher-bubber*, a silver bowl. *womblery cropt*, the indisposition of a drunkard, after a debauch in wine, or other liquors. *wooden ruff*, a pillory. *he wore the wooden ruff*, he stood in the pillory. *word-pecker*, one that plays with words, a punster. *yam*, to eat heartily, to stuff lustily. *yarmouth capon*, a red herring. *yatum*, milk, or food made of milk. *yelper*, a town cryer; also one subject to complain, or make pitiful lamentations for trifling incidents. *znees*, frost, or frozen. *znee's weather*, frosty weather.

F I N I S.



